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## Bagdad, the Lost Goal of German Ambition

THE HISTORIC STRUGGLE FOR THE HIGHWAY TO THE EAST—GERMANY'S FAR-REACHING SCHEME OF EMPIRE  
BLOCKED BY THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN ADVANCE

By Willis J. Abbot

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**B**AGDAD, home of romance, capital of Mesopotamia, the ancient center of Moslem power, the pearl of the Orient to the covetous eyes of William II of Germany, fell to the British arms on March 11, 1917.

With it fell the great edifice of Pan-Germanism, the imperial idea which has dominated the Kaiser's mind since 1898, when, in a speech delivered in the trappings of an Arab chieftain at Damascus, he declared:

"May His Majesty the Sultan, as well as the three hundred millions of Mussulmans who venerate him as their calif, be assured that the German emperor is their friend forever."

What is this Pan-Germanism which so fired the Teutonic imagination, from emperor to peasant? Why did devotion to it impel the Kaiser to plunge his country and the whole civilized world into the most ruinous war of history? And, finally, why does the fall of Bagdad end it, as an atmospheric change will obliterate the stately domes and minarets that some

mirage has reared in bright glory above the Mesopotamian sands?

Without the answer to these questions the cause of the great war cannot be clearly understood. They shall be answered, though necessarily with the utmost brevity.

### THE VAST SCHEME OF PAN-GERMANISM

Pan-Germanism comprehended the welding of Teutonic power into one coherent whole, not merely "from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf," as the German phrase had it, but from Calais, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, as was the secret imperial intent. It involved the seizure of French, Belgian, and Dutch territory; the extension of German authority over Austria-Hungary to such a degree as to make that empire—despite a non-Teutonic population of nearly forty millions, to only twelve millions of Germans—practically subject to the suzerainty of Berlin; the blasting of a German path through the Balkans to the border-line of Turkey, by obliterating Serbia, Rumania,

and Montenegro, and by purchasing the adhesion of Bulgaria. Turkey then was to be brought under German control by Germanizing its army and its politics and destroying British diplomatic influence. Bulgaria and Greece were further to be held by marrying German princesses, one of them the Kaiser's sister, to their kings.

Well, this part of the program is practically completed to-day. The coveted portion of France and practically all of Belgium are in the Kaiser's game-basket. Holland is still free, but sorely menaced. Germany has long looked upon Austria-Hungary as vassal rather than ally.

The people of the Dual Monarchy, proud as they are by nature, know that fact, and chafe under it. Had their government not provoked the war by its arrogant ultimatum to Serbia—presented, it is generally suspected, at Germany's behest—they might in time have developed sufficient strength to cast off the German yoke; but the war has only riveted their shackles closer. Austria was quickly involved in heavy debt to Germany, not only for money and munitions, but for the salvation of her very existence.

For, although an intensely military nation and egregiously proud of it, Austria has not learned to tread the paths of victory. Thrice has she called to Germany to rescue her from the Russian torrent. Italy has driven her from Gorizia. Even little Serbia, whom she bullied into war, turned upon her so fiercely that she was forced to cry for German aid.

No glory has attached to Austria's arms. No victory stands to the credit of her forces alone and unaided. Her helplessness, if divorced from Germany, was made apparent so early in the war that it required little imagination for the Kaiser to foresee that after the war the alliance could reasonably be replaced by what would be in effect a German suzerainty.

Turn to a map. You will see to the south of Austria-Hungary the territory of Serbia, now a waste. At its northeast corner, bordering upon Austria-Hungary

and Bulgaria, is Rumania, more than half of which is now in possession of Teutonic troops. Bulgaria, farther to the south, and Turkey still farther, reaching into Asia, are German allies—allies who, like Austria-Hungary, will find, should victory crown their efforts, that they have fought only to make themselves part of the Kaiser's magnificent plan of Oriental expansion.

The first part of the program of Pan-Germanism is complete. The state of Central Europe, extending from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, has been created—at least as a military zone of occupation. The next step was to have been the extension of German power through the lands of Islam south to the Persian Gulf—to the famous "place in the sun."

#### THE LAND OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Mesopotamia, the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, whose waters mingle to form the Shatt-el-Arab, is potentially one of the richest agricultural regions of the world. Its rich, black soil, well watered by its two great rivers with their countless tributaries and branches, fits it to be the granary of the world. Legend, supported to some degree by historical and archeological research, declares that here was the Garden of Eden, wherein "made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

This land, now little known except to the caravans of wandering traders, or the occasional adventurous traveler, was at one time the seat of an advanced civilization and the home of a thriving population. The ruins of the great palace of Chosroes, at Ctesiphon, the scene of two pitched battles in this war, tell of the architectural skill and mighty forces at the command of the now vanished peoples who built them at least fifteen hundred years ago.

Here, in 637, came a host of warlike



Arabs, fighting under the banner of Islam, to capture the stronghold of the infidel Parthians. The sack that followed was historic. Neither age nor sex was spared, and the victorious tribesmen rioted in the wealth of the great city. The royal palace was made into a residence for the calif, the successor of the Prophet, and the Great Hall, whose prodigious, ruined arch stands to-day as a monument to the grandeur of the past, was turned into a temple for the worship of Allah.

For one hundred years Ctesiphon was the capital of Islam in Mesopotamia. Then the calif of the moment determined to move his seat to Bagdad, and demolished much of the palace and temple to furnish him with needed building-material. The mighty arch withstood the efforts of pick and crowbar, and still stands to see the British transport-trains go by. The city about it is gone. Perhaps under the shifting sands of the desert lie hidden long streets, paved squares, and ruined palaces like those of Pompeii under the caked mud from Vesuvius.

When, thirteen centuries ago, Ctesiphon stood in its grandeur, powerful enough to withstand an army of sixty thousand men, the country about it could not have been a desert. It must have been populous and fertile to have supported so great a town. Doubtless at that period there were extensive irrigation-works, but there, as throughout all Mesopotamia, the blight of Turkish rule has dragged the people down to the level of mere serfs, has starved the soil and wasted the economic resources of one of the fairest of lands.

#### BERLIN TO BAGDAD BY RAIL

Perhaps it is to the German credit that the far-seeing official eye at Berlin first read in the history of Mesopotamia's past the possibilities of its future. Great Britain, which had been first in the country, had long regarded it as nothing but a possible route to India and the East, which in hostile hands might jeopardize

British influence in those countries. The active imagination of Kaiser Wilhelm, however, looked upon Mesopotamia and made of it part of a political edifice of Napoleonic proportions. It was to feed his empire and furnish fierce soldiers for his auxiliary forces.

Not until late in the second year of the great war did the scope of the imperial vision dawn fully on the minds of men. The deadlock in France and Belgium, and the steadily growing strength of the alliance against Germany, made it clear even to the Kaiser that the expansion of his empire could not be toward the west. Belgium could not be his while Europe lived. His restless and untiring mind turned toward the southeast.

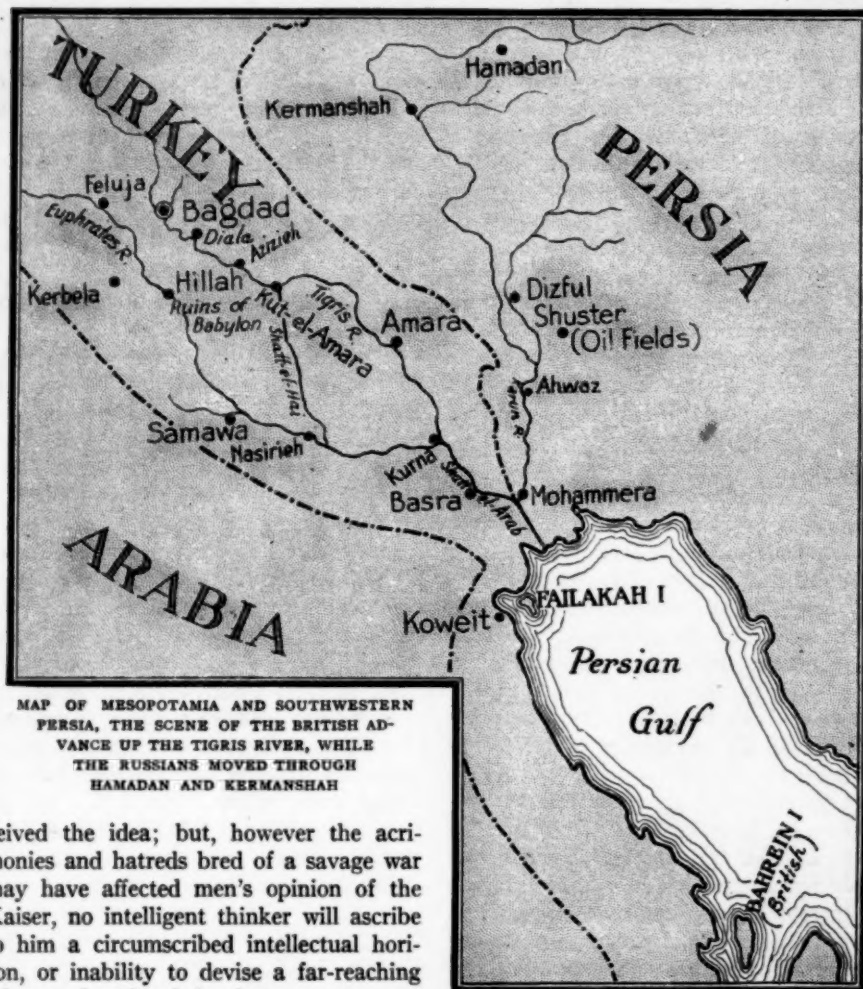
It was not for the first time. In 1889 he had visited Constantinople and had ingratiated himself with the Sultan, and as far as might be with the Turkish people. In 1898 he had toured the Holy Land in state, on a pilgrimage ostensibly pious, but truly political. As he retired he left behind him countless pictures of himself in Turkish raiment, while his diplomatic agents widely circulated legends of his having embraced Islamism. All through this period of two decades or more before the war German agents and traders were peacefully penetrating Mesopotamia, striving for concessions, and establishing trading-posts all the way to Basra, close to the head of the Persian Gulf, where Great Britain sat installed watchfully waiting.

For years before the war the Germans had been building the Bagdad railway, intended to link Constantinople with the Persian Gulf. In earlier times it used to be said that the method of subduing a wild and barbarous people was to send first the missionaries with their Bibles, and to follow with the soldiers and their guns. Nowadays the railroad has become the great civilizer. Cecil Rhodes put on it the seal of the empire-builder when he planned the Cape-to-Cairo line.

The Bagdad road was born of German imagination. The franchise for it was

the direct fruit of the Kaiser's visit to Constantinople and of the resultant turning of Turkish confidence away from England and toward Berlin. Only a mind capable of mighty visions could have con-

is supreme from Berlin to Constantinople. Thence to the southward it was expected that German control of the Bagdad railway would carry it; but in the path of this extension south through Asia Minor



ceived the idea; but, however the acrimony and hatreds bred of a savage war may have affected men's opinion of the Kaiser, no intelligent thinker will ascribe to him a circumscribed intellectual horizon, or inability to devise a far-reaching scheme of national development.

The Bagdad railway was part of such a scheme. It was begun before the war, was indeed approaching completion when the war began, but it took the overt acts of war-time to make the Kaiser's plan, in all its details, clear to the whole world.

As far as the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as has already been said, that plan is now complete. German authority

and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf stands the British force which in March captured Bagdad.

#### THE BRITISH IN MESOPOTAMIA

Mighty forces of world politics center about that British army—which should, speaking more strictly, be termed a British-Indian army.

It appears that when the first expedition was sent to Basra, in November, 1914, it was with only the vaguest idea of what its ultimate destination might be. The first purpose was to hold the port of Basra and to protect the rich oil-fields lying east of it, beyond the Persian frontier. A comparatively small force was believed to be sufficient to attain these ends. It was perhaps supposed that the authorities at Constantinople would give no great heed to this lodgment of an enemy in so distant a quarter.

But in Asiatic countries it is hard to set limits to the advance of an invading force. Every halt is construed by the natives as a sign of weakness, and they gather in menacing numbers, so that the invaders find it necessary to push forward to disband them before they grow too powerful. This done, another halt is followed by another hostile rally, which must be broken up; and in this way the invader is enticed unwillingly far into the interior. The army of occupation becomes an army of invasion.

Precisely this course was followed by the earlier British expedition under General Sir John Nixon in Mesopotamia. From their landing-point at Basra, which to the unmilitary mind is best known as the home of Sindbad the Sailor, they pushed up the Shatt-el-Arab to Kurna, fifty miles northward, where the Tigris and Euphrates join. Scarcely had they been there a month when threatening demonstrations by Turks and Arabs to the north caused the despatch of a brigade, which after a hard fight dispersed the foe. Thereafter there followed a series of skirmishes, which showed the enemy in force on all sides.

The character of the country and the nature of the fighting were unusually trying to the British soldiers. They were pitted against seasoned Turkish regulars and wild bands of Arab horsemen. There had been little love between the Turks and Arabs before the coming of the infidels, but that event united them. As marauders the Arabs were savage enemies.

In the face of a concerted attack they fled like leaves before the gale, but they quickly rallied, to harass the British by repeated attacks on their flanks and rear and by persistent sniping.

Moreover, much of the time the country below the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates was under water from the floods of those rivers. It was a curiously amphibious expedition that made its way up the rivers, and through the fields on either side, cut up with irrigation-ditches. An officer described the cavalcade thus:

Our transport for the new campaign will probably be the most remarkable thing of the kind ever assembled. The fact that the country into which we are advancing will be largely under water will compel us to become practically amphibious. On land we are using camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, while on the water the services of everything, from the native balesms, gufas, and kaleks to shallow-draft gunboats and river-steamers, will be in demand. The old Bagdad side-wheelers have all been converted into gunboats, but even their slight draft of five or six feet is too great for all but the main river-channels.

One of these, by the way, went into action the other day with an armor improvised from mats of dried dates. Of course the Turkish shrapnel made an awful mess of it, and, I am sorry to say, also of the chaps behind it.

There would be little profit and less of interest in a detailed story of the operations of Sir John Nixon's expedition. It was a succession of skirmishes, sometimes rising to the dignity of battles, as the troops pushed up-stream in gunboats, launches, and craft of almost every imaginable description. On either bank marched other bodies of men, sorely discommoded by the ditches which criss-crossed the fields. The rate of progress was slow, checked altogether for days at a time by hostile attacks. By the last of July, 1915, the whole expedition was about a hundred miles beyond Kurna, holding positions on both the Euphrates and the Tigris.

It was then learned that still farther up the latter river, at the once considerable town of Kut-el-Amara, was gathered a considerable force of Turks and Arabs,

estimated at about fifteen thousand. Against them was sent Major-General Sir Charles Townshend, with about an equal number of men.

#### TOWNSHEND'S ILL-FATED EXPEDITION

The march up the river's bank was arduous. The navigation of the ever-shallowing channel was blocked in every conceivable way by the enemy. A glaring sun beat down through an atmosphere frequently heated to one hundred and ten degrees, and the dust of the desert rose to choke the marching columns. But on the 28th of September Townshend won the battle of Kut, with a loss of about twelve hundred men. The Turkish loss was reported as being four times heavier.

This was the point for the British to stop. Their progress had been one continuous victory, but they had lengthened their line of communication to three hundred and forty miles by water—a slender, tortuous line, exceedingly hard to defend. General Nixon had but two divisions of troops, although he had word of reinforcements on the sea. But the objects of the expedition had been amply attained. The oil-fields were guarded. A barricade had been thrown up against further progress of the Germans toward the Persian Gulf. It was a moment for letting well enough alone.

But it appears that the British ambition was fired by the prospect of taking Bagdad. Its capture would on both military and political grounds be a heavy blow to the enemy. Spiritually it was the capital of the Mussulman East. It was the military base of Turkish Arabia. Even to menace it would compel the Turks to withdraw troops from the attack on Egypt, and to strip the lines in Asia Minor that were holding out against the vigorous assaults of the Grand Duke Nicholas.

Just who was responsible for subordinating prudence to ambition and zeal for conquest is still a matter of controversy in British military circles. Probably political considerations had much to

do with it. Whatever the reason, General Townshend, with an utterly inadequate force of twelve thousand men, pushed on up the Tigris.

Under the shadow of the ruins of Ctesiphon he met an entrenched army which greatly outnumbered his little command. Beaten back, and retreating with constant fighting, his rear-guard was hemmed in at Kut-el-Amara. There, in April, 1916, after the failure of strenuous efforts to effect his relief, Townshend was forced by starvation to surrender, with about nine thousand men.

This reverse was a cruel blow to British pride. It came as the culmination of a campaign which had been a series of victories, all of which had been announced with enthusiasm in Parliament. The king himself had telegraphed congratulations to General Nixon on the occupation of Kut. What England had hoped was to have the capture of Bagdad to set off against the failure in the Dardanelles; but it was not then to be.

With characteristic tenacity of purpose, the British at once began preparations to do their work over again. It is unnecessary to recount the details of the progress of the second expedition. Indeed, it has been prosecuted with such secrecy that little save the concrete result thus far attained is known to the world.

#### GENERAL MAUDE'S VICTORIOUS ARMY

It is known that General Sir Stanley Maude is in command of the army that captured Bagdad, but the size of his force is quite unknown to the public. The rapidity of its advance against a Turkish army undoubtedly larger than that which opposed General Townshend's march indicates that it must have been much more powerful than the expedition of a year earlier. In 1915 it took Townshend almost two months to ascend the river from Kut to Azizieh. In 1917 the distance was traversed in three weeks.

The British estimate of Turkish casualties during the campaign, up to the middle



of February, was twenty-five thousand. According to military statisticians this would probably indicate a total force of at least one hundred and fifty thousand. It is hardly probable that the British would send against such an enemy an expedition numbering less than one hundred and twenty-five thousand men—a very different army from that which proved too small for Townshend's task.

It is not, however, the tragedy of the Mesopotamian operations, a catalogue of the battles, or the mournful tale of the dead and wounded, that is of most interest to the American reader to-day. What is of greater importance is the effect that the campaign will have upon world politics, upon the new map that will be made when the big guns stop blowing the world and its people to pieces.

Evil and hateful as war is, it is a great educator. Only a handful of Americans knew or cared anything about the Philipines until the Spanish War set Dewey's guns roaring in Manila Bay. Few civilians would have thought, two years ago, that the romantic city of Bagdad, home of the califs, of Harun-al-Raschid and *Scheherezade*, would be a strategic point, possession of which might block the creation of the greatest new power of which the world has ever dreamed. Yet that is literally true.

#### RUSSIAN VICTORIES IN ARMENIA

Let us remember that while Townshend and his ill-fated expedition were pushing up the Tigris to Ctesiphon, the Russians, under the Grand Duke Nicholas, were prosecuting a vigorous campaign in Armenia. That gallant and successful soldier—whose abrupt shifts in command have been among the puzzles of the war, with the probable answer to be found in the personal politics of the Petrograd court—entered upon his undertaking with characteristic vigor. His first objectives were Erzerum, the distributing-point for military supplies in Armenia, and Trebizond, the port on the Black Sea at which most of those supplies were landed.

At the moment of the grand duke's assumption of command, the British and French, admitting failure in the Dardanelles, were preparing to abandon Gallipoli. That action would liberate a great body of Turkish troops—not less than two hundred thousand—for service in Armenia, Anatolia, and Mesopotamia, where there already were perhaps as many as three hundred thousand, not counting the Arab tribes operating with the Turks. It was clearly the part of the grand duke to get into action speedily, before the host from Gallipoli could reach his theater of war.

It was midwinter in a region so high that it has been called "the roof of the world." Erzerum itself, six thousand feet above the sea, lies in a hollow surrounded by still loftier mountains.

"We Russians fight in winter," the grand duke remarked, and ordered an advance through the snow-filled mountain passes in January, 1916, though military authorities had declared Erzerum impregnable even in summer.

Within four weeks the leader of the advance, General Yudenitch, had demolished the encircling ring of forts, mounting more than four hundred Krupp guns, and had taken the city itself by direct assault. The victory was overwhelming. The defeated Turkish army was pursued relentlessly and practically cut to pieces. Trebizond fell in another month. Meanwhile the Russian advance turned to the southwest toward Lake Van, which was reached, and its chief cities taken, in February.

By this time the purpose of the joint Russo-British strategy was apparent to such part of the outer world as took any interest in the military movements on foot in that little-known part of the world. It was clear enough to the Sultan, who rushed troops to Mesopotamia, only too effectually.

Had Townshend's expedition succeeded at that time, a juncture between his troops and the left wing of the Russian armies could not have been averted by any

Turkish resistance. Before the news of the disaster at Kut-el-Amara reached Russian headquarters, the grand duke's forces operating in Persia had reached Hamadan, two hundred and forty miles northeast of Bagdad, and their scouting parties had attained Kermanshah, only one hundred and thirty miles from the Mesopotamian capital. The surrender of Townshend at Kut, however, released a large body of Turks, who straightway turned their attention to the Russians along the Persian border. In a few months these were driven back from their advanced positions, and the campaign for Mesopotamia was seemingly abandoned.

#### RENEWAL OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE

There followed a period during which the world heard little of Mesopotamia. Interest was shifted to the Balkans, to the battle of the Somme, to the German submarines, to what Wilson was going to do about it. Amateur strategists who find it difficult to follow more than one campaign at a time may well marvel at the eternal watchfulness by which the rulers of military nations keep their troops fighting in all four quarters of the globe at once. Macaulay, in his biting essay on Frederick the Great, says of that distinguished Prussian:

In order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America.

The present Kaiser need yield nothing to his great ancestor in the numbers or colors of the scattered peoples and tribes whom he has set by the ears.

So silently had the British gathered a new army in Mesopotamia that even the careful and systematic reader of war news might well have been amazed to read, last February, that Kut-el-Amara had again fallen before their second advance. And such mystery had enveloped the movements of the Grand Duke Nicholas that it was equally amazing to learn that the Russian forces were again pushing toward

Bagdad, and early in March had retaken Hamadan, whence Townshend's failure of a year earlier had driven them.

It is apparent, therefore, that once again the two forces opposed to Turkish rule in Armenia and Mesopotamia, and to the further extension of German influence in those regions, are steadily working toward a junction. Of course, it is not well to be too certain of their final success. Even though General Maude be better provided with troops than the hapless Townshend, his long line of communication with his base on the Persian Gulf will always be a source of weakness, increasing as the line is lengthened.

On the other hand, it is apparent that jealousy of the Turks among the Arabs is perceptibly weakening the vigor and dash of the Turkish defense. Where a year ago the vagrant Arab bands were only too ready for raids on the British lines, they are now indifferent and inactive, if not wholly friendly.

Though Mussulmans, like the Turks, these people have always been restive under the domination of the Sultan. They have seen their califs dethroned, or reduced to an ignoble vassalage, their palaces and temples applied to the uses of the triumphant Turk, their historic customs flouted, and their liberties invaded. Nothing affects the Oriental mind like the appearance of success, and if the tide of British and Russian triumph, which seemed in February and March to set so strong, shall not ebb, it may well happen that Turkey will lose her Syrian and Arabian allies altogether.

#### FUTURE STRATEGY OF THE ALLIES

If this should happen, it will open the way for a completion of the wall against Turco-German southward expansion in Asia. For, relieved as the British then would be of further anxiety for the Suez Canal and Egypt, they could send an expedition either overland through Syria, or by sea to Alexandretta, and thence to a point of junction with the forces proceeding north from Bagdad, and with the

Russians coming west from the Persian border.

Such is probably the strategy planned by the Allies for the next few months. If successful, it will draw a line across the country from Trebizond, on the Black Sea, to Alexandretta on the Mediterranean. To the east and south of that line will be mainly Armenians, Syrians, and Arabs not wholly discontented with the situation; to the west of it will be the Turks, who, already engaged up to their military capacity, will have difficulty in offering further resistance to the onward march of the Allied forces.

This would inevitably spell the doom of the Kaiser's plan for dominion in the Orient. It blocks the intrigue by which he had hoped to lure Russia into deserting her allies and concluding a separate peace—an intrigue to which the Russian revolution has put an end. For Germany, through her agents at Petrograd—who are many and influential—had been dinning into the ears of the Czar's court that Russia stands to win but little by Allied success. It has been insistently pointed out that although she has been assured of Constantinople, that port offers no access to the free and open sea, with Great Britain holding the gateways of Gibraltar

and Suez and able thus to convert the Mediterranean into a closed lake. The Kaiser's confidential agents have been dropping hints that by friendly arrangement with Germany the door to the Persian Gulf might be put into Russia's keeping. But the decision is no longer in the Czar's hands, now that the Russian people have taken their national destinies into their own control.

Moreover, if the present Russo-British campaign in Mesopotamia proceeds to success, Germany will not have the key to that door at her command. She will not have Mesopotamia and Anatolia, capable of being built up into the great food-producing districts they once were. She will not control the millions of Turks, Syrians, and Arabs whom the matchless drill-masters of Prussia might have turned into soldiers for Pan-Germanism. That "thin red line"—red no more since the days of khaki—stretched from Basra to Bagdad, has put a sharp end to that project.

Mesopotamia, whose long romance has included the Garden of Eden, the deluge, and the "Arabian Nights," has now seen in the collapse of the Kaiser's plan the fading of the most wonderful dream of all its history.

#### MY HOLIDAY

FREE from the din of the battering streets  
In their fury of gain;  
Free as the sweet-running heart of a brook  
In the spring-coming rain.

Free from the merciless buildings that stretch  
In immutable lines;  
Free as the midsummer glint of the sun  
On the soldierly pines.

Free from the spaces a multitude fills  
With its dissonant cry;  
Free as the leaf which the autumn has flung  
To the sumptuous sky.

So let me dance on the summits of pleasure,  
So free let me play;  
For, like the leaf, I have only the breadth  
Of a season to stay!

*Viola Johnston*

# The Food Problem in England and Germany

HOW TWO GREAT BELLIGERENT NATIONS HAVE USED  
OPPOSITE METHODS IN HANDLING THE PRESSING  
QUESTION OF FEEDING THEIR PEOPLE

By Judson C. Welliver

**I**T seems to be constitutionally and temperamentally impossible for the Germans and the British to do anything in the same way. There has never been a better illustration of this than in the methods worked out in the two countries to deal with the increasingly serious problem of feeding the people.

It may be said that the whole of Europe is beginning to recognize the fact that it is threatened with something very much like starvation. Although it is agriculturally, as well as industrially, by far the most productive of the world's continents, yet its dense population and immense consumption compel it to seek additional supplies of foodstuffs from every other continent.

As a whole, this earth is amply able to care for its people. The sun goes on shining, the rain falling, the soil producing, in lands that know not war; but the feeding of Europe with the world's surplus is more than a question of raising that surplus. After it is produced, the food must be purchased and transported, and Europe's mighty struggle is breaking down the machinery both of credit and of transportation.

In the works of such historians as Gibbon and Ferrero may be found most illuminating descriptions of the breakdown of western civilization that accompanied

the fall of Rome. The Roman Empire was the first great civilized system built on an adequate conception of the essential interdependence of peoples and countries and climes. Holding this conception, Rome developed a transportation system by land and by water that made commerce with distant regions easy and efficient.

It may be questioned whether England of to-day is as dependent on supplies of foodstuffs brought from distant lands as was Rome of fifteen hundred years ago. In those days the mistress of the world collapsed because the barbarians of the north tore down her military, financial, and commercial structure. The barbarism of to-day is tearing down the structure of European credit and destroying the means of world-wide transportation upon which most of the European people are so dependent.

## GERMANY FIXES MAXIMUM PRICES

At the very beginning of the war, Germany, which is as essentially autocratic as England is democratic, promptly decided that the way to prevent high prices and scarcity was to compel those who had supplies to sell to those who had not, at prices that the latter could pay. Accordingly, orders were issued for fixing maximum prices on foodstuffs by local au-



thorities throughout the country. The most drastic penalties were provided. A business establishment could be closed if it charged more than the maximum. Persons who possessed supplies of necessities and refused to sell them at the fixed prices were to be severely punished.

Accounts of these rigorous procedures were sent to the United States, and not a few short-sighted people pointed to them as a proof of German efficiency and capacity for organization. As a matter of fact, however, they failed to work satisfactorily.

Maximum prices were not uniform throughout the country, being fixed by local authority. As a result, there was great inequality in distribution, because staples went to the markets where prices were highest, producing a glut in one place and scarcity in another. The glutted market invariably saw prices depressed, while the unsupplied market saw them advanced far above the maximum limit, which could not be enforced in such circumstances.

During the first three or four months of war, chaos reigned because of these conditions. Then the government, realizing that it was unsatisfactory to prescribe prices for some staples unless all were included, and that retail prices cannot be governed unless wholesale prices are brought into line, undertook to establish a system by fixing the wholesale prices. Obviously, it is impossible to make bread cheap while flour is dear, or to make meat reasonable while live stock is held at fancy quotations.

Again, however, the scheme failed. The prices were not and could not be made uniform throughout Germany. Areas which possessed great quantities of certain staples were in some cases left with practically none of those staples to consume, because the goods were shipped away to places where higher prices could be realized. A dealer would sell grain or flour for fixed prices, but would manage to work in a commission, or an extra charge for bundling, for delivery, or some

other service; so the scheme of fixing both wholesale and retail prices broke down.

#### TAKING OVER THE GRAIN SUPPLY

Then the government determined to take over, at fixed prices, the whole national supply of wheat, oats, barley, and rye. The new method was put into operation at the beginning of 1915. It took half a year to build up a characteristically German scheme of control, operating down to the minutest detail. An army of clerks and controllers was employed; and yet the system had no sooner been put into general operation than it was discovered to be a failure. The food supply of the country was enmeshed in a tangle of red tape and burdened with the expense of a great corps of officialdom.

So this scheme was thrown overboard, and while the government continued to fix grain prices for the empire, the administration of grain supplies was divided into a number of areas. Maximum figures were established for a long list of commodities, but still without producing the desired results. The producers simply could not be compelled to let go of their stocks unless they were paid satisfactory prices, and when they did sell they invariably tried to sell in those jurisdictions where the highest prices were paid.

Moreover, neither producer nor consumer could be induced to give any moral support to the scheme. The man with money and an appetite would take any chance in order to please his tastes. The man with the supplies to sell invariably found a way of evading the law if he was tempted by the offer of excessive prices. In the last days of 1916, Herr von Batocki, head of the government food bureau, frankly admitted that the whole system had failed.

"Maximum prices without the simultaneous administration of supplies," he is reported as saying, "only keep food away from towns and industrial centers, leaving it entirely in the hands of producers and consumers in the vicinity."

Thus for two years Germany had devoted a stupendous amount of energy to solving the food question through government control, and had then had to confess the whole thing was a failure. During all that time, it appears, nothing had been done to encourage producing under a proper application of the law of supply and demand.

#### HOW TO STIMULATE PRODUCTION

It may be hard on the consuming public, but it is nevertheless a fact, as attested by all experience, that the one way to induce large production is to pay large prices. Germany has discovered this fact, but so late that she is probably paying a heavy penalty for her mistake.

In England, the people who are giving attention to this same set of problems find them to-day in just about the same stage as what Germany had to face two years ago. The blockade of German ports and the cutting off of supplies from Russia brought Germany very quickly to the state in which England and France are now beginning to find themselves.

Germany, before the war, was producing about seventy per cent of her own food requirements. England was a good deal farther away from being self-supplied. But England retained, and still retains, the privilege of importing. Submarine activities, however, together with the withdrawal of shipping for military and naval purposes, have seriously reduced her capacity to import, and so Great Britain now confronts the necessity of inducing larger home production.

It is right here that the fundamental difference between the German and the British habit of thought becomes apparent. Germany is devoted to the idea that almost anything can be done by government regulation. The Englishman traditionally believes in the largest liberty of the individual and the widest operation of the natural laws of trade. He wants to sell where he can sell for the best price, and buy where he can buy most cheaply; and he has no confidence in any other system.

So, while there is a good deal of talk about fixing maximum prices and compelling people to raise foodstuffs for those prices, the general British disposition is toward encouraging production by permitting prices that will stimulate it. There is a firm basis of conviction among English people that the best way to enforce economy of consumption is to permit prices to be high.

Germany tried the other plan, and just so far as regulation kept prices down, it frustrated the demand for economy. At the same time it discouraged the increase of production; for you may appeal to the patriotism of the farmer until you are black in the face, urging him that the national life depends on his getting up earlier in the morning, working later at night, bending his back more lustily to his task, and making his soil more fruitful; but he does not do it unless he sees a profit in it for him.

#### MAKING FOOD MORE PLENTIFUL

The English plan, then, is to interfere just as little as possible with the natural processes of distribution, and to let the producer produce at a stimulating profit. Indeed, the British government has gone so far as to promise the farmers that the price of wheat shall be high for the next six years. It has guaranteed that they shall receive at least sixty shillings per quarter—equivalent to a dollar and seventy-four cents per bushel—for all that they can raise this summer; and for five following seasons it gives the same guarantee at a figure gradually declining to forty-five shillings per quarter, or a dollar and thirty cents per bushel.

The sentimentalist, nowadays, will see a good deal happening in England that will harrow up his feelings. Parks and great estates are being carved up into potato-fields and cabbage-patches. Fine old forests are being recklessly cut down, in order that the timber may be used in coal-mines or transported to France for trench building. Hedgerows that for century upon century have cut up the Eng-

lish countryside into those little checker-boarded areas that are so picturesque, are being ripped out without compunction, in order that larger fields may be opened up, to be plowed by steam or petrol tractors. Most of the tractors come from America, and the Board of Agriculture promises to supply them just as quickly and numerously as the American manufacturers can turn them out.

These are the ideas that England is adopting—not to make food necessarily cheaper, but to make it more plentiful. Of course, making it more plentiful will

in the end make it cheaper; but the immediate problem is to make living possible, and then to make it cheap.

England is determined to have plenty, regardless of the price. Germany spent two years trying to have cheapness, without giving proper attention to the stimulation of production. England is learning by the mistakes that Germany made in the beginning of the war; and thus far events seem to indicate strongly that the rather happy-go-lucky British confidence in the law of supply and demand is going to be vindicated.

# A Literary Frankenstein

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE MAKING OF MONTANA TOM

By William Slavens McNutt

Author of "A Bad Guy," "Cupid's Press-Agent," etc.

**C.** DONALD MANNING was an author. He looked the part, too—that is to say, he was a flesh-and-blood duplicate of *Lizzie the Cash-Girl's* idea of her favorite novelist's appearance. On his cheeks sat a pallor that passed with his friends as the physical sign of a spiritual nature. He was thin, and sported a very scholarly and becoming stoop. His deep-set, weary eyes expressed a gentle sorrow—a philosophic sorrow that had its roots in some cause more psychic and interesting than bunions or stomach-ache. He pondered in public, and appeared constantly to think that he was thinking.

Donald wrote dainty things. No lover of his creation ever swept the girl into his fierce embrace and crushed her ripe lips with passionate kisses. No! Any lover that Donald drew could be depended upon to brush the tips of her slender fingers lightly with his lips and call it

a day's work. All his *Romeos* were perfect gentlemen and able to work at the top of their speed in the presence of a chaperon.

The novelist, as a rule, is a by-product of either envy or pride. Some write in glorification of the thing they are, or think themselves to be. The inspiration of such is a derivative of pride. Others write of the thing they'd like to be, and can't be. Of such is the kingdom of the envious.

Donald's heroes were pen-portraits of what he thought himself to be; his heroines word-photographs of whatever girl happened to be flattering him most successfully at the time of writing. He wrote with a pen dipped in star-dust and honey; wrote ethereal, esoteric things flavored with a mild melancholy. In Donald's novels culture was ever triumphant, while crude physical courage got an awful bat in the eye.

He wrote thus until he fell in love with Estelle Sherwood, and then he began to think on deeds of daring. The thought of her filled him with a disturbing—and futile—desire to wallop some tough mug on the jaw for insulting her, or to let her see him pick a child from the path of a speeding express-train.

The preacher in love looks on the dance with an envious eye. Subject to the urge of the same emotion, the town tough goes to church. The scholar, with the vision of a lady fair impairing the sight of his disciplined mind's eye, ponders on frivolous things. The careless dullard, having been run through with a glance shot from a forty-two gazel-power orb, delves into Sanskrit or Schopenhauer.

In love, the fat dance while the lean sit; the pacifists fight, and the warriors use perfume; sinners chant psalms, and psalmists sing of sin; the meek inherit the spirit of the mighty, and the mighty grow meek; vegetarians take porterhouse rare, and meat-eaters mince with lettuce and lady's-fingers; athletes cultivate a poetic pallor, and poets join gymnasiums; politicians tell the truth, and—but no! Not that last! There is a limit even to literary license!

Donald was in love with Estelle. He had enjoyed the pleasure of making love to many girls who were in love with him; at last he endured the agony of making love to a girl with whom he was in love. It was a new experience, and it led him into contrary thought and action; for love, be it said, is a sort of reverse English. It is the back-spin put on the human heart by desire; and the heart thus spun travels strange and twisted trails that Willie Hoppe couldn't make a billiard-ball follow!

Estelle had money and lived with her aunt in an apartment on Fifty-Ninth Street, facing the park. She was a cute little trick with a rampageous mind. She was slender and elegant and very, very lovely. She was more than up to date; she was the future tense. She was strong for the arts and sciences, and nothing

ending in "ism" ever got by her unsampled. She had been an earnest disciple of the higher life—whatever that is; but when Donald met her she had been fed up on psychic stuff and was looking about for something primitive and strenuous and brutal.

Donald didn't fill the bill. He wooed her with soul and cynicism in turn, but both are products of a high civilization, and Estelle yearned for the rude and savage. She went with her aunt to visit friends in Australia, and just before she left Donald put his suit to the test of a direct question.

There was little doing for Donald. She gave him some hope, but not much.

"I like you, Donald," she admitted; "but you are like all the men I know—vitiated by supercivilization. We are all of us—men and women alike—so refined that we no longer have emotions. That which was emotion in the primitive man becomes, in us, but a slight nervous disorder. The man I marry must be essentially strong and primitive in his nature, Donald!"

Donald assured her that he was, in fact, just such a person. She admitted that such might be the case. She didn't know. He must wait until she returned from Australia. Then, perhaps, if, but, and maybe.

So Donald forsook the ranks of those whose ink is pride, and enlisted with the envious. He couldn't step out and strangle a bear for Estelle, but what was to prevent him from writing with understanding and sympathy of a man who had done that little stunt? Each man to his own trade. He would prove to her that although he might be a hopeless gentleman physically, he had a fierce and blood-thirsty mind. He would write of rude men, cave-men, men of lawless desire and unrestrained action.

Donald knew that such men abounded in the Far West. He didn't stop to consider how he knew that to be a fact; he just knew it. It was a matter of common knowledge. So he bought some firearms,



a life-insurance policy, and a ticket to Tarley, Montana.

## II

DONALD's first impression of Tarley was one of disappointment. The place reminded him of a small town in central Illinois or southern Indiana. A few whiskered idlers in overalls lounged on the station platform. They eyed Donald with curiosity, to be sure, but seemingly without malevolence.

A farm-wagon creaked up the one business street of the town. On the high seat thereof were a dumpy old woman in a poke-bonnet and a sad-faced man who bore all the earmarks of a Missouri circuit-rider. A mangy dog lay in the dust of the main street, snapping hopelessly at an encircling fly. A few droopy-looking saddle-horses nibbled at the hitching-rails to which they were attached. Such was life in Tarley, Montana, as C. Donald Manning first beheld it. He was disappointed in Tarley!

The disappointment was mutual. Donald's signature on the register of the Allen House was scarcely dry when J. Benson, president of the Tarley Commercial Club, called.

"From New York, I see," Benson chortled genially. "I told the boys that last pamphlet we got up would get 'em. That's what brought you, I bet! They was all against spendin' the money to have it printed, but I argued 'em into it. 'Member the title?"

"The—er—title?" Donald echoed.

"Sure—'Grow Wheat an' Grow Fat.' Don't you 'member that? I thought that up. I knew it 'd get 'em! Now, Mr. Manning, I don't want to influence you. I want you to look the country over thoroughly an' use your own judgment. But remember, Mr. Manning—just remember—that I control every foot of desirable land in this county that's for sale at anything like a bargain price. I saw this boom comin', an' I got ready for it. Look around, Mr. Manning. Use your eyes. Listen to all of 'em. I don't want to

influence you; but when you've seen all an' heard all, then you come to me, an' we'll talk business!"

"But I just want to get some idea of the country, Mr. Benson, and—"

"Sure you do! That's what I'm tellin' you. An' when you've got the right idea, you come to me, an' I'll sell you the richest section o' land that—"

"No, no, Mr. Benson! I'm not in the market for land, really."

"Not? You ain't buyin' up beef-critters?"

"Beef-critters? Oh, no—no, indeed! I am a—er—a writer."

"Oh, I see! A writer, huh? I met one o' them fellows down to the State fair last year, an' had him fix me up a hundred of 'em. He sure could put in the curlicues!"

"A—a hundred of them?"

"Sure! They'll last me for a long time yet. I only use 'em on special occasion, you see. Mostly I just hand out a plain, ordinary printed card. More business-like, say."

"Oh, but you—you don't understand, Mr. Benson. No! I write—er—books, you know, and—"

"Oh, books! I get you—sure! Say, listen—you look like a right sort of a party, an' I'm goin' to give you a tip. Don't start nothin' in this town. One of you fellows was through here last year, an' stung us proper. I paid him a hundred dollars to have me in that book, with my picture, an' all about what I've done for the town an' all, an' he never did get up no book. I ain't sayin' but what you're on the level with your graft, you understand; I'm just tellin' you what this other writer did. He put the game on the bum in this town. He stung a lot of us."

"No, no, Mr. Benson! I write—er—fiction. Stories, novels—"

"Oh, novels! I never read 'em. My old man, he used to say they'd get you crazy in the head if you went to 'em strong enough. I read a piece of a one once about Jesse James an' his gang, but

the old man caught me with it, an' I et standin' for a month."

"Ah, I—er—I see! Yes, quite so. You see, Mr. Benson, I intend doing a novel dealing with the picturesque and primitive side of your great West. I want particularly to get a line on the bandits and—er—hold-up men and cowboys and—and gamblers in town."

"The—the hold-up men an' gamblers in Tarley! Say, are you tryin' to kid somebody?"

"Indeed no, Mr. Benson. I'm very much in earnest."

"Earnest? You're nuts! Do you think this town's a penitentiary? We don't stand for no hold-up men nor bandits gettin' off here. What do you think we got a sheriff an' a town marshal for, huh? I'll admit we have a little friendly two-bit-limit game over to the Commercial Club now an' again, after a meetin'; but if you go an' write anything about that, I'll bust you in the nose! Us men-folks got to have a little relaxation now an' again, an' if the women got on to that game down to the club—good night! I want you to know we got a moral town here."

"I—I see! Then it will probably be necessary for me to go into the more outlying districts to—er—gather my literary material."

"I don't quite get you, but you're right so far as I know."

"Could you recommend a suitable guide?"

"A what?"

"Some trustworthy native who could guide me into the wilder parts of the country, and—"

"You want somebody to duck out into the hills with you for a spell—is that it?"

"Yes, quite so."

"Lemme see—there's Deak Willet's boy Tom. He ain't doin' nothin'. I'll send him over, if you like."

"Is he competent?"

"Well—er—yes, come to think of it, I reckon he is; but he's quite harmless. He means all right. He's just kind o'

useless, that's all. His paw tried his darnedest to make somethin' out of him, an' finally he got desperate an' sent him off to a college. Didn't do the boy no good. The college only kep' him about a year an' a half, an' then shipped him home again. There ain't nothin' bad about Tom at all; he's just kind o' weak in his mind."

### III

No jury would have convicted Benson of libel for his estimate of Tom Willets. No one would have taken Tom for a criminal. In fact, no one would have taken him for anything, were it possible to get any one else.

He had the disposition of a friendly mongrel pup and the physical endowment of no one in particular. He was neither big nor small, strong nor weak, ugly nor handsome. He couldn't hold any job for a week at a time, and yet no man who had fired him could tell precisely why. He had dust-colored hair, a mouth, a nose, eyes, teeth, legs, arms, *et cetera*. There was nothing the matter with him, and yet everything was wrong. He was the ideal neutral.

Donald's idea of a proper guide was some one who wore bearskin chaps, a cartridge-belt, two guns, high-heeled boots, a silk shirt, and a wide hat. He was anxious to get some one who was familiar with the typical cowboy ballads. Tom Willets wore blue overalls, run-down brogans, a calico shirt, and a limp, greasy cap. He admitted to Donald that he didn't know any typical cowboy ballads, but said he could remember parts of "After the Ball" and "Just as the Sun Went Down."

Bad as he was, he was the best that the town of Tarley had to offer. Donald was in search of romance, and Tarley was interested in efficiency. That made it bad for Donald, for when efficiency emerges from the boss's private office, romance beats it out through the employees' entrance. Nothing picturesque will ever punch a time-clock!

The citizens of Tarley would stay away from the movies to tell Donald that their town had the best schoolhouse, the finest churches, the cleanest sidewalks, and the brightest future of any community in the State. He found it easy to gather material relative to the richness of the adjacent land, the exact number of millions of bushels of wheat that any given acre of said land would grow, and the enormous size of the beef-critters that would fairly bust right up out of the gopher-holes on the property of any man—Eastern preferred—who invested in that neighborhood.

But when Donald mentioned romance, the natives remembered previous engagements. When he spoke of battle, murder, and hold-up men, they went about their business, and thought of him thereafter only to wonder that the keepers in certain institutions should be so careless.

Donald scorned their scorn of the picturesque, cursing them one and all as commonplace and sordid. It never occurred to him that a fine bandit for a book might be an awful pest in the home. So at length he took his share of the dust of Tarley with him and went forth into the wilds, in the company of Tom Willets, two saddle-horses, and a pair of pack-mules.

As he fared onward from day to day, his spirits sank. Where, oh, where was romance? He stopped at ranch after ranch, and found it not. At one ranch the host said a ten-minute grace prior to dinner, and then boasted of having voted for W. J. Bryan every time he ran for the Presidency. At another the head of the house divided his time between playing Frank Tinney records on the phonograph and telling Willie Collier jokes. He heard much talk of dry-farming, Caruso, alfalfa, and the high cost of automobile tires, but nothing at all of romance, and not a word of cowboys, bandits, and gamblers.

As a matter of fact, though Donald knew it not, the cowboys were all on the Pacific coast, riding for the movies; the

gamblers had moved to Wall Street, and the bandits were either making wooden legs for Villa in Mexico or checking hats in New York restaurants.

The people he met were varied, but—to him—invariably uninteresting. He found them alike in but one other particular—they all laughed at poor Tom Willets.

Tom was the standing joke of town and county. All made fun of him; to all he was funny. He took their ridicule with a wide, weak grin, and seldom attempted to make reply. Occasionally he parried a thrust of particularly savage wit with "Oh, is that so?" or "You think you're smart, don't you?" Those sadly feeble answers comprised his entire defensive armament.

Donald answered for him—not audibly, to be sure, but mentally. He was not moved to do this because of any special liking for poor Tom; he did it because he so thoroughly disliked the people who joshed his guide.

Whenever any one made verbal sport of Tom, Donald would take peculiar delight in thinking up a crushing retort. He never passed these keen weapons of his brain on to Tom for real use. He simply thought them up, imagined Tom wielding them, and then pictured the resultant rout of the rustics.

He elaborated that mental game more and more as they went deeper into the hills. From thinking up apt replies that Tom might have made to those who ridiculed him, Donald passed on to imagining his guide in effective action against them. He made Tom a superior, scornful, misunderstood recluse of the mountain wilderness into which they were fast penetrating. He visualized this recluse as a poetic, daring rover, a rough altruist, a fierce, sad man with an ear for the call of the wild and a bent for righting wrongs; a man who delighted in posing as a simple-minded gawk, only the more effectively to reveal himself at the psychological moment as an avenging angel of fire and steel.

He pictured this Tom Willets of his imagination as a true descendant of hardy pioneers; as one whose nature partook of the Indian's in its resentment against the encroaching sordidness of civilization. He poached on Fenimore Cooper's preserves, and portrayed the Tom Willets of his fancy as the last of the cow-punchers; a man who dwelt alone in the mountain fastnesses with his trusty steed, occasionally riding down to the petty, mean little towns to stop a foreclosure, or to save some luckless girl from the clutches of the wealthy banker's wicked son, or—

And right about there it occurred to Donald that the casual game he had been playing bade fair to develop into an idea from which, in turn, an honest-to-goodness novel might well be evolved.

He called a halt and made camp—or, rather, he had Tom Willets make it for him; Donald not being the kind of a trail-mate who rustled firewood or washed his own dishes—and began to write.

The story fairly boiled out of him. He was mad at Tarley, at all the inhabitants thereof, and at the peaceful ranchers whom he had met on his way into the mountains. That helped. Then he was impressed by the grandeur of the hills about him—and that helped. More than all, he was impressed by the necessity of producing a work that would convince Estelle Sherwood of his innate forcefulness and brutality and keen appreciation of the primitive—and that helped the most.

It was distinctly some story! Through it the blood ran, the bullets flew, the knives flashed, the horses went thundering down the trail, the blizzard blew, the storm broke, the wind howled, the fair heroine shrank in terror, and the brave hero dragged himself gasping over the threshold just as—

Donald's rendition of Tom Willets in book form sounded like a man to tie to. Tom appeared on the written page as a composite creation that might have been built from a Frederic Remington cow-

boy, a chunk of *D'Artagnan*, a slice of *Robin Hood*, a sliver of Jesse James, and one or two dramatic strains of "Fra Diavolo."

As Donald wrote he became aware of a growing sense of gratitude to Tom Willets. After all, Tom had indirectly suggested to him the idea that was evolving so splendidly. Moreover, Tom was an excellent servant. He was good-natured, and he certainly could plank a trout. Donald decided to do something for Tom Willets.

Acknowledge him as the original of *Montana Tom*, the hero of the book—that was it! Tom would appreciate it in his simple way; and wouldn't the citizens of Tarley be flustered when they discovered that the man whom they had made the butt of their coarse humor was by way of being something of a celebrity? Donald wotted yes!

He finished the book in a single six-week working-spree at the camp where he started it. Immediately upon its completion, Tom Willets broke camp, and the return journey began.

At Tarley, just prior to train-time, Donald told Tom the good news—informed him that he—Tom Willets—was to be acknowledged right out in print as the original of *Montana Tom*.

"Aw, they'll pretty near kid the life out o' me if you go an' do that!" Tom protested.

"They'll envy you," Donald contradicted him. "Things will be different for you around here after my new book is published. You wait and see!"

And with this parting prophecy Donald boarded the train, bound East for love and fame.

#### IV

THE book went. It went like a flag-song in a Cohan show at a special Fourth of July matinée given to G. A. R. veterans. It went with Estelle Sherwood even better than with the general public. C. Donald sent an advance copy to her in Australia, and priced an engagement-



ring on the strength of the letter he got in return.

It was a work of genius, so Estelle wrote. It showed such a marvelous grasp of the primitive, such an understanding and appreciation of all in life that was elemental and worth-while! It had finish, to be sure, and yet such a rude, masterful stroke!

And *Montana Tom*! Oh, *Montana Tom*! What a wonderful character! How splendidly drawn! How undeniably true to life! One could tell that the character as it appeared in the story was almost a photograph of the real man, couldn't one? And to think that such a man actually trod the globe and breathed air and ate food and wore shoes, *et cetera*, in this decadent age!

Estelle was coming home by way of San Francisco, her letter added. She didn't know just when she would sail. Soon, she hoped, for she looked forward with such a deal of pleasure to congratulating Donald personally. And *Montana Tom*! Oh, *Montana Tom*! Oh!

All this gush about *Montana Tom* rather frayed the tether that held Donald's goat. If Estelle should ever meet Tom Willets, what would she think? Would she not look upon Donald as a faker—a dealer in counterfeit literary coin?

He worried a little over that possibility, and went on a two-week fishing-trip in Maine to soothe his nerves. He found the worrying very good in the solitude of the woods, and kept right at it. If only he had not acknowledged Willets as the original of *Montana Tom*!

And yet, at times, he almost wished that Estelle might meet Willets, so that she might the better understand the power of Donald's creative genius.

Thinking thus, he became the recipient of an idea—an inspiration. He would stage a meeting of Estelle Sherwood and Tom Willets. He would get in touch with Tom, coach him in the part, fit him with the outer trappings of the *Montana Tom* of the book, and take

him on to San Francisco, to meet Estelle on her return. She would then see the physical semblance of *Montana Tom*, and would understand that Donald had indeed written true to his subject, so far as externals went.

More—she would come to know the real Tom Willets, dumb, blundering, tongue-tied Tom. She would see what had been wrought by the novelist's literary skill. She would realize that *Montana Tom* was the inner soul—the real nature—of C. Donald Manning, decked out with the flesh of a less-than-ordinary clod.

He hurried to Boston and took the first train for the West. The long journey was not a pleasant one for him. He knew that he could do as he pleased with Tom Willets, but he had doubts of his reception by others whom he might meet. He recalled bits of his book vividly descriptive of certain people in Tarley.

He remembered, for example, that part in the book about a vulgar, bungling grafter who was president of the Commercial Club. Then he remembered J. Benson, and debated whether it was prudent to risk an encounter with him. But Donald felt that he must take personal charge of Tom Willets. Tom would need careful coaching in the part.

He arrived in Tarley early in the evening. One of the first persons he met, after alighting from the train, was J. Benson. J. Benson rushed at him. Donald would have rushed away from J. Benson had he not been paralyzed with fright. He shut his eyes that he might not look on his own death, and opened them again to find J. Benson shaking his limp hand with every manifestation of cordiality.

"By jingoes, I'm glad to see you!" J. Benson shouted. "I am that! That was a great book you wrote! I never read 'em, but I read that one o' yours. That was fine! An' say, man, the way you took off some o' the old mossbacks in this town just plumb done my heart

good. That piece you wrote in it about the crooked president o' the Commercial Club—I knowed who you was hittin' off the minute I read it. I knowed you was hittin' right at that old skinflint, Jeb Graves, that had the office before I was elected. That was him to the life, every word of it! An' the funny part about it is that the ignorant old clod-buster read it himself, an' thought you was hintin' at me! Can you beat that? Ain't it rich?"

"Y-yes," Donald agreed shakily. "Y-yes, th-that's f-f-fine. Oh, y-yes!"

"An' what you said about Tom Willets. By jingoes, that was good! I always said that these ignoramus around here didn't rightly appreciate Tom. 'He's a mite queer,' I always told the folks, 'but he's bright, an' he'll make his mark some day.' Didn't it come out that way, huh? Nowadays he mostly stays up in the mountains, like you said in the book, but—"

"He—he stays up in the mountains?" Donald repeated incredulously. "Isn't he in town now?"

"Yes, he's up to the Allen House now. It's come out fine, ain't it?"

"Yes, indeed," Donald agreed. "It—it's lovely!"

### V

DONALD got away from J. Benson and hurried to the hotel. The clerk greeted him with a knowing smirk, and told him that he would find Tom Willets in the parlor on the second floor. Donald mounted the stairs, entered the parlor, and stopped as if he had walked into a brick wall.

He beheld Tom Willets sitting rakishly on the piano-stool. That is, he beheld the face and form of the man who had been Tom Willets of Tarley, but who was now become *Montana Tom* of the book. Never did artist imitate life so truly as Tom Willets had imitated art. The heels of his embossed-leather boots were high enough to make a show-girl's favorite slippers look like the choice of a physical-

culture crank in comparison. His spurs were long, and looked like silver. A movie actor would have murdered him in public for his bearskin chaps. The butt of a forty-five showed from a holster at each hip. A filled cartridge-belt encircled his waist. His shirt was of flowered silk, and knotted about his neck he wore a robin's-egg-blue silk handkerchief. Life, the most brazen of all plagiarists, had swiped art's stuff entire!

Tom accorded Donald a brief nod of recognition.

"Howdy," he greeted him languidly. "Been expectin' you for quite some time. Got the telegram all right, did yuh?"

"Telegram?" Donald repeated mechanically. "Why, no, I didn't get—"

"Sent to you at your New York address."

"I was fishing in Maine. I—why, Tom! You—you look—look—"

"Notice a kind of a change in me, huh? Yes, indeedy!"

"But, Tom! What are you all dressed up like—"

"Kind o' surprised you, huh? Bet you never thought, when you was writin' 'bout me, that I'd go an' turn out just like you said. Did you? I bet not! Set down; I want to talk to you."

Donald sensed the steel of authority in Tom's velvety drawl. He remembered his most effective description of just that quality in *Montana Tom's* speech. He sat down.

"Yes, indeedy," Tom Willets—or, more truly, *Montana Tom*—went on.

"Things is a mighty lot different with me nowadays. You bet! I always felt them things like you wrote about me in your book, but I never could seem to get started doin' 'em, somehow. Folks around here wouldn't take no stock in me bein' that way, until they read in print how it was with me; but you bet they step around nowadays when I say the word. Course, I ain't been comin' down to town much o' late. You know I hate these mean, petty, little towns an' these ornery folks around here; but I reckon things

is goin' to be right smart different with me from now on. Yes, sir! I'm goin' to lead a new life. I'm goin' away."

"Going away?"

"Yes, indeedy! An' I reckon it's all cwin' to you, in a manner o' speakin'. Course, it's all fate, an' I'd 'a' showed my true colors an' come to this some day, anyhow; but I reckon I ought to thank you for a part of it. I'm goin' to be married."

"Oh!"

"Just the same way as you made out in the book. She—"

He broke off abruptly and rose to his feet. Donald looked toward the doorway and beheld—Estelle Sherwood!

"Oh, Donald!" she cried out, in happy surprise at sight of him, and with a throaty note of ecstasy in her voice.

Donald rose. Estelle ran eagerly to him—and past him—and into the outstretched arms of Tom Willets.

"It's all right, honey," Tom soothed her tenderly. "I done told him."

"Oh, Donald!" Estelle repeated, with the throaty note of ecstasy still in her

voice. "We're so happy! When I read your book, I knew that *Montana Tom* was the only man I could ever love. I described my ideal to you, and you searched and found him for me, didn't you, Donald? And he loves me, Donald; isn't it wonderful?—too wonderful for words! And I'm so glad you're here in time for the wedding, because we feel that we really owe it all to you. When you didn't answer my telegram, I was afraid that—"

"T-telegram?" Donald gasped.

"I wired you from San Francisco two weeks ago, saying that aunty and I were stopping off here in Tarley, to visit the scenes and people you described, and asking you to meet us here and—why! Why, Donald!"

A moment later Tom Willets stood at the head of the stairs and bawled down to the clerk:

"Hey, you! Rustle some water or somethin' up here quick, will you? An' p'r'aps you'd better git a doctor! Mr. Manning, he's went an' throwed a fit, or a faint, or somethin'!"

#### SECRET-KEEPERS

THE thrushes heard what he said to her  
When the twilight hills were gold  
And the trysting-place was a fairy bower;  
But the thrushes never told!

A brook sang by in tender tone  
A song of the wanderers old;  
He journeyed far on his ancient trail—  
But he never, never told!

The stars looked down with friendly eyes  
As they looked in times long cold;  
Perhaps they smiled in a kindly way,  
But they—they never told!

And the wind that listened in the pines—  
Safe-hidden, and therefore bold—  
Played low on his harp and fled away,  
And he has never told!

And the lad and lassie promised each  
They would keep the secret true;  
But one of them told that night—which one  
Is a choice I leave with you!

Arthur Wallace Peach

# EDITORIAL

## The Birth of a New Russia—A Revolution Inspired by American Ideals

TO the outer world the Russian revolution seemed cataclysmic, a bolt from the blue, an earthquake with no premonitory rumblings, a typhoon with no warning drop in the barometer. For next to its success, of which, indeed, we may not fully judge for months to come, the profound secrecy which enveloped it was its impressive feature. A few days only, that part of the world which keeps in touch with foreign affairs had observed that Russia had disappeared from the world's news. Suddenly it *was* the world's news. Allied successes at the Noyon salient, British victories on the Tigris, paled before the red light of revolution in the East in which a new Russia had suddenly been born.

The climax of long and perilous plotting and agitation was this uprising which has turned Nicholas II out of his palace and probably ended forever the dynasty of the Romanoffs. The hard hand of the Russian censor has kept from the world full knowledge of the methods of terrorism which autocracy employed to keep down Russian liberalism struggling for its place in the sun.

We have known, however, that ever since the Duma was established by grudging consent of the Czar, the answer to its every effort at self-assertion has been its instant dissolution. When members protested, they were exiled or imprisoned and invariably stripped of all political rights. The reign of terror under Nicholas II has not been less savage even than that in the days of Ivan the Terrible. In the rising spirit of democracy Russian absolutism read its doom, and strove to put down its enemy before it should itself be struck down. But it failed.

The revolution has been a democratic revolution. Its leadership was found in the Duma—the legislative body representing the people. The concrete issue upon which the revolt of the moment hung was the refusal of this body to submit to dissolution at the hands of the Czar. It was the flat assertion of the superiority of the popular legislative branch of the government to the autocratic rule which those who exert it in Russia and elsewhere blasphemously describe as ordained of God. In such a conflict debate was impossible. Force only could determine the outcome. In Russia, happily, the corruptness of the Russian government and its treachery to its Allies had alined the army with the people. Indeed, thanks to universal service, the army *is* the people. So the people won.

A notable forward step for democracy in Europe is this Russian revolution. It is not for nothing that its leader, Professor Milyukoff, is a man famous in Russia for his study of and admiration for American institutions. In the Duma the reactionaries sought to cry him down by shouting



"American," or "American citizen," when he spoke. Accepting the challenge, he has preached Americanism at every point.

"I have purposely quoted American legislation whenever I had an opportunity," he writes. "I frequently begin my speeches by quoting something American. I try to make some reference to America whenever the opportunity presents itself."

This profound influence which our institutions have exerted in bringing about the assertion of democracy in Russia justifies the American mental attitude which Lord Bryce described thus in his "American Commonwealth," published more than a quarter of a century ago:

The institutions of the United States are deemed by inhabitants and admitted by strangers to be a matter of more general interest than those of the not less famous nations of the Old World. . . . They represent an experiment in the rule of the multitude tried on a scale unprecedentedly vast, and the results of which every one is concerned to watch. And yet they are something more than an experiment, for they are believed to disclose and display the type of institutions toward which, as by a law of fate, the rest of civilized mankind are forced to move, some with swifter, others with slower, but all with unrelenting feet.

Toward this goal Russia has moved with no uncertain step. Not the form, perhaps, but the spirit of the institutions of the United States will be incorporated in her new constitution. The first act of the provisional government was to promise the immediate call of a constituent assembly "to guarantee the country the immutable rights of equality and liberty." Our own Declaration of Independence says little more.

Spurred on by her example, what nation of Europe will first swing into step with her? Austria-Hungary, torn by the dissensions of a host of antagonistic races tied in the loose bond of an unpopular Dual Monarchy, depressed by military defeats, smarting under German arrogance, which imposes upon her practical vassalage to German military power?

Or Greece, with a king in antagonism to popular desires and national ambitions?

Or great Germany herself, bleeding, starving, and fainting, yet bearing with undaunted courage the burdens of a war forced upon her by Prussian militarism and the mad ambitions of the Hohenzollerns?

Democracy is afield in Europe. What nation will first follow the Russian people in thrusting out its hereditary monarchs to make room for the people's rule?

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## The Potato in the Flower-Garden

A PERSON whose occupations take him into those busy haunts of men, the New Jersey tube terminals, the Pennsylvania station, the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, has heard disturbing tidings. It is the same near Chicago, it is the same around St. Louis, it is the same, we suppose, in the neighborhood of Seattle. Wherever the suburbanite gathers, the knell of the flower-garden has sounded. The commuter talks once in a while of pirate bridge, once in a while of the war, but his predominating topic is potatoes.

It must be that rice cooked by a Lithuanian or a Pole is not the same as rice cooked by a mammy from south of Mason and Dixon's line. For as the suburban mind is now bent, from Hempstead to Hohokus, from the foot of the Catskills to the foot-hills of Rainier, posies will give place to potatoes. Where the hollyhocks have marked the line between Smith's place and Jones's, sweet corn will stand. Tomatoes are to oust the delphiniums; from the window-boxes we shall see cucumber-vines trailing. And everywhere potatoes, potatoes.

Perhaps we shall be accused of an overrefined esthetic sense if we oppose this utilitarian, and in many respects desirable, transformation. It is undoubtedly a very forward movement. Still, there is something to be said for the flowers.

Can we afford to do without them just now? There is nothing so soothing to tired nerves and seething emotions as a little pottering among the flowers in the evening. If the innocent country dweller thinks that the potato-vine is equally relaxing he is mistaken. A few seasoned amateur gardeners know that there is scarcely another product of vegetation so susceptible to blights, insect attacks, and other misfortunes as the potato-vine. There are those who reckon their potato-growing experiments at about a dollar a potato. So we hope that the grand army of seed-catalogue makers will not discard much beyond the star-shaped, coleus-bordered geranium bed.

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## The Crime of Robert Louis Stevenson

SEVERAL months ago Robert H. Davis started in the *Bulletin* of the Authors' League a new discussion of the varieties and degrees of literary larceny. His spirited remarks were inspired by ethical perceptions so just and a personal indignation so genuine that they attracted much attention among both classes of the sufferers by plagiarism—namely, the despoiled owners and the involuntary receivers of stolen goods.

From one quarter and another there has followed a large volume of cases and comment. The subject is of everlasting interest to the human mind; of special interest to the plundered mind.

The guilt of plagiarism—that is to say, of dishonest profit, either in reputation or dollars, through the misappropriation of the imagination or literary skill of somebody else—runs through an infinity of practises from the theft as bald as that of one of *Fagin's* pupils to the complex get-rich-quick contrivance of the scoundrel artist who may even flatter himself that his adroitness is keeping him within the law. The moral turpitude, however, does not differ much if the intent is there. The crime must be measured by the conscious purpose, not by the method adopted. The same penal code ought to cover the wide range of offenses.

In the late eighties or early nineties a New York editor received by mail a manuscript story entitled "The Man Without a Country." It was carefully written out in a good commercial hand on both sides of foolscap paper. The writer sent his real name and address, together with stamps for return if

the story proved unavailable; and he mentioned the price of one hundred dollars. The ignorance displayed in the choice of this particular matter for fraudulent sale was so astounding that a crude practical joke was at first suspected. It turned out that the stolen story had been offered in perfect good faith, so far as the fear of detection was concerned. The poor thief was a clerk in the New York Post-Office. He had bought for ten cents, from the sidewalk tray of a Nassau Street shop, the old number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1863 in which Edward Everett Hale's masterpiece was first published anonymously. It seemed to him to be pretty good stuff; too good to be allowed to remain in oblivion. He had laboriously copied the text and punctuation of the best-known of American short stories, and had boldly launched it in the market.

Now for the other extreme. About the time when the postal clerk was trying to sell Dr. Hale's "Man Without a Country" to one New York newspaper for a hundred dollars, Robert Louis Stevenson, or his agent, sold to another New York newspaper the famous tale "The Bottle Imp," at a price which cannot be reported here. "The Bottle Imp" was first printed in successive numbers of the Sunday edition of the New York *Herald* from February 8 to March 1, 1891, under Stevenson's name and without indication of previous existence in any form. A month later it appeared in the English *Black and White*. In that same March, in one of the Vailima letters, Stevenson wrote:

I spent the rest of the evening going over the Samoan translation of my "Bottle Imp" with Claxton, the missionary.

Two years later, in August, 1893, he wrote from Samoa in his somewhat affected fashion to Conan Doyle:

Nay and more, I who write to you have had the indiscretion to perpetuate a trifling piece of fiction entitled "The Bottle Imp." Parties who come up to visit my unpretentious mansion, after having admired the ceilings by Vanderputty and the tapestry by Gobbling, manifest toward the end a certain uneasiness which proves them to be fellows of infinite delicacy. They may be seen to shrug a brown shoulder, to roll up a speaking eye, and at last the secret bursts from them: "Where is the bottle?" . . . *Oaie, O lau no moni,*

*O Tusitala*, more commonly known as R. L. STEVENSON.

Balfour's "Life," describing Vailima, explains that a large safe in the corner of the living-room was supposed by the natives to be the prison of the Bottle Imp, the source of all Stevenson's fortune. The "trifling piece of fiction" which Stevenson "had the indiscretion to perpetuate," constituted in its Samoan version the foundation of the writer's claim to his fondly cherished and much paraded title of "Tusitala"—the "teller of tales"—supposed to have been conferred upon him by the natives. The word "perpetuate" is not a misprint for "perpetrate." Its use in the letter to Conan Doyle is significant, because it may be regarded as the first faint indication of an uneasy conscience, a desire to safeguard against possible exposure. The manifestations of this sense of guilt became more conspicuous

later, when the story was again printed for wider and more permanent publicity.

In the collected edition of Stevenson's writings "The Bottle Imp" is preceded by this not altogether ingenuous note:

Any student of that very unliterary product, the English drama of the early part of the century, will here recognize the name and the root idea of a piece once rendered popular by the redoubtable B. Smith. The root idea is there and identical, and yet I believe I have made it a new thing. And the fact that the tale has been designed and written for a Polynesian audience may lend it some extraneous interest nearer home.—R. L. S.

This, of course, was an afterthought of precaution. There was nothing like it in connection either with the sale to the *Herald* or with the imposition by "Tusitala" upon the innocent Samoans. Even so slantendicular an acknowledgment of moral copyright seems to have disturbed Stevenson's vanity, for we find him writing to Sidney Colvin at the end of 1892:

Now for a confession. When I heard you and Cassells had decided to print "The Bottle Imp" along with "Falesa," I was too much disappointed to answer. "The Bottle Imp" was the *pièce de résistance* for my volume "Island Nights' Entertainment." . . . By saying "a cue from an old melodrama" after the "B. I." you can get rid of my note. If this is in time, it will be splendid, and will make quite a volume.

The plain discreditable truth about what Stevenson euphemistically termed "a cue from an old melodrama" is that there was published in London, in 1823, a three-volume collection called "Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations," containing seventeen stories from Moravian, Thuringian, and other sources. Of these stories of *diablerie*, described in general by the editor as belonging to the literature of the Germans, "who seem to be the authenticated historians of Satan in all his varieties of name and attribute," only two are designated as having ever appeared in English. "The Bottle Imp," which is the second tale in the first volume, is not one of the two previously translated legends.

This "Bottle Imp" had been extant in English for more than a quarter of a century when young Stevenson began his course of eager and omnivorous reading. It not only affords the striking title, it not merely contains the "cue," the "root idea" of the Stevensonian version, but the supernatural plot is there in detail, the mechanism of development is the same, the characters are analogous, the dénouement practically corresponds, the moral and emotional elements are manifestly derived, and a hundred minor points of close resemblance make it inconceivable to any candid intelligence that the earlier story was not continuously in mind when the later story was composed.

The deadly parallel is not the less deadly because it is not textual. The transfer of the scene from Venice to Hawaii and the incidental variations throughout serve only to lower still further the respect which the person making the comparison would like to entertain for the sincerity of Stevenson's note about the old melodrama.

There is a broader sort of plagiarism to which the criminologists have



not devoted sufficient attention. It is the deliberate purloining of another writer's personality, methods, mannerisms, habitual attitude toward the subject in hand. It cannot be proved; it can only be felt; but it produces irritation not the less, and sometimes wrath. The stoutest admirers of the chameleon talent of Stevenson, those with the most loyal appreciation of the wealth of his fancy, the charm of his style, and the efficiency of his constructive skill, are often puzzled to differentiate his own individuality. They are unpleasantly aware from time to time that they are listening to one who is not himself, but is consciously or unconsciously the mime of Dumas, of Scott, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, of Poe, of Hoffmann, or of some other potent control which is temporarily occupying his facile but too-receptive mind and directing its operations. There is never the feeling that Rudyard Kipling, for example, is anybody but himself.

But the plagiarism in the case of "The Bottle Imp" is different. It is specific and demonstrable. If the tale had been Stevenson's own in frame and form, there would stand to his everlasting credit one of the best short stories ever written. If a mere pickpocket had found in a forgotten corner "The Bottle Imp" of 1823, had copied it out laboriously, and had tried to sell it for cash to a New York newspaper, he would have done precisely what the ignorant thief did with Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country." If a great literary artist, not overscrupulous in the property sense, had found the same thing, had recast it with geographical and other alterations, and had sold it for cash to a New York newspaper as entirely his own, he would have done precisely what Robert Louis Stevenson did.

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## Suppose That Germany Had Attacked the United States First of All

**I**T is by the grace of God and not through national intelligence reflected in wise statesmanship that we are still a national entity.

The most engrossing and popular occupation at the moment is condemnation of Congress and the government, yet the people are but reaping what they have sown. Those representing us in Washington are but the creatures of circumstance and the victims of the votes which placed them there. Would it not be just to fix the responsibility where it rightfully belongs? It is alike your fault and mine that matters in national and State Legislatures are not conducted as we would wish them. If some of those in control at Washington have substituted in their minds an imaginary world for a real one, it is because some of those who elected them were saturated with this folly.

The Prussian oligarchs dominating the honest, peaceful, and thrifty German people, while conducting a campaign highly consistent with their unhappy delusions of world-rule, have made one supreme blunder. It is that they did not attack the United States first. It would have been the master-stroke of history, and, as events have shown, would in all probability have

been successful. It would have supplied them with the sinews with which to have conquered the rest of the world at leisure. If clear thinking among our people does not compel adequate national policies, it is entirely possible that we may yet suffer a similar humiliation. The lessons of history prophesy it for us.

Every epoch of human experience brings to peoples new responsibilities and ushers in new standards by which the conduct and arts of man are judged. We are now attendant upon the birth of such an epoch. Can and will our people play their honorable part? Before our eyes, a new classification and realinement of nations is being established, according to their respective spiritual and mental reactions to the events of the period. Do we possess the qualities which shall place us in the front rank of world-powers? Is it not prudent that we now take inventory of our mental and spiritual attainments and assess them at their true value?

For years we have harbored various forms of delusions. For years we have been a wasteful and selfish people. Our ignorance and indifference are prodigious, particularly in matters concerning domestic and foreign governmental affairs. The harvest season is not past; it has but begun. We are to gather, for years to come, much bitter fruit—the just, the inevitable retribution of cultivated vanities. How may we stay the inexorable hand of Fate?—how may we temper the blows she is about to administer?

First, let every self-respecting citizen throughout the land preach and practise, immediately and unremittingly, the doctrine of patriotic service, to the end that there may be a quickening of the spirit of self-sacrifice among our people, and a reawakening to their national responsibilities.

Secondly, teach in the schools, and proclaim from the housetops the saving grace of competent opinion. Show children and adults alike that opinions are not valuable unless correct, and that correct judgments can be secured and cultivated only through the travail of sturdy mental effort and the diligent search for ripe authority.

Only thus can the mental and spiritual vigor of our people be promoted.

Only thus, through the union of these two indispensable qualities, can intelligence be born, and the value of the average citizen to society enhanced.

Only thus may we hope to avoid disaster, and, being true to our domestic obligations, promptly play our intelligent and honorable part in composing the affairs of mankind.

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## Are Brown Eggs Better than White Eggs?

**W**E venture to assert with a considerable degree of confidence that no person eating an egg can tell whether it came out of a brown shell or a white shell, unless he has had an opportunity to see the shell itself. The coloring of the shell imparts no distinguishable taste or flavor to the egg.

Notwithstanding this fact, it seems that the color of eggs affects their marketability in different localities. Senator James W. Wadsworth, of New

York, one of the best-informed men in Congress in regard to farm products, tells this story of his own knowledge concerning the color of eggs:

I once visited a very large chicken-farm in New Jersey, the proprietor of which sells eggs to the city markets. Of course, every one familiar with the appearance of an egg remembers that some eggs have a brown tinge or shade on the outside of the shell, and that some are white. The chicken-raiser, whose chickens produced the eggs, sells the brown eggs to Philadelphia and all of the white eggs to New York. If he should cross the operation, he would lose money on every shipment he made. For some reason or other, the people of Philadelphia like the brown-colored eggs, or the market there prefers eggs of that shade. New York prefers white eggs.

Now this is a matter of extremely practical importance to the farmer or poultryman who sends eggs to market. For some reason the purchasers in Philadelphia prefer brown eggs, while those in New York prefer white ones; and this preference the producer is bound to respect, if he would realize the utmost profit in the sale of his wares. The fact that the preference may be whimsical makes no difference to him. If he is wise he will accommodate himself to the wishes of his customers, however fanciful.

One of the great obstacles to the extension of American trade in South America has been the unwillingness of our exporters to pack their goods in the manner which the purchasers prefer. They attribute the demands of their consignees to absurd and antiquated prejudices, instead of satisfying them by a compliance which would cost little or nothing. A man who is buying something from you is entitled to have what he wants, not merely what you want to furnish.

Senator Wadsworth's chicken-raiser was wiser in his day and generation.

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## Prohibition in China—The End of the Legalized Opium Traffic

**L**EGALIZED traffic in opium ceased in China on the 1st of April. The great fight of a nation against a national vice was won. When the struggle began ten years ago, no other land was so helplessly in the grasp of a vicious and debilitating habit, no other people was so addicted to a deadly drug. The traffic was in the control of a mighty combine strongly rooted in the very foundations of the government, and the nation was powerless against the ever-increasing importation of the seductive narcotic.

Victory would have been won more easily could China have waged the war against her own people alone. International complications entered into the problem. While the native production was ten times the amount sent in by foreign countries, it was nevertheless useless for China to destroy one of her most profitable crops as long as importation continued.

India, whence came the bulk of the imports, was unwilling to give up a trade that had brought the Indian opium-growers more than two billion dollars in profits. To interfere with this trade was to arouse British hostility,

and China had fought and lost two wars with England over the same issue. The result had been to establish Shanghai and Hong-Kong as the two great opium markets of the world.

In 1911 an agreement was reached whereby India promised to cease the exportation of opium to China if China would discontinue the cultivation of the poppy plant. The suppression of opium became a national issue, a fight against self-interest, intrigue, and bribery, with the object of rescuing the wretched victims of the habit, rebuilding the man-power of the land, and winning the respect and regard of Western nations.

The government at Peking has now asked Great Britain to depute a commission to ascertain how China has fulfilled her part of the bargain. This commission, say the Chinese authorities, will find the sale of the drug absolutely prohibited, the internal traffic destroyed, and the poppy-plantations swept away.

Two facts significant of the success of the efforts of the Chinese government appear in recent official reports. They are the statement of the American consul-general at Hong-Kong that 1916 was the last year in which the opium trade of that port would be a factor of any consequence, and the statement that the opium combine of Shanghai, its sixteen-million-dollar bribe refused, has practically gone out of business.

In the suppression of a gigantic national evil China has set a very striking example to the Western world. Considering the difficulties to be overcome, her achievement is greater even than France's victory over absinth, or Russia's over vodka.

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## The Spring Styles in Punctuation—Growing Unpopularity of Quotation-Marks

WE desire to advise our readers who write at intervals asking questions in regard to the garb of English sentences that the new spring styles in punctuation are now out, and show few changes since last fall. The tendency toward economy is marked.

This is probably due to the limited supply of materials. The lack of inventive genius is rather disconcerting.

Conversation is generally untrimmed with quotation-marks in the newest creations of Mr. George Moore, who is cutting his sentences extremely long, but with much of the fulness gathered in at half and quarter lengths by commas. Occasionally the train of the sentence is looped with a semicolon.

Mr. James Joyce, who also dispenses with quotation-marks, but includes some words and expressions which good taste would better omit, prefaces the remarks of his characters with dashes of a purely decorative character—an idea borrowed from French designers.

As a rule, Mr. H. G. Wells fastens the concluding sentences of odd-numbered paragraphs with three periods instead of one. This is a clever adaptation of the dot-and-dash idea to the exigencies of a generally Morse style,



and indicates to the reader the necessity of his doing a little thinking on his own hook before proceeding to consider Mr. Wells's next thought.

The abolition of the hyphen or waist-line in words has failed to receive the approval of many word-couturiers.

## Demolishing the Statue of a Hero—Esthetic Reform at National Capital

"**I** THINK it is a perfect outrage!" exclaimed a lady in Peacock Alley, that brilliant hall in the New Willard where bright women and brave men congregate in the height of the Washington season. "It is simply monstrous to demolish the statue of a hero of the Civil War, just because some people have forgotten all about him. That's the very reason we erect statues—lest we forget."

The fair speaker was thus aroused by the announcement, then just made, that the President had approved a joint resolution of Congress authorizing the removal of the statue of Admiral Dupont from Dupont Circle in the city of Washington. She did not know, however, that the resolution also authorized the admirers of the admiral to erect a suitable memorial in its place.

Samuel F. Dupont won notable distinction in the Civil War as flag-officer of the squadron which captured Hilton Head, an important fortification on the South Carolina coast. He was one of the first rear-admirals to be appointed when that rank was established in our navy. In patriotic appreciation of his gallant services, a public place was named after him in Washington and his statue was erected there. No one wants to detract from the honor thus done him; but the proposal to do away with the statue has its origin in artistic objections solely. Admiral Dupont's family were not satisfied with it; and they themselves have asked Congress to remove it and allow them to substitute a memorial which would appeal to the esthetic taste of a cultivated public.

This is certainly a step in the right direction, to which there can be no valid objection, assuming the statue to be without artistic merit. The national capital in the course of time has come to be so flooded with architectural and artistic horrors that Congress six years ago created a Commission of Fine Arts, whose approval is necessary to the erection of any memorial in Washington. Among the many members are Thomas Hastings, of New York, the architect; J. Alden Weir, the painter; Herbert Adams, the sculptor; and Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape gardener. The fact that at almost every session some member of Congress tries to abolish this commission indicates its usefulness—for it necessarily treads on the toes of many who desire to adorn the capital with their mediocre work. During its existence it has passed upon four hundred and ninety-six projects, one hundred and eighty of them in the last fiscal year.

An illustration of what the capital formerly had inflicted upon it in the way of art is found in Greenough's colossal statue of George Washington,

which represented the Father of His Country as a half-naked Roman warrior or gladiator. It was produced in Italy, and as it weighed twelve tons, twenty-two yoke of oxen were required to haul it from Florence to the sea. It was too heavy for the floor of the Capitol, and was placed in the plaza, whence it was finally "taken in out of the wet" by Congress, to prevent its utter destruction by the weather, and placed in the National Museum, where it represents fifty thousand dollars wasted. The absurd character of this counterfeit presentment is shown by the fact that the Italian peasants who saw it on the way to the coast believed it to be the mighty image of some holy saint and crossed themselves, kneeling as it passed.

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## Who Is Responsible for the Lack of Well-Endowed Business Colleges?

THE complaint that American colleges do not prepare their students for business careers is almost as old as the colleges themselves. It is perhaps more insistent to-day than ever before, since so many graduates now turn to commerce rather than, as formerly, to the three so-called learned professions.

A member of a prominent New York firm that seeks to employ highly trained, efficient young men has sent out a circular letter on this subject to the presidents of the leading American colleges and to other educators. The letter sets forth in a general way the necessity of special education for business if the United States is to meet future international competition, and emphasizes the failure of American educational institutions to "recognize the changing conditions, and to meet the new requirements."

It asserts that business houses have been compelled to create their own educational methods, and that while business men have endowed schools and colleges, these institutions have not made a fair return to business by devising special courses to fit youth for its demands.

More than two hundred replies to this letter were received, all evincing a deep interest in the subject. The educators frankly acknowledge that American business schools do not rank with technical and professional schools, and lay much of the blame on the conservatism of trustees and alumni.

The most significant replies were those which resented the indictment against educational institutions. Educators assert that business men are themselves more than a little to blame for the generally unsatisfactory conditions. Their requirements have never been standardized, and they have offered little or no assistance in the efforts of the educators to get these requirements into teachable form. It is pointed out that business schools are not endowed by business men or by any one else. Schools of law, of medicine, and of liberal arts have profited largely from public generosity, but business schools have been overlooked.

Moreover, the educators say, business men have failed to cooperate in trying to obtain for students the training that can come only from practical

experience in business houses. The demand is for trained men. The colleges are equipped to teach men, not to train them. They cannot establish a bank to teach banking, nor a business house to teach salesmanship. All this practical machinery exists in the business world, but with few exceptions no willingness has been shown to permit its use for educational purposes in cooperation with other agencies.

It is evident that there are two very real sides to this question. The colleges may have failed to develop business men, but the fault does not rest with them alone. The business man's objection to present educational methods may be well founded, but he, too, is not without responsibility. What is needed is criticism that is helpful and constructive and cooperation that is wide enough and patient enough to secure practical and permanent results.

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## Borou's New Day

**B**ESIDE Borou's scheme, daylight-saving seems almost paltry, a mere opening wedge for reforms destined to revolutionize mankind's whole scheme of work and play. The Gregorian calendar impresses Borou as a highly artificial regulation of human life. Revision of it is useless; it must be discarded entirely.

Borou argues that if by calling three o'clock four o'clock and eleven o'clock noon the daylight-savers can add an hour of sunshine to every twenty-four, we can all work less than eight hours a day, and have eight hours for sleep and more than eight hours for recreation, by a proper extension of the habit of calling something something else.

It is his notion that we should immediately proceed to declare and effect a rearrangement of the twenty-four-hour day, as follows:

The hours between 8 A.M. and 5 P.M. to be condensed from nine into six, of ninety minutes each.

The hours between 5 P.M. and 10 P.M. to be expanded from five into six, of fifty minutes each.

The hours between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. to remain as at present.

The two hours between 6 A.M. and 8 A.M. to be expanded into four, of thirty minutes each.

This would give a twenty-four-hour day with six hours' work—the present 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.—in which as much would be accomplished as in nine hours of the present day. It would give eight hours of sleep, from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. It would give ten hours for recreation, four in the morning and six in the afternoon and evening.

Moreover, in order to enjoy these hours, people would have to go to bed punctually and arise at six, to their own benefit.

Borou says this would be simply ideal. He is working upon the week and the month, designing to lengthen spring and fall and shorten summer and winter before giving the full plan to a calendar-fettered world.

# The Inner Door\*

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

IN her twenty-third year Sylvia Percival inherits the wealth of her father, James Percival, founder of the Consumers' Rubber Company. She is engaged to Kenneth Landon, but before marrying she goes abroad to pay a long visit to her uncle and aunt, John Percival and his wife, whose home is in Paris. Her big rubber-factory is left in charge of the manager, Pethick, a capable and driving man of business.

Henry Landon, Kenneth's father, wishing that his son should have means more nearly matching Sylvia's, puts most of his small fortune into a speculation. He loses, and the shock leaves him a helpless invalid. Kenneth, determining to make his own way in the world, applies for work in Sylvia's rubber-mill. He gives his name as John Anderson, and Pethick who does not know him, engages him at a dollar and half a day. Before long, the manager privately proposes to double this amount if Landon, or Anderson, will report the doings of his fellow employees, among whom Pethick knows that there is growing unrest; but Kenneth declines the offer. He writes to Sylvia, but gives her only a vague idea of his present occupation. He takes up his quarters in a room rented from one of the mill-hands, Jacob Sohmer, an expert worker and a man of intelligence. Sohmer's daughter, Greta, is strongly attracted to Kenneth, and though he tells her that he is betrothed to another, she confesses that she loves him.

Meanwhile Sylvia is established with the John Percivals in a villa at Mentone, and is enjoying to the full the natural beauty and social pleasures of the Riviera. She sees much of Philippe Amaro, a cosmopolitan bachelor who has a private bank in the little town, and who is attracted by her beauty and unspoiled youthfulness. She urges Kenneth to come over for a visit at Christmas, but he cables that he cannot do so.

## XIV

SOME hours later Philippe Amaro, sitting on the balcony of his mother's tiny villa, leaned forward, and taking her long, white hand, began to stroke it delicately.

"*Ma mère*, I want to talk to you."

The *comtesse* regarded him thoughtfully.

"You've made some more bad business, my son?"

"No, no bad business, though perhaps I may be a little more involved. You will remember I told you that my invitation to the Percival family was declined this morning, *Mademoiselle la Canadienne* being unwilling."

"Yes, Philippe, she was perhaps quite right."

"Possibly, though women are not al-

ways right, except when they are sixty-five. But now she accepts!"

"That is very curious. Why?"

"I do not know."

His mother's eyes began to twinkle.

"You have suspicions?"

"She perhaps likes me better than she thought."

The old lady nodded.

"I can remember several women who discovered that. But in this case—you know, Philippe, it is very difficult for an old person to tell when you are in earnest, and still more so for a young one. I have often wondered whether the day would come when—"

Philippe chuckled softly.

"It has come—ah, so many times, and always the husbands came, too! Now again it comes, and behold, *cara mia*, a distant lover who dashes across the At-

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lantic for a week-end. That sounds," he added, "more like a Frenchman than a Saxon. Nevertheless, he dashes."

"And if there had been no distant lover, my son, what then?"

Amaro lit a cigarette and surveyed it with profound attention.

"Miss Percival," he said slowly, "has great possibilities. She is cold, I think, and will not awaken temperamentally unless with a man who is so sure of himself that he can humor her. She could be made effective, very effective, and she is a good sportsman. The Puritan still survives in her, and you know how fascinating that is with a good figure, an excellent skin, and a pretty frock. It is a cold flame, but a flame, for all that, and it attracts the moth. She has not had her money long enough to acquire false ideas about it—another distinct advantage. I am very fond of her. I feel that should we marry, I should soon be very much in love with her. And that," he concluded, "is about as far as I have got at present."

"Don't!" pleaded the old lady. "You hurt me, too, Philippe."

His mood changed on the instant.

"I am sorry. How fortunate it is—I speak quite seriously now—that when the good God made Philippe Amaro, He whispered to Himself: 'I will make him endurable, but not desirable. He shall be friend to many, but lover to none—except that to the most enchanting woman in the world he shall be friend and lover and son and all else.' Eh, *cara mia*? You see, I'm perfectly sane now."

But the *comtesse* only grasped his brown hand and held it firmly.

"I fear, my son, that when nature ends our *entente* I shall leave behind me a very lonely man. Might it not be as well to be less of a perfectionist?"

"Being your son, that is impossible!"

He got up abruptly and stared out across the harbor. His mother sat silent, and there was something transcendent in the gaze that rested on him.

Since Philippe's boyhood, few had

known what he actually felt. It was not, he considered, good form to show it; but his mother had never been deceived, though even with her he maintained his badinage. Her glance dwelt fondly on his straight figure, dark brows, firm and delicate chin, and lips that molded so quickly into smiles. She had grudged him to the world at large, but now she would not grudge him to the right woman. She felt something that approached resentment against Sylvia.

"You go to Milan next month?" he said suddenly.

"Yes, Philippe, unless—"

"No, don't change. I shall of course be here, but in April I think I shall try Algiers."

And with that all his cheeriness returned. A day or two later he learned that Kenneth Landon was not expected for Christmas. The *comtesse* heard it, too, and a flush mounted in her faded cheeks. She looked at her son curiously, but when he left to join his party for the excursion to Nice, she said nothing.

Sylvia had insisted in motoring them all over, and the car was at the door of the Percivals' villa when Philippe arrived. At the sight of her he caught his breath, thinking she had never looked so radiant. Her expression had a new quality that enchanted him.

They dined at Helder's. On the way back he felt in tune with the slack sea that lapped beside the lower road. Passing the Casino, as they slipped through Monte Carlo, he stopped the car.

"Let us go in," he suggested.

But John Percival had a horror of the place. Tragedies, he asserted, occurred there every moment, and it was painful to think of respectable people passing the threshold. He held forth from the front seat of the car, pink, gesticulating, and fortified by a remarkable dinner. Julia prodded him without effect, while Sylvia's eyes wandered to the swinging doors that emitted a faint perfume to blend with the odors of the wide and dusky gardens.

Presently Julia turned to her with a *bonhomie* that had its unconscious birth at Helder's, three hours before.

"You haven't seen it, my dear, and you ought to see it. M. Amaro will take you through the rooms, and we will wait here."

She settled luxuriously back, and her eyes closed. Philippe's heart beat a shade faster, and he spoke rapidly to Sylvia. She hesitated, then nodded.

"Madame," he said to Julia Percival, "I have arranged with your niece that I will send for my ponies to meet us at La Turbie, and I will drive her home by the Corniche road. It is a matter of an hour; so do not wait—we follow at once."

Her aunt glanced at Sylvia, and the car moved forward. Quite unconsciously the girl slipped her hand into Amaro's arm.

"Now, please show me everything!"

He began to laugh.

"So often as I come here, I think of my first visit. I had walked over from Mentone, and when I presented my card the official looked at my clothes and remarked with great politeness: '*Monsieur, il faut que vous quittez vos pantalons.*' You see," he chuckled, "I was wearing knickerbockers; so I bought others, and the Casino paid for them. That is the secret of a successful visit to Monte Carlo—make the Casino pay for it!"

Sylvia looked puzzled.

"But how?"

"Stop when you are ahead of the game. Every one should be at some time ahead of every game, even that of life. The great puzzle is to know when to sit tight. Now observe that old woman on the right of the *croupier*. She plays there every night. Let us watch. Stand here behind her. You see," he whispered, "she has a system. She plays odd and even, and after the odd turns up so many times she wagers that the even will follow. She does not gamble, she calculates; and as a result she makes on an average forty francs a day for

months. In fact, *mademoiselle*, she has solved the riddle of existence." He paused. "She knows what it is wise not to do," he added with a subtle note in his voice.

Sylvia glanced at him curiously.

"Go on, please. And all these others, they will lose? As for myself, I am not tempted at all."

"Look," said Amaro, "just opposite."

Across the table was a tall young man, his eyes fixed on the slowly turning wheel. On his high, thin cheek-bones two hectic spots flamed out in sharp contrast to the peculiar pallor of his skin. With lips parted and narrow shoulders heaving at his irregular breathing, he seemed transformed into some transient spirit that hung suspended above the green and fascinating board. Presently, looking up and catching Amaro's gaze, he blushed hotly. His stare dropped again to the spinning ball.

"Consumptive," murmured Amaro.

"He won't pull through this winter. His father knows it, but the lad wants to die here. He can't afford to live here, and his people are ruining themselves to gratify his last whim. To-morrow, and again next week, he will come to me for more money, and will get it; and then he will stop coming altogether. That little woman next him—" Amaro broke off suddenly. "Here, *mademoiselle*," he added with a quizzical glance, "one sees nature in a state of *décolleté*. You wish, perhaps, to play a little. Later, if it pleases you, we shall drive to Mentone."

"Let us go now," said Sylvia unsteadily. "That boy's face—please!"

"By all means. We shall walk through the gardens on our way to the *junculaire* that will lift us to La Turbie. You will not see the gardens, but one can feel them at any time."

The night air met them on the threshold, and they seemed to be engulfed in a dusky maze from which floated a bland whispering of palms and a riot of strange, sweet odors. Around them were a mingling of shade and shadow, an indistinct

perspective of column, clump, and mound, the cloying breath of exotic flowers, and the moist exhalations of the opulent earth itself.

It was all extraordinarily seductive, and Sylvia felt her pulse quicken. This was what she had meant to keep for Kenneth! Involuntarily she glanced at Amaro. He was apparently deep in thought.

Presently they struck into the brilliantly lighted street.

"We go up now, and leave the tropics for the temperate zone," he said.

"The part of wisdom!" she ventured, with a touch of daring.

"Perhaps. When one does not understand the tropics, it is well to take precautions," replied Amaro, laughing softly to himself.

The cable-railway clinging to the mountain ridge lifted them to La Turbie. Amaro's tandem was waiting at the little hotel that perched astride the summit. He glanced at it contentedly, and pointed north across the low stone wall that paralleled the road.

"And now we look from the temperate zone to the regions of ice!"

Sylvia was entranced. From the wall the shoulder of the ridge fell precipitately to a tangle of ravines. Beyond this the dislocated earth heaved itself into the distance, naked and uncouth, till with one ultimate sweep the tremendous backbone of the Maritime Alps filled the horizon with a medley of glittering peaks.

These shone chill, turning a myriad of diamond facets to the cold, blue light of the moon. One could trace wrinkles in their gigantic slopes, miniature cliffs and pygmy valleys, cut sharp and black. Even across all the intervening leagues, the silence of them spread in the crisp and star-smitten night.

The girl stood while Amaro lit a cigarette. Its flame flickered on his smooth, olive face, and awakened a tiny but kindred spark that glowed in his dark eyes. He waved a hand at Monte Carlo, then turned toward the north.

"What an admirable illustration! The tropics for a season, but not too long, or one acquires malaria. Then the escape to the frosts—that is the antidote. Finally, the journey of existence in the temperate zone. What a mistake to make one's life an effort unnecessarily! Effort is not always praiseworthy"—here he glanced at her shrewdly—"and very often unprofitable. And lest *mademoiselle* should think me a cynic, she will catch cold if she stares at the moon too long."

He gathered the reins, and they swung smoothly into the long down grade to Mentone.

"Mme. Percival tells me that M. Kenneth, after all, is not expected," he said presently.

Sylvia started. It was the first time that Amaro had mentioned Kenneth by name. She waited for a pang of resentment that did not come, and became uncomfortably conscious that for that afternoon Kenneth had not existed.

"No," she said evenly. "I'm very sorry. He is too busy, and we sha'n't see each other till the summer."

"I remember," ruminated Amaro impersonally, "that one day, when I was in London, and also very busy, I received an invitation to lunch at Nice with a very charming person. I went to the office of the admirable Mr. Cook, and said: 'A return ticket, if you please, to Nice.' 'But for how long?' they demanded. 'For three days,' I replied. 'I go there to lunch the day after to-morrow.' The office was full of tourists—such worthy people! They overheard me. What astonishment, what a fixing of stares! What fool, they asked, is this man who travels a thousand miles for lunch? But, *mademoiselle*, I was not a fool. The lunch was delightful. We have not met since, but I would not sacrifice that hour for many railway tickets. It is well sometimes to be a fool, for wisdom is often very sad." He flicked the leader daintily. "*Mademoiselle* will be married next summer?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And live in Canada?"

"No. Four months ago I didn't know where I wanted to live, but now I do. You see," she added thoughtfully, "I hadn't seen very much of the world before I came to the Continent."

"And why?" said Amaro slowly.

"I am afraid there are too many reasons to tell; and really," she confessed with a smile, "I'm only half-educated!"

Amaro nodded.

"That is so," he answered gravely.

She stared at him.

"Just why do you say that?"

"*Mademoiselle*," he interrupted evenly, "believe me, I do understand. We do not educate ourselves. Other people do that for us, and without the other people it is not done at all."

It seemed to Sylvia that he was right. The day had provided an excursion for her imagination, as well as her eyes. She had undertaken it in pique, wondering what new phase of Amaro it might reveal, while for the time being the recalcitrant Kenneth was thrust resolutely into the background. And Amaro had not made a single false move, though now she realized, with amused and inward embarrassment, that she had expected it. She had even pictured the proud surprise with which she would receive it.

Sitting very erect, while his hands lifted to the sharp pull of the reins, Amaro swung his cart through the tiny hamlet of Ste. Croix, seeming to be interested only in the ring of his horses' hoofs and the silvery clink of curb-chains. Suddenly Sylvia felt that she owed her companion something.

"I want to explain. It's rather difficult, and you will probably think me very foolish."

He forced his horses to a walk.

"*Plait-il?*"

"You see, when I told you I would come to-day I was very angry. Some one had made me very angry, and I came out of spite against him. It wasn't

exactly nice of me to use your invitation like that, but the result is that I have had a delightful day, and—and I don't know what to do about it. I'm rather ashamed of myself, but I'm perfectly happy."

"Rather ashamed, but yet happy!" he chuckled. "That, *mademoiselle*, is a combination quite immortal. Most of us are happy first and ashamed afterward. But I knew why you came, and I was quite content. And now," he continued earnestly, "let me, too, confess. I also have tried an experiment with a friend. At dinner, on the promenade at Nice, in the Casino, you were greatly admired. I was sure this would be so, and—"

"Even though I'm only half-educated?" she countered.

"Yes, even so," he said, smiling. "It confirms all my own belief. You see, *mademoiselle*, all women need admiration. The good God arranged that. A woman looks on herself very much as she thinks her friends look, and when she is not admired it is impossible that she should do herself justice."

"Who told you that?" demanded Sylvia.

"An old, old woman called Experience, who seldom goes wrong. So, for the future, I trust that you will move only in those places where you are admired. You will be an enormous success, because in a few years—a very few years—you will be of yourself admirable. And permit me to say that when you marry you must not on any account change more than your name, for the good Lord is prepared to smile on a certain half-educated *demoiselle* called Sylvia!"

He chirruped to the horses, and, swaying past Roquebrune, they swerved into the lower road at Cap Martin, till, crossing the ridge, the lamps of Mentone gleamed softly below them. Out at sea the lights of a liner glowed like a cluster of fireflies.

At the door of the villa he jumped lightly down and stood bareheaded.

"*Mademoiselle*, for much that I have



said forgive me. But for much that I have not said"—he paused—"give me credit."

Then, very formally, he kissed her hand.

## XV

THE sending of the cable had hit Kenneth hard, but after a grim searching of heart he found no alternative. Sylvia's letters had been full of expectation. He read them by lamplight in his own room, conjuring visions of the Villa Anglaise set in olives, palms, and orange-trees. It reminded him of "magic casements opening on the foam," but his own casements opened on more sober scenes.

Slowly he was becoming assured that some elemental part of himself was striking mysterious roots far down into the deeper meanings of life. To his ears there now came constantly a murmur like that of a distant sea, dull, persistent, and almost toneless, but agitated, nevertheless, by breakers of emotion that lifted themselves high above the surrounding monotony.

His own part of it was still unformed. So far he had not done, but merely done without. Even this meant sacrifice and a loneliness from which he would have shrunk had its shadow preceded it. He dared not think too much of Sylvia, but looked ahead, trusting in her loyalty and love. And as for Greta, Greta would marry Sanders.

In another year conditions in the factory would be so improved that his voluntary exile would seem a small price to pay. His father, too, was showing signs of returning consciousness. When he was fully recovered, Kenneth would marry.

This was to be the way of it all. It was simple enough, if one only took time to think the thing out.

So at least it seemed till he received Sylvia's answer to his cable. He got it at the post-office at noon, and, after an agitated reading, thrust it in his pocket as he hurried back to the factory. There, for a while, it gave place to other things.

The door that suddenly had opened for him began to swing a little wider.

Busy at his machine, he heard a low voice in his ear.

"Over there in the corner—efficiency expert—get onto him!"

Kenneth looked. In the corner a young man leaned against the wall, apparently doing nothing, but with eyes that roved constantly from man to machine, then back to man again. He seemed to count the revolutions of wheels, the progress of material, the handling and lifting. Sometimes he left his corner, and, taking hold of a truck, pushed it himself. Occasionally he timed a batch of work going through a calender, measured distances or heights, and tested weights. Periodically he took out a note-book and scribbled.

It made Kenneth nervous to catch the man's sharp gaze, but no response glimmered on the hatchet-face. He moved to different parts of the room, perching in angles like a hawk. This went on for hours. He was so ageless, so silent, that after a while he seemed to melt into his surroundings. He might always have been there.

In the course of the next few days the visitor appeared in each department of the factory. The foremen took no notice of him, but occasionally, when Bennett passed, the expert stepped forward and they conversed in low tones. It was noticeable that during this period Pethick did not show himself, while Bennett looked awkward, uncomfortable, and sometimes almost apologetic.

"You fellows know this is none of my doing," he seemed to suggest.

When finally the expert left, the factory drew a sigh of relief and a long breath of apprehension. The older men shook their heads and declined to talk.

"What do you think of it?" asked Kenneth of Sohmer.

"Yet I do not know; but if it is what we think, it is the beginning of much trouble. Wait, my friend."

While Kenneth waited, he tried to wrest some comfort from Sylvia's letters,

but by now they were touched with something that was almost resentment. She wrote:

You don't seem to believe me that you are really wasting your time. Besides, you have made it very hard for me not to feel hurt. I must confess that I have not got rid of that feeling. I quite admit, as Aunt Julia says, that you are doing something very fine, but I do question whether it is necessary. Don't you see, my dear, that you will have very much to occupy you when we are married? I'm not referring to myself. The factory seems to be doing splendidly, from the reports I have, and I am told that soon it is going to do better still; so I don't feel that you should think about just your future, but about ours. I have great plans, and am longing to talk them over with you. I am thankful I came here. It has taught me much. We can live anywhere we please. Do you know, Kenneth, I feel that you ought to come soon, very soon!

All this struck him with something like despair. Would Sylvia understand, when the time came for him to stake everything on her understanding?

It was in midwinter that Pethick, having digested the report of the efficiency expert, summoned Bennett, explained it carefully, and ordered him to put the new way of doing things into action. Bennett only shrugged his shoulders. It was not for him to protest; but he requested written instructions.

The day afterward, Erickson, walking across the courtyard with a bar, ran into the general foreman.

"Where are you going?" demanded the latter.

"Machine-shop, to get this fixed."

Bennett shook his head.

"Don't do that again. Just write out a slip, and the office will call for it. The shop will do the rest."

Erickson stared. For fifteen years he had been taking occasional little trips to the shop. It was good to get out of the boiler-house for a minute, and the work did not suffer. His helper was always on duty. There was time for a brief smoke in the smithy while he swung the big hammer for a change, and had a chat with the smith. But now—

"I guess you're joking," he said, laughing awkwardly. "I don't lose any time over this."

"You've got your orders," snapped Bennett, and walked on.

Erickson looked after him, puzzled. Did it mean that he himself was condemned to eleven hours in front of the furnaces, with absolutely nothing to break the dead monotony? Was the rest of his life to be like that? It suddenly seemed that the stroll across to the shop was a very precious thing. The bar dropped heavily from his shoulder into his great, blackened palm, where it quivered like a spear. He stood for a second, his eyes cold with resentment.

All through the factory similar things began to happen. The lower halves of the windows were painted white, and the men could no longer look out and see the trees. It appeared to them now that the occasional glance away from the dusty walls and steaming metal had been of enormous, if unconscious, benefit; but the efficiency expert had noted that their eyes sometimes rested an unnecessary moment on the mass of green.

Everywhere the workers found that their spheres were strangely contracted. There was to be no borrowing of tools. What each man needed was there, so placed that by the least possible movement it was brought within reach. Everything that failed to contribute directly to the work of production was systematically eliminated from the daily round. Some hands had been replaced by automatic machines. These were attended by boys, who sat staring dully at an endless stream of stamped metal. The pieces were even counted automatically.

For a week or so the change was interesting, but speedily a drab silence descended everywhere. There came also the conviction that production was going up—how much, they did not know. Sommer estimated it at ten per cent. Sanders at more. There was less sweat, but also less whistling. Hands and eyes were more profitable to the company, but the

contents of the weekly envelope varied only a little, and the struggle for life was as grim as ever.

So far Pethick had succeeded in his plan, but the change effected in the factory was deeper than he imagined. Kenneth found himself choking back a flood of protest; but he had promised himself to wait. The tale would be complete by spring-time.

Sohmer said little, but Kenneth often caught the mild blue eyes scanning him closely. He began to feel, too, that Mrs. Sohmer's manner was changing.

There were times when he found himself unexpectedly alone with Greta, and the girl was strangely appealing. Her voice was softer, and she had acquired ways which, he recognized with a start, were not those of the daughter of a factory-worker. She dressed very simply now, and seemed less opulent, less physical, as if some self-animated process were at work.

She was content merely to be near him. Sometimes, when their glances met, she turned pale. Always she was anxious to avoid her mother's officious efforts to get them together, and looked at Kenneth as if to say:

"I don't want her to do this, you understand."

There came to him a conviction that he must speak out to the giant. By this time he had conceived something more than merely an honest admiration for Greta. There were moments when his hunger for companionship gave it a more tender meaning. He had tried not to think of Sylvia and Greta together; it did not seem fair to either.

"I want to tell you something," he began a little unsteadily. "You have all been so kind to me in this house that I must tell you."

"Yes." Sohmer did not appear to be surprised.

"I have been here six months, and feel bound to say something you ought to know about myself. I only expect to work in the factory till June; then I'm go-

ing to be married. But"—he hesitated—"I am still going to live in Brunton."

"And who is it my friend is going to marry?"

"I can't say. Some one who is not in Canada just now."

"Ah!" The big man laid his paper gently on the table, and the blue eyes clouded for an instant. "It had to be so, yes? Was it hard for my friend to tell me this?"

The lad nodded. He was unaccountably moved.

"And the rest, what is in both our minds—it is not your fault. You had considered saying that, too. You need not answer. Now for a moment I would think."

He dropped into silence. Kenneth heard the clock tick, and Mrs. Sohmer's deliberate footsteps sounded overhead.

"How long is it since you have told my daughter of this?"

"Months," said Kenneth dully.

"And my daughter said what?"

"Must I tell you that?"

Sohmer opened his eyes wider.

"What you feel you should not, that you will not tell me."

Kenneth colored hotly.

"She said that it made no difference."

"So! She was right." The giant pulled his flaxen beard and stared fixedly, while behind his eyes moved something mysterious and profound. "It makes no difference at all."

"What do you mean?" Kenneth's voice creaked.

"That which is written will come to pass," sounded the mellow tones. "It is written what you shall do, and not by any contriving of your soul shall you change it. And so with Greta and her mother, and with me myself." His hand went out and lay mightily on Kenneth's arm. "Will you listen a moment, my friend?" he went on with intense earnestness. "As for Greta, I had been happy had you married her, for Greta is our child, but not of us. Do you guess how many millions there are of women who spend their lives

in washing, cooking, and the bearing of children, because of them their husbands ask nothing else? All this can Greta do, but if there is nothing else her spirit will be hungry. Greta has passion, yes, but her soul is very great. Something tells me that whether for you or some other man, her spirit will not hungry be for long. This much I can see, but beyond this it is dark."

Kenneth had begun to tremble. He dared not look up. The pressure of the massive hand was still on his arm, and it began to seem that there was flowing into him some superlative essence, tingling and throbbing like a light, quick fire in every vein. There came again the unnamable thrill that once before had come in this man's presence. Then from where Sohmer sat he heard a voice, halting in its tenderness, poignant in its sweetness.

"There will be many people of heavy labors, and there will come trouble and anger and blood. Wisdom against hunger alone will not prevail; but after that will be a sacrifice, and"—his tones dropped to a deeper murmur—"wisdom will be born again of sacrifice. And so on, once more and once more, till after the night shall come the morning." He paused. "My friend, look at me!"

But Kenneth, quivering and shaking, could not lift his eyes.

## XVI

A MONTH after the new rules went into force there was an emergency meeting of the men's committee. By this time the factory was humming like an angry hive. Its atmosphere was vicious. Bennett grew anxious, and told Pethick, but the latter only smiled grimly.

"They're beginning to feel it, eh?"

The general foreman knew that Pethick was wrong, but was afraid of him, for to Bennett there was something Napoleonic in bossing hundreds of men. He reflected, nevertheless, that his master lacked the wisdom born of workshop and sweat.

"I guess it would be as well to let up for a while. They've swallowed about all

they're going to swallow." Pethick opened a drawer and took out the last factory report, but the foreman went on stubbornly. "Oh, yes, I know how you feel about it, but what I'm giving you is from the inside. I've been there!"

"For the last week in February we turned out sixteen per cent more stuff than we did the last week in November," said Pethick thoughtfully. "Now you ask me to drop that sixteen per cent."

"No, I don't; but it's almost too much for the men. Do you suppose I don't feel what's going on?"

"Oh, yes, I know!" Pethick leaned forward across the desk, his face sharper than ever. "Bennett, I've just started. Within the last month I've seen factories where they get a lot more out of their men than we do, even now. Perhaps their machinery is more modern, but"—here his voice took on a touch of triumph—"that's not the big end of it. They run it faster, do you follow me?—a darned sight faster."

Bennett shook his grizzled head.

"You're not going to try that on here, are you?"

"Why not?"

"Our machines won't stand it, and you know that as well as I do. When Mr. Percival made me foreman, he said: 'Bennett, see that you keep the wheels turning steady. Don't overload 'em, and don't hurry 'em. It ain't good practise. Metal,' says he, 'gets tired just the same as men, but when it breaks it's a sight more serious.'"

Pethick stopped him curtly.

"I'm not talking to you of twenty years ago. We've got a big engine that runs the whole show. She makes eighty revolutions. Now, if we were to speed her up eight more, the result would be that every machine in the place would do the same thing." The cold voice went on while Bennett stared, fascinated. "The change can be made overnight, and the only difference will be that some of the old heads will reckon that they are getting a bit slower and stiffer in the joints.



I guess that's all. You can attend to the rest."

Bennett began to be frightened.

"Look here!" he protested. "You don't understand that our men are trained to the speed they are running at."

"Well, then, give them a little more training."

"They won't stand it. When a mill's been running the same gait for ten years, the man who looks after it knows it by heart. He knows how much time he's got to get his fingers out of the way, and—say, you're not in earnest?"

"Wait and see," snapped Pethick.

"They'll walk out! Tell 'em about it, and give 'em a chance to get onto it."

"They won't get onto it. If they do, it's a good way to sort them over. I've had that in my head for some time."

"I only want to put myself on record," said Bennett stubbornly. "You're boss here, and you can send the whole place to thunder if you like. If you do this, something's going to blow up, and I don't want to be around when the pieces start to come down. Things have about struck the breaking-point already. Well, now I've got that off my chest!" He paused and added diffidently: "Eight revolutions, you said?"

Pethick nodded. Dismissing the subject, he turned to a pile of letters. The foreman stumped to the door.

"There'll be eight revolutions, all right!"

At nine o'clock the same evening Erickson, who was on night shift in the boiler-room, looked curiously at his steam-gage. It indicated a falling pressure. Puzzling over this, he could think of nothing to make it fall. The factory was asleep. Presently a swinging lantern bobbed across the courtyard.

"What's the matter, Hans?"

"Something leaking—look where the pressure is!"

At that moment a dull, familiar rumble spread in the adjoining building, while the cough of the big engine sounded softly. The two men stared at each other,

and, turning quickly, saw that the engine-room was dimly lighted. Erickson stood on tiptoe and peered through the glass partition.

Bennett was beside the crank-shaft, pressing a small revolution-counter against the spinning metal. In one hand he held his watch. His eyes roved from this to the engineer, who was at the throttle, then to the huge fly-wheel that spun gigantic circles in the gloom.

"Slack up," he barked suddenly. "Choke her down. She's up to a hundred now."

The rumble of the machinery in the outer rooms had increased tremendously. The throttle-wheel moved slightly, and the uproar slackened.

"Now, hold her there."

For a full five minutes Bennett counted; then he stepped to the whirling governor, and, grasping an adjusting-wheel, worked over it swiftly.

"Now open her up—go ahead, wide open. That's it. The governor holds her. You understand that if this gets out, you're sacked. Shut your steam off, and come on."

They disappeared. Erickson, still flattening his nose against the glass, stared at the engine till into his slow brain the truth filtered like poison.

Five minutes after the whistle blew next morning, the affair was common knowledge. It had passed like a whispering wind from room to room. Men regarded their machines suspiciously, letting them run unattended, to mark their speed.

Bennett, walking through with assumed jauntiness, recognized that the secret was out, while the hands watched him out of the corners of their eyes. They knew that he had risen from their ranks, and were in consequence doubly distrustful. It was not that Bennett was a traitor, but he knew too many of the ropes for their comfort.

The day passed tensely, and the foremen were unnaturally amiable. There was something in the air that throbbed

in every dusty corner. The factory was on edge.

Just before six o'clock Sohmer's fingers were nearly caught, but he snatched them away as the hot metal began to grip. He stared at their pink tips. Bennett, who was passing, stopped and stared too, while a dark flush rose in his cheek.

"Hello, Sohmer, that's a queer trick for an old dog like you! Not hurt, eh?"

The giant looked at him calmly.

"No, not yet am I hurt."

"Not yet! What do you mean?" blustered Bennett.

"What I have said. Sometimes old dogs new tricks learn."

Bennett glanced at him quickly and touched his elbow.

"Here a minute! Can you come in and see me to-night?"

This time it was not bluster, but uncertainty, and a touch of appeal. Bennett was quite in earnest.

"It is not time yet," replied the giant, and turned to his machine.

That night the five committeemen came to Sohmer's house — the same who met before, but yet not the same. Erickson's blue eyes were blazing. Sanders, nervous and high-pitched, was keyed up to revolt. Miller and Trufitt were morose. Sohmer towered where he sat, and seemed to have acquired some quality of added mastery to deal with his turbulent group; but even Sohmer was mightily moved.

Greta and Mrs. Sohmer had disappeared, but their voices came faintly at intervals. They added to the sense of foreboding that settled on the house.

Sanders looked at Kenneth with no attempt to conceal his animosity. He turned impatiently to Sohmer, as if at such a time a rival was utterly unworthy of notice.

"Well," he said defiantly, "are you satisfied?"

"Not quite," answered Sohmer steadily.

"What more do you want?"

"The last time we together were, we decided to talk to the superintendent. We did not talk, because at that time other

matters told us to wait; but now we shall talk. If result comes not, we shall do as you say. Is it well?"

Miller leaned forward.

"I understand you are willing to go to the boss and state our case. If he won't come down, then we strike. Is that it?"

"I have spoken," said Sohmer grimly.

Trufitt nodded. He felt a satisfied glow that the thing was at hand at last. Pethick would not come down, he knew that. On the edge of the strike he luxuriated for a moment in the very thought of it. Trufitt was single.

"That suits me," he grunted. "And you, you big Swede?"

Erickson slowly clenched his great fist. He had a wife and two children, but the woman would stand by him. She had done so before.

"Ya, that suits me!"

"And you?" said Sanders suddenly to Kenneth, his tones lifting insistently into a note both challenging and insolent.

For the next second Kenneth lived at a terrific rate, till through the medley in his brain he seemed to hear Sohmer's voice. But Sohmer did not speak. Then Kenneth heard his own voice. It was quite distinct.

"Yes, that suits me."

When he had said this, it seemed also that some indefinable thing reached him from Sohmer — something that fortified and in a strange way consoled and whispered that he had done well. He stole a glance at the big man, but Sohmer's blue eyes were apparently looking straight through the wall at an object very far off, while his lips moved inaudibly. He might almost have been praying.

After that a thought flashed into Kenneth's mind; and while he was still striving to sort the thing out, Trufitt began to talk again, his thick voice purring with satisfaction.

"Say, you fellows, now that's settled, who's going to talk to the boss? You, Sohmer — and Miller — and say, what about Anderson? He speaks better than the rest of us."

Sanders looked up again.

"That's right." Then, very deliberately: "Will you go, Anderson?"

Kenneth reflected swiftly, while once more the intangible thing moved within him. He nodded.

"Yes, I'll go!"

"Ah!" Sanders's tones were like silk.

"Look here," broke in Trufitt, "what do you suppose is behind all this speeding up? Has the boss got an interest in the factory?"

"He gets a darned good salary, and I guess old man Percival gave him an interest, too, to keep him here?" volunteered Miller.

"But the owner gets the big end of it. Say, think she knows anything about all this?"

"The owner does not care," grumbled Erickson. "She's in Europe, spending money like water. Why should she care? Don't she get the money?"

"She's a hell of an owner!"

It was Sanders's voice, ragged with sarcasm. Simultaneously a cord snapped in Kenneth's head.

"You're a liar!" he shouted, and lunged savagely across the table.

Sanders gaped in sudden amazement. Still extended, his fists still poised, Kenneth felt a deadly silence settle on the room. So breathless was it that he could not stir. Miller, Trufitt, all of them, were staring at him. In the stare was a suspicion more dreadful than anger.

The seconds passed, till Kenneth, drawn irresistibly, slowly turned and caught Sohmer's eyes. They were brilliant with prescience. Instantly the young man knew that Sohmer had grasped the truth. Here, he had guessed, was an interloper infinitely more dangerous than a stranger, one whose intent was to cross over to the other side, armed with all the revelations of his sojourn in the ranks of labor!

But while he still recoiled, the hard light began to die in Sohmer's gaze, to be replaced by something inexpressibly proud and confident. It was as if he had flung

his whole soul into Kenneth's keeping, and said:

"It is yours. I trust you and have always trusted you. You will not betray me now!"

At that moment something immortal moved in the young man's breast, and he knew that he could never betray.

Presently into the silence came the deep voice, level, insistent, and throbbing with a new revelation of power.

"My friend Anderson hastily has spoken. It may be we are all hasty tonight. He was not always one of us, but now that the doors of his mind are opening he begins to understand. What you, Sanders, have said about old Percival's daughter is not so. She does not know, because he did not tell her, and now that he is dead who is there to speak? She has not toiled, and there is no comprehension without toil. So let us forget."

But Sanders gnawed sulkily at his mustache.

"He called me a liar, and I'm darned if I'll forget!"

Sohmer rose ponderously.

"Then without me let the work go on!"

"Here, you, sit down," growled Trufitt. "Sanders, shut up—you started it, anyway. Do you want us all to make fools of ourselves?"

"Ya," chimed in Erickson. "If Sanders wants to fight, he will get a bellyful soon!"

Peters laughed grimly.

"That's no joke, I guess. Come on, let's have a new deal. It's fixed that Sohmer, and you, Miller, and Anderson put the thing straight to Pethick on Monday, and then we decide. If that's all right, let's go home. We'll need all the sleep we can get before we're through. Come on up the street a bit, Sohmer; I want to talk to you."

That night Kenneth tossed for hours. He could hear Greta moving restlessly in the next room, and it was not till nearly morning that he dropped into an uneasy sleep. Once he thought she was crying softly. At breakfast on Sunday her eyes

were red, and she seemed to avoid his glance.

In the afternoon he went to Cottingham, to see his father.

## XVII

FOR seven months Henry Landon had lain speechless in his sick-room. Week after week his dull glance had wandered, unilluminated, except latterly, by any ray of intelligence. Of late there had been a change. Kenneth marked it first in the drawn face, where the muscles did not seem so distorted. The fingers, too, lost their trick of plucking at the sheet; there was a slackness, an easing of sinews, a looser articulation of bones and joints.

Now, when he stooped over his father, he noted that the skin was moist, and his heart leaped at a new flicker in the eyes.

"Dad," he said breathlessly, "do you know me?"

The faintest glimmer awoke and disappeared almost instantly. Kenneth took the stiff palm in his warm fingers.

"Dad," he entreated again, "can you move your hand?"

Landon's features molded themselves into a pathetic grimace, but against the lad's palm there came a slight pressure. A step sounded behind him.

"He's better," he said to the nurse. "I see a change."

She smiled with comforting assurance.

"Yes, much better. We nearly sent for you last week, but we wanted to be certain. You can only expect a little at first. He will improve now, but how much we can't tell. His brain may begin work again just where it left off, or it may have to do a lot all over again. Look! I think he wants you."

Kenneth stooped again.

"Dad, do you understand me? Close your eyes if you do."

There was a poignant moment. The white lids fluttered slowly down.

"I'm well," said his son, trembling. "You've been sick, but you're going to get better—isn't he, nurse?"

His eyes sought hers with a petition. Her lips were quivering.

"Yes, he's going to get well," she replied.

"Is there anything you want, dad? Everything is all right. Do you understand me?"

He threw his whole soul into the words, speaking slowly, as to a child. There came the faintest whisper:

"Kenneth!"

"Yes, dad."

"I'm better. I've missed you."

The tired eyes grew brighter.

"I'm sorry, dad!" Kenneth's heart was pounding violently. "I couldn't get here before."

Landon smiled faintly.

"Is this a holiday?"

"Yes, for me. Dad, you are better!"

"Yes, but—but I knew you the last time, though I couldn't tell you. I feel tired, boy. I—I seem to have had a long journey." The voice trailed out weakly, but came in again. "Things don't seem the same now. Is it"—the sick man's gaze took on a curious profundity—"is it the same way with you?"

"Just the same, but you mustn't try too much to-day."

"I've had a long time to rest." He paused, then ventured almost inaudibly: "Was it a bad smash?"

"There's enough left for you, dad, and I'm all right."

"Ah!" Landon sank back into his pillows and stretched out a wasted hand. "I wanted too much for you, boy!"

As Kenneth bent over him, he slipped back into the shadow from which for a moment he had emerged. Then the nurse, well content, interposed. Landon's reason had reestablished itself, but any further effort at this moment would be dangerous.

After a lingering scrutiny, in which memories submerged for months by living realities woke into strange activity, Kenneth journeyed back.

The noon whistle had blown next day



when Bennett, who had already spent a difficult morning, brought the deputation to Pethick's office. There were three chairs opposite the desk. The manager motioned the visitors into them and looked keenly at the group, his eyes lingering on Kenneth.

"What is it?" he inquired, addressing Sohmer.

"We would about wages speak, and other things," said the big man evenly.

"Go ahead!"

"When we speak, it is for hundreds of men."

"You mean you think it is. Well, take all the time you want."

"Of the wages first. There is no satisfaction in the factory; it costs too much to keep alive. We have had many talks about this, and it is well that we speak to you before it is too late."

"Too late for what? The factory is not making a decent profit."

Sohmer sent him an inscrutable glance.

"One does not build additions to a factory that loses money. We are not blind."

"I'm not so sure of that. Now, out with it, and you'll get your answer."

"In the last three years the production of the factory has at least forty per cent increased."

"Who told you that?"

"Again we are not blind," said Sohmer gently. "But in the last five years it costs forty per cent more to keep alive, and wages have gone up five per cent. How is one to keep alive?" he persisted.

"That's right," broke in Miller thickly. "You tell us that!"

Pethick laughed.

"What about the other side of it?"

Sohmer shook his head slowly.

"For hundreds of men there no other side is at all."

"Isn't there? Well, I'll tell you. Did you ever hear of competition? There's twice the competition there was ten years ago."

"Then you've got a good thing—that's what that means," said Miller.

"It means," snapped Pethick angrily, "that the only thing that keeps us in the market is the price of our product. The big end of that is wages. Raise the wages, and you send up the price till the product is unsalable. There's a certain point beyond which wages can't go, and we've reached it. That's all!"

"I've heard all this before," countered Miller doggedly. "Now you answer me, Mr. Pethick. The plant of this company is worth half a million. Where did that come from?"

"Where?" Pethick's voice was ironical.

"Out of the sweat of every man who's worked here for the last thirty years." Miller's tone lifted into a challenge. He laughed vindictively and turned to Sohmer. "You go on," he said.

"I have spoken. I wait."

Pethick stared hard at the big man, having apparently put Miller out of his mind for the time being. Here was the one to talk to.

"Look here, Sohmer, I would like to help you out, but I can't do it now. Business is none too good."

"So! And that is why the machinery runs faster than last week—to make more business?"

The shaft struck home, and Pethick felt it rankle. Before he could answer, Sohmer, leaning forward, began to speak earnestly. In his tone was no anger, no revolt, but it was vibrant with intense conviction.

"As a workman I have come, and as a workman I talk. It may be that after to-day I shall not say much more; but while there is yet time it is well to listen. To fair profits the men do not object, but it is also true that a certain part of what all men make is theirs. It is for that part that we ask. There is not now any chance to save money, and old age comes very swiftly."

"Ten years ago," burst in Miller, "my wife could buy beef for fifteen cents a pound; now it costs twenty-five. We want you to make up the difference, for we've earned it."

"I guess it's a case of do without," said Pethick grimly.

"Can't some one else take a spell of doing without? An automobile or two less, twenty per cent on your money instead of thirty, a little less champagne—ever think of that?" He choked with resentment.

"Must it be always those who the least have who must go without?" added Sohmer.

"What do you want?"

Pethick's voice had a touch of finality. There was a moment's silence. Kenneth held his breath. He had been voiceless, but conscious of a violent hammering in his breast. The drama of life was unfolding.

"We want, as an increase in wages, eight per cent. And also that the machinery be in speed reduced to what it was before."

Pethick calculated swiftly, and his lips tightened. It meant twenty thousand dollars. That was just one-eighth of last year's profits, and there was something in the idea of parting with an eighth of the profits that struck him as being ludicrous. But, he reflected, a slight increase would be cheaper than an interruption in the work, and in the next month or so he could get rid of the malcontents.

"I'll give you two per cent."

Miller, hot with anger, began to swear. Sohmer silenced him with a gesture.

"I am sorry—"

But Pethick was looking curiously at Kenneth.

"What do you say, Anderson? What do you know?"

"Do you want me to say all I know?" shot back Kenneth meaningly.

"I don't care what you say!"

"Then I will say it," Kenneth blazed out. "Months ago you brought me in here and asked me to play the spy, and offered me double wages for doing it. I told you"—here the lad looked at Sohmer, trembling with passion—"I told him I wouldn't do his dirty work, and

the only reason I have said nothing about it is that he bound me to silence before he made the proposal!"

Pethick's face had become colder, but Sohmer only put his arm on Kenneth's heaving shoulder. "So, yes, I know about that. For months I have known."

"Who told you? I didn't."

"Yourself told me in your sleep. You talked much that night, and shouted your anger. A long time I have known—and trusted," he added gently.

Miller was staring, his mouth open. His eyes roved from Kenneth to Sohmer, fixing themselves finally on Pethick. He had had about all he could stand.

"What's your offer?"

"Two per cent," said Pethick coldly.

"Go to hell!" grunted Miller, and turned on his heel.

Sohmer tried to stop him, but too late. The outer door banged, and they saw him surrounded by a group that formed magically at the factory gate. Pethick saw it, too, and his face set like stone.

The big man glanced at Kenneth, his blue eyes misty. Finally he rose and gazed down at Pethick. His working clothes seemed to invest him with a certain royal simplicity; his features were calm, yet terrible. He sighed deeply, thrust his arm into Kenneth's and they went out without a word.

That night Kenneth sent a cablegram to Sylvia. When the seven-o'clock whistle blew next morning, not a wheel turned in the factory. The strike was on.

### XVIII

By the end of March Julia Percival had become distinctly uncomfortable. It began to appear that Kenneth Landon, although possibly worthy and altruistic, had nevertheless been short-sighted. To her matronly eyes signs were not wanting that it was somewhat reckless to stake a previous attachment against whatever other attractions Sylvia might encounter during a winter on the Riviera.

For the first month or two Amaro had merely the guise of the kind of man she

would have liked Sylvia to meet. He was general, representative, and, in the light of many previous winters, almost impersonal. But when Kenneth cabled that it was impossible for him to leave his work, even for a month, Amaro took on a chameleonlike change, and emerged in *propria persona*, fascinating, unattached, and consequently dangerous.

It lay heavy on Mrs. Percival's mind that the time had arrived to have the thing out. Though she often reached the point of resolution, it was not at all easy to begin.

Regarding the girl with observant eyes, it seemed that in the last few months she also had changed. Association with her aunt had to a certain extent armed her against the arguments which Julia proposed to use. She gave evidence, too, of a certain maturity which removed her from the somewhat timid Sylvia whom her uncle had met in Paris. Twenty-three years in Brunton had only retarded the swift blossoming that took place when the bonds of her former existence were slackened. She had acquired an assurance, a consciousness that she was a part of life at large, fortified by the reflection that to her all things were possible.

Julia Percival, recognizing this, relished her duty less than ever. Then, with a courage that was almost pathetic, she went at it valiantly during the peculiarly feminine hour that intervenes between afternoon tea and dinner.

"Sylvia," she began, "I'm rather uncomfortable about Kenneth. Have you heard from him lately?"

The girl looked at her quizzically. She had learned to love Julia.

"Yes, this week."

"You didn't tell me!"

"Well, really, there's not much to tell. He's well, and the work is rather trying, and he looks forward to June, and he's sorry he could not come for Christmas—he says that every time—and that's about all."

"And he's never actually told you what his work is?"

"No," but I think I know. He's in some kind of a factory, getting practical experience which he says is going to be of great use afterward, and—" She stopped, her eyes rounding with sudden animation. "Wouldn't it be a joke if he were in the rubber-factory? It's just the kind of thing he might do."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Julia. "He's not such a fool. When are you to be married?"

"In July or August, or—I really can't tell."

"I thought you had arranged that for your return!"

There was a note of surprise in the older woman's voice.

"Really, aunt, one would almost believe you thought I wasn't in love with Kenneth any more."

"Well, are you?" exploded Julia, with a burst of relief that the ball was rolling.

"Of—of course I am!"

"Well, my dear, all I can say is that you don't look it."

"I suppose," hazarded Sylvia, "that is because I'm used to it. One doesn't get excited about the things one's used to."

Julia Percival scanned her for a moment without speaking. The sun's rays streamed through the open window in broad bars of light, and striking the girl's soft, brown hair, touched it into vivid bronze. Against this her skin seemed pale with a quality of transparency. Her head was small and delicate, and was carried proudly. The chin, nose, and mouth were also small, and were molded with a touch of piquancy. The eyes were dark, in contrast with her hair, and very large. They were now flecked with little points of changing light that made them restless.

"All I can say is that you have got pretty well used to it," she continued dryly.

Sylvia reached over and captured her aunt's hand.

"Meaning just what?"

"I don't know," protested Julia, helpless; "but you're not a bit devoted."

"To Philippe Amaro?" flashed the girl daringly.

Her aunt grew pink and straightened her slender shoulders, inwardly thankful that the dreaded name was out at last.

"You know," went on Sylvia, "I've been studying Amaro quite closely of late, and there is a good deal that Kenneth might learn from him. I'm not comparing them, but I'm afraid that Kenneth is going to be terribly—oh, yes, it's perfectly splendid of him—terribly in earnest all the time. For instance, I know he wants us to live in Brunton."

Mrs. Percival recoiled, but the little flecks in Sylvia's eyes were dancing more rapidly than ever.

"I've learned such a lot this winter, aunt, about all sorts of things, and about me; and"—here her voice was a little plaintive—"I want to find out more about me before I devote myself to him. Does that sound very unreasonable? I know what you would feel about the factory—that it's a call; but I don't believe you would feel it so strongly if you lived in Brunton. You picture me a sort of *Lady Bountiful*, with a basket on my arm, entering like sunshine into the homes of the poor." Suddenly her lips began to tremble. "It's so lovely here! I don't want to go back. I'm—I'm afraid he won't understand!"

Instantly the Spartan in Julia Percival demanded expression. If she yielded her front line now, there were no fortifications to fall back on.

"My dear," she said evenly, "when your father set his hand to the plow, he never—"

"I don't want to plow," broke in Sylvia rebelliously. "I want to pick a few daisies. Besides, don't you see it would be much better for Kenneth if I had a little more experience? I'm only half-educated."

"Experience of what—Philippe Amaro?"

The girl's brows straightened.

"I don't think you're quite fair."

"To Amaro?"

"Yes. He has been nicer and kinder than you can imagine."

"Oh, I can imagine it," remarked Julia Percival acidly.

Sylvia flushed.

"Do you want me to defend him, aunt? I'm quite ready."

"I'm afraid you are!"

"Then I will. From the very day I met him, he has been all that even you could ask. He has never made love to me, but he has amused and interested and helped me, and I didn't realize how little I knew when I met him. If you think that I've got ideas from Amaro, you're perfectly right. I have—heaps of them; and one is that Kenneth owes me something, that the obligation is not all on my side. You know we're going to be very well off. I can't help that, and I'm glad of it. There are a lot of things open to us that wouldn't be otherwise, and Kenneth should recognize it. I've got a great deal to learn that I can only get from people who are—who are cosmopolitan, and"—here she laughed a little—"the appetite comes with eating. I want to contribute everything I can to our married life, but unless I have the chance to develop something that I'll never develop in Brunton, I can't contribute what I want to, and—and—" She looked at her aunt with sudden appeal, then burst out imploringly: "Can't you see? I'm not ready to be married!"

Mrs. Percival, controlling an impulse, got up with painful decision.

"I'm afraid you're not!"

## XIX

THAT night she kept her husband awake for an hour, and it was a further shock to find him unsympathetic.

"But what am I to do?" she expostulated.

He turned on his side with revolting callousness.

"Nothing. Look here, Julia—the girl makes an impulsive promise to a young man with prospects. The prospects vanish, and the young man, left with an in-



valid father, chooses to embark on some mysterious undertaking. The girl, by her father's wish—not ours, mind you—comes to us for a winter. She meets an extremely interesting man, and, not unnaturally, she is interested. She's not staying with us when it happens; we're staying with her—boot on the other foot. Her young man is too confoundedly busy to come over and see her. She is vexed, and finds other man more interesting than ever. Then she goes home and marries, and it is all over. Don't forget, my dear, this is the best winter we've ever had in Mentone."

"I'm not forgetting." His wife sat up jerkily. "And she doesn't want to go home—that's the worst of it."

"Then perhaps she'll take a house in Paris for the season," mumbled Percival drowsily. "The gods are good, very good!"

The reflection made him smile in the dark.

"I think I'll see the *comtesse* to-morrow," said Julia thoughtfully.

"Eh? About what?"

"Everything. Now please let me go to sleep."

He chuckled. The gods had, indeed, been very good. As to Amaro, he felt no anxiety; and for the past winter, with its unaccustomed luxury, he was devoutly thankful. Should Sylvia be swallowed up in the gloom of Brunton, it would never be repeated; but should she care for Amaro enough to—

He stretched luxuriously, and began dreaming of hitherto unimagined possibilities.

The morning found his wife full of resolution. Until twelve o'clock she disposed of affairs with prim decision; then, clad in austerity and an unusually stiff linen dress, she crackled toward the diminutive villa of the Comtesse Amaro. The old lady saw her coming, and waved a cheerful hand from her window.

"How charming, how delightful! My dear *madame*, how fresh you look this superb day!"

The visitor felt anything but fresh. She had spent most of the night preparing her arguments, and it was disconcerting to find the *comtesse* so buoyant.

"I wanted to have a chat with you before we left. You know there's not much time now."

"How sad! Mentone is always at its best in April. You depart on the twentieth, is it not?"

"Yes, for Paris. My niece will be there till June, and then she leaves for Canada. We shall miss her terribly."

"And how much difference to us! It is now so many years that I have welcomed you to Mentone."

"Thank you, dear *comtesse*." Julia Percival was genuinely touched. She had somehow thought of the old lady as brilliant, but a little indifferent. "My niece is to be married when she reaches Canada," she added after a pause.

Watching the *comtesse*, she noticed that her eyes wandered to Philippe's portrait on the mantel.

"I am very glad of that." A faint color bloomed in the faded cheeks. "Yes, very glad!"

Julia breathed a shade quicker.

"Really? Why?"

But the *comtesse* had begun to laugh.

"How foolish an old woman can be! It is nothing."

Julia's pulse beat still faster.

"Please tell me."

"Oh, no, it is too grotesque, too absurd! I thought my old brain had done with such imaginings; and you would laugh at me always."

"Never," said her visitor firmly.

The *comtesse* dabbed her eyes with a fragment of lace.

"Observe my ridiculous tears! Do you know that I was actually afraid that Philippe had—yes, become *épris* with one who is already affianced? Naturally, I feared disappointment for him. My dear *madame*, how good you are to come and relieve my foolish heart!"

For the next moment Julia had a curious sensation of being surrounded by a

ring of old ladies who were all thanking her for things she had never done.

"And more than that," added the *comtesse*, "I fear I could not give him up. As one gets older, one clings the more, and Philippe—"

"Yes, I know; and I am so glad I came," said Julia fervently, with a swift easing in her soul. "But he will marry, won't he?"

"I do not know. Sometimes I think that Philippe is not made by the good God to be married. He demands so much in women. He is generous and amiable, yes, but if he could—how is it in English?—fabricate a woman with a little morsel of one, a fragment of another, an eyebrow from this one, a lip from the other, he would be content. But alas, when we women enter the world, it is to say: 'Observe how perfect I am. Take me!' And when Philippe hears that, he shrugs his shoulders. He has often spoken of your niece, yes, but not in a certain way."

A great peace had fallen on Julia. It was true that she had very nearly put her foot in it, but her recovery struck her as being so adroit as not to be noticed. Looking at the *comtesse* with freshly appreciative eyes, she began to discern new qualities and unexpected virtues. It was strange that she should have thought her indifferent.

"The bond between you and your son is very beautiful," she ventured. "You are both so happy!"

The white head turned with a quick, birdlike motion.

"Is Philippe happy?"

"Don't you think so?" said Julia, a trifle flustered.

"I do not know," his mother answered thoughtfully.

If during lunch Mrs. Percival had a glow of inward triumph, she concealed it. The meal ended, she took her nap with blissful tranquillity. She realized that after Sylvia's departure her own *ménage* would experience a little reaction, due to reoccupying the lessened radius of their

former existence. But, she reflected, though contracted, it was nevertheless not so arduous. She was content with what her husband could afford, and administered it well.

Descending from her siesta, she found Percival smoking peacefully. He, too, had had pleasurable reflections.

"A very satisfactory visit," she announced. "Somehow I got to know the *comtesse* much better. John, there's nothing in it," she added with a touch of finality.

"In what?"

"Between Sylvia and Philippe Amaro. It was such a relief! Looking back at the past months, I see that they were much more together than I realized. I suppose he is attractive to women, and it would have been more or less natural if they had grown fond of each other."

"And they didn't?" Her husband's tones were almost dejected.

"Of course not!"

"Just what did the *comtesse* say?" inquired Percival. He had still a gleam of hope.

Julia recounted the conversation, dwelling with a certain insistence on that part of it which had eased her most. When she finished, he looked somewhat comforted.

"My dear," he began, "I don't quite agree with you. There's an old Latin proverb, 'Hurry up slowly.' It suits the case very well. Apart from anything these two feel for each other, I wouldn't scorch my fingers. Sylvia is twenty-three; she has learned her way about, and learned it remarkably quickly. Also, she is very much her own mistress. Amaro is not exactly an infant in the customs of the world, and his dynasty, if you don't mind my saying so, is considerably older than ours. Also, he is very much of a gentleman. You must admit that though he's had a difficult position in Mentone, every one has the highest regard for him. I've an idea that at the back of your head you suspect all dark-haired, flashing-eyed, olive-skinned men are libertines in one

way or another. Now I don't know this quixotic youth, Landon, but I do know Amaro. I know that in a very unusual experience of life he has picked out the things that are nice and avoided the ones that are nasty, and the result is—well, rather fine. Do you, for instance, guarantee that young Landon will make Sylvia happy and Amaro would not?"

His wife regarded him in frank amazement, but Percival merely lay back, examining the tip of his cigar with undisguised interest, and added:

"In other words, Julia, I think that with the best possible intentions you may yet make a mess of it."

She rose with dignity, and with a feeling that never before had her husband been so disappointing.

"Where is Sylvia now?"

He chuckled.

"I left her at Rumpelmayer's with Amaro. They were going for a walk."

Truth lay behind the chuckle. At that moment Sylvia and Amaro, climbing the shoulder of the long and lovely ridge that lifts north toward Castellar, had stopped to rest, and were looking down at Mentone, where the ranks of white villas seemed to dip seaward to cool their red roofs in the Mediterranean. The ridge was timbered with ancient olive-trees, whose gnarled and distorted roots writhed into the rocky soil, while overhead stretched a whispering canopy of pale, metallic green. The afternoon had marched on to that mysterious hour when the sun begins to yield insensibly, and deep in valley and ravine are born the first shadows of evening.

Amaro sat, his knees drawn up, his eyes tracing the fringe of foam that skirted Cap Martin and trailed, shimmering, to Monte Carlo. Above him, on a bench used by the fagot-women who bring wood from the grove, Sylvia rested, a little breathless, a little self-conscious. She was exquisite, with an added color that matched the flowers in her belt.

Far below, at some invisible place, a man was singing "*Partant pour la Syrie*."

His voice floated up clear and true, mellow with distance, yet thrilling with a superb abandon.

Amaro glanced at the girl.

"That I may prove the bravest brave and win the fairest fair"—happy devil, isn't he?"

Sylvia had been gazing at the horizon, picturing it torn with the oars of long-vanished galleys. This sea gave her strange feelings of transitoriness and beauty, of the immortal permanence of the earth, and the strange poignancy of all that was most fair.

It seemed, too, that Amaro did well in this setting. Life, sun, and wind appeared almost to have some special thing for him, to which he responded with careless but perfect understanding. She had a fleeting wonder what it would be like to touch such a man into supreme emotion. The thought rather frightened, yet in a curious way attracted her. Just then Amaro's voice had broken in. Something in his tone drew her eyes to him, and she smiled uncertainly.

"Why?"

"Because he is loved, like yourself." There followed a little silence, while he stared at Cap Martin. "I hope *mademoiselle* will not entirely forget Mentone."

"That would be impossible. I am carrying away too many new ideas."

"Yes—of what?"

She laughed.

"Of myself, among other things."

"In that case you should go away very happy."

"Do you remember telling me that I was only half-educated?"

"Did I? What insolence!"

"No, you were right. And now—" She paused, then went on very distinctly: "I want to finish my education."

"At home?" Amaro was aghast. "But one cannot do that at home."

"No," she said slowly, "not at home."

"But I understood that you were to be married this summer, and marriage is not always an education. It is sometimes only an introduction."

Sylvia glanced at him with heightened color.

"An introduction to what?"

"That very much depends on whom one marries," he said quizzically. "One sees great mistakes."

She nodded.

"I am afraid Brunton is going to be rather difficult after the Continent." Her eyes wandered to the exquisite scene below. "Nothing could be more different from this!"

"Brunton, what a name! It sounds so—so practical!"

"It is, very." She smiled mirthlessly. "If I take color from Brunton, I shall become rather stern, and probably very worthy."

"But *mademoiselle* must not become stern. Do not live in that place—live where there is motion and life." His tone became suddenly serious. "Is there any reason why you should not live where you choose?"

"Yes," she parried, "I am afraid so. It's name is Kenneth Landon."

"And is M. Landon then so implacable?"

"I don't quite know. I'm really going to find out. You see, I don't actually

know him as well as I thought. I almost know you better."

She stopped in confusion. Amaro did not answer, but a sudden pallor seemed to spread beneath his olive skin. His hands, clenched around his knees, tightened till the veins stood out like thin, blue cords.

A little frightened at what she had said, Sylvia looked away. Presently he began to speak evenly, coolly, without a hint of tenseness.

"*Mademoiselle*, you have a great deal to give, but that does not matter. All women have much to give—it is themselves. Compared to that, a fortune is not to be considered. You yourself have promised and"—he hesitated a little—"it is settled; but it is well to consider what will be given in exchange. There is only one thing that counts, and that is companionship; and to be a companion one must be piquant and refreshing to the soul."

She turned to him slowly, as if fascinated. Would Kenneth be piquant and refreshing to her soul? Amaro had unconsciously given her the epitome of queries that had been moving disturbingly for months.

(To be continued in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

### THE TAPESTRY OF LIFE

My life is like a tapestry—

A warp and woof of somber gray,  
With here and there a stranger hue  
Which almost seems a color gay;

A pictured scene of daily life,  
Familiar faces dim portrayed—  
Dull monotonous the Master Hand  
Has used—faint broiderings, light and shade.

At intervals a thread gleams out  
Of brilliant, scintillating gold,  
Of crimson joy, of azure bliss—  
Ecstatic color, warm and bold!

Brighter they gleam in contrast with  
Their background of cold, somber hue;  
Those gleaming threads, they are, dear heart,  
The days, the hours, I spend with you!

Margaret G. Hays



# THE STORY OF The Sun.

A NEWSPAPER IS THE MOST NEARLY HUMAN OF  
ALL INANIMATE THINGS—"THE STORY OF  
THE SUN" IS A ROMANCE FASCINATING,  
ILLUMINATING, DELIGHTFUL

By Frank M. O'Brien

EDITORIAL NOTE—The editor of THE MUNSEY feels justified in calling special attention to "The Story of the Sun" as a fact-romance of unusual interest and real historic value. To miss reading it would be to miss one of the most interesting and refreshing contributions this magazine has printed in many years. It is not merely the story of the *Sun*, but the story as well of the journalists and journalism of New York since the *Sun* was founded in 1833, and the story of the big figures along the wayside in the development of little old Manhattan into the master city of the world.

IN the early thirties of last century the only newspapers in the city of New York were six-cent journals whose reading-matter was adapted to the politics of men, and whose only appeal to women was their size, perfectly suited to deep pantry-shelves.

Dave Ramsey, a compositor on one of these sixpennies, the *Journal of Commerce*, had an obsession. It was that a penny paper, to be called the *Sun*, would be a success in a city full of persons whose interest was in humanity in general, rather than in politics, and whose pantry-shelves were almost always narrow. Why his mind fastened on the *Sun* as the name of this child of his vision is not known; perhaps it was because there was a daily in London bearing that title. It was a short name, easily written, easily spoken, easily remembered.

Benjamin H. Day, another printer, worked beside Dave Ramsey in 1830. Ramsey reiterated his idea to his neighbor so often that Day came to believe in it, although it is doubtful whether he had the great faith that possessed Ramsey. Now that due credit has been given to Ramsey for the idea of the penny *Sun*, he passes out of the record, for he never attempted to put his project into execution.

Nor was Day's enthusiasm for a penny *Sun* so big that he plunged into it at once. He was a business man rather than a visionary. With the savings from his wages as a compositor he went into the job-printing business in a small way. He still met his old chums and still talked of the *Sun*, but it is likely that he never would have come to start it if it had not been for the cholera.

There was an epidemic of this plague in

New York in 1832. It killed more than thirty-five hundred people in that year, and added to the depression of business already caused by financial disturbances and a wretched banking system. The job-printing trade suffered with other industries, and Day decided that he needed a newspaper—not to reform, not to uplift, not to arouse, but to push the printing business of Benjamin H. Day. Incidentally he might add luster to the fame of the President, Andrew Jackson, or uphold the hands of the mayor of New York, Gideon Lee; but his prime purpose was to get the work of printing handbills for John Smith, the grocer, or letter-heads for Richard Robinson, the dealer in hay. Incidentally he might become rich and powerful, but for the time being he needed work at his trade.

#### THE FOUNDER OF THE SUN

Ben Day was only twenty-three years old. He was the son of Henry Day, a hatter of West Springfield, Massachusetts, and Mary Ely Day; and sixth in descent from his first American ancestor, Robert Day. Shortly after the establishment of the Springfield *Republican* by Samuel Bowles, in 1824, young Day went into the office of that paper, then a weekly, to learn the printer's trade. That was two years before the birth of the second and greater Samuel Bowles, who was later to make the *Republican*, as a daily, one of the greatest of American newspapers.

Day learned well his trade from Sam Bowles. When he was twenty, and a first-class compositor, he went to New York, and worked at the case in the offices of the *Evening Post* and the *Commercial Advertiser*. He married, when he was twenty-one, Miss Eveline Shepard. At the time of the *Sun's* founding Mr. Day lived, with his wife and their infant son, Henry, at 75 Duane Street, only a few blocks from the newspaper offices.

Day was a good-looking young man with a round, calm, resolute face. He possessed health, industry, and charac-

ter; also a silk hat. Also he had courage, for a man with a family was taking no small risk in breaking away from the comfortable bonds of a weekly wage and in launching, without capital, a paper to be sold at one cent.

The idea of a penny paper was not new. In Philadelphia, the *Cent* had had a brief, inglorious existence. In Boston, the *Bostonian* had failed to attract the cultured readers of the modern Athens. Eight months before Day's hour arrived the *Morning Post* had braved it in New York, selling first at two cents and later at one cent, but even with Horace Greeley as one of the founders it lasted only three weeks.

When Ben Day sounded his friends, particularly the printers, as to their opinion of his project, they cited the doleful fate of the other penny journals. He drew, or had designed, a head-line for the *Sun* that was to be, and took it about to his cronies. A. S. Abell, a printer on the *Mercantile Advertiser*, poked the most fun at him. A penny paper, indeed! But this same Abell lived to stop scoffing, to found another *Sun*—this one in Baltimore—and to buy a half-million-dollar estate out of the profits of it. He was the second beneficiary of the penny *Sun* idea.

William M. Swain, another journeyman printer, also made light of Day's ambition. He lived to be Day's foreman, and later to own the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. He told Day that the penny *Sun* would ruin him. As Day had not much enthusiasm at the outset, surely his friends did not add to it, unless by kindling his stubbornness.

As for capital, he had none at all, in the money sense. He did have a printing-press, hardly improved from the machine of Benjamin Franklin's day, some job-paper, and plenty of type. The press would throw off two hundred impressions an hour at full speed, man power. He hired a room, twelve by sixteen feet, in the building at 222 William Street. That building was still there, in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge approach, when

the *Sun* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1883; but a modern six-story envelope factory is there to-day.

There is no question as to the general authorship of the first paper. Day was proprietor, publisher, editor, chief pressman, and mailing-clerk. He was not a lazy man. He stayed up all night before that fateful Tuesday, September 3, 1833, setting with his own hands some advertise-

3rd of September, 1833, there is only one other—the *Journal of Commerce*—left.

But young Mr. Day, wiping the ink from his hands at noon, and waiting in doubt to see whether the public would buy the thousand *Suns* he had printed, could not foresee this. Neither could he know that, by this humble effort to exalt his printing business, he had driven a knife into the dusty heart of ancient

THE



SUN.

NUMBER 1.]

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE FIRST HEAD-LINE OF THE NEW YORK SUN

ments that were regularly appearing in the six-cent papers, for he wanted to make a show of prosperity. Besides, the bogus advertising would fill gaps.

He also wrote, or clipped from some out-of-town newspaper, a poem that would fill nearly a column. He rewrote news items from the West and South—some of them not more than a month old. As for the snappy local news of the day, he bought, in the small hours of that Tuesday morning, a copy of the *Courier and Enquirer*, the liveliest of the six-cent papers, took it to the single room in William Street, clipped out or rewrote the police-court items, and set them up himself. A boy, whose name is unknown to fame, assisted him at devil's work. A journeyman printer, Parmlee, helped with the press when the last quoin had been made tight in the fourth and last of the little pages.

The sun was well up in the sky before its namesake of New York came slowly, hesitatingly, almost sadly, up over the horizon of journalism—never to set! In the years to follow, the *Sun* was to have changes in ownership, in policy, in size, and in style, but no day was to come when it could not shine. Of all the morning newspapers printed in New York on that

journalism. The sixpenny papers were to laugh at this tiny intruder—to laugh and laugh, and to die.

## THE FIRST NEW YORK SUN

The size of the first *Sun* was eleven and one-quarter by eight inches, not a great deal bigger than a page of this magazine, and considerably less than one-quarter the size of a page of the *Sun* of to-day. Compared with the first *Sun*, the present newspaper is about sixteen times larger. The type was a good, plain face of agate, with some verse on the last page in nonpareil.

An almost perfect reprint of the first *Sun* was issued as a supplement to the paper on its twentieth birthday, in 1853, and again—to the number of about one hundred and sixty thousand copies—on its fiftieth birthday, in 1883. Many of the persons who treasure the replicas of 1883 believe them to be original first numbers, as they were not labeled "facsimile," as was the issue of 1853. Hardly a month passes but the *Sun* receives one of them from some proud owner. It is easy, however, to tell the reprint from the original, for Mr. Day in his haste committed an error at the masthead of the editorial or second page

of the first number. The date-line there reads "September 3, 1832," while in the reprint it is "September 3, 1833," as it should have been, but wasn't, in the original. And there are minor typographical differences, invisible to the layman.

Of the thousand, or fewer, copies of the first *Sun*, only three are known to exist—one in the bound file of the *Sun's* first year, held jealously in the *Sun's* safe; one in the private library of the editor of the *Sun*, Edward Page Mitchell; and one in the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, New York.

There were three columns on each of the four pages. At the top of the first column on the front page was a modest announcement of the *Sun's* ambitions:

The object of this paper is to lay before the public, at a price within the means of every one, ALL THE NEWS OF THE DAY, and at the same time afford an advantageous medium for advertising.

It was added that the subscription in advance was three dollars a year, and that yearly advertisers were to be accommodated with ten lines every day for thirty dollars per annum—ten cents a day, or one cent a line. That was the old fashion of advertising. The friendly merchant bought thirty dollars' worth of space, say in December, and inserted an advertisement of his fur coats or snow-shovels. The same advertisement might be in the paper the following July, for the newspapers made no effort to coordinate the needs of the seller and the buyer. So long as the merchant kept his name regularly in print, he felt that that was enough.

#### NEWS AND ADVERTISEMENTS OF 1833

The leading article on the first page was a semihumorous story about an Irish captain and his duels. It was flanked by a piece of reprint about microscopic carved toys. There was a paragraph about a Vermont boy so addicted to whistling that he fell ill of it. Mr. Day's apprentice may have needed this warning.

The front-page advertising, culled from other newspapers and printed for effect,

consisted of the notices of steamship sailings. In one of these Commodore Vanderbilt offered to carry passengers from New York to Hartford, by daylight, for one dollar, on his splendid low-pressure steamboat *Water Witch*. Cornelius Vanderbilt was then thirty-nine years old, and had made the boat line between New York and New Brunswick, New Jersey, pay him forty thousand dollars a year. When the *Sun* started, the commodore was at the height of his activity, and he stuck to the water for thirty years afterward, until he had accumulated something like forty million dollars.

E. K. Collins had not yet established his famous Dramatic line of clipper-ships between New York and Liverpool, but he advertised the "very fast sailing coppered ship *Nashville* for New Orleans." He was only thirty then.

Cooks were advertised for by private families living in Broadway, near Canal Street—pretty far up-town to live at that day—and in Temple Street, near Liberty, pretty far down-town now.

On the second page was a bit of real news, the melancholy suicide of a young Bostonian of "engaging manners and amiable-disposition," in Webb's Congress Hall, a hotel. There were also two local anecdotes; a paragraph to the effect that "the city is nearly full of strangers from all parts of this country and Europe"; nine police-court items, nearly all concerning trivial assaults; news of murders committed in Florida, at Easton, Pennsylvania, and at Columbus, Ohio; a report of an earthquake at Charlottesville, Virginia, and a few lines of stray news from Mexico.

The third page had the arrivals and clearances at the port of New York, a joke about the cholera in New Orleans, a line to say that the same disease had appeared in the City of Mexico; an item about an insurrection in the Ohio penitentiary, a marriage announcement, a death notice, some ship and auction advertisements, and the offer of a reward of one thousand dollars for the recovery of thirteen thou-



sand six hundred dollars stolen from the mail stage between Boston and Lynn and the arrest of the thieves.

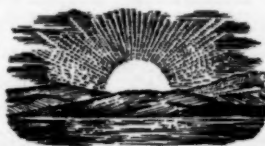
The last page carried a poem, "A Noon Scene," but the atmosphere was of the Elysian Fields over in Hoboken rather than of midday in the city. When Day scissored it, probably he did so with the idea that it would fill a column. Another good filler was the bank-note table, copied from a six-cent contemporary. The quotations indicated that not much

the readers whom Day hoped to reach—people to whom the purchase of a paper at six cents was impossible, and to whom windy, monotonous political discussions were a bore.

#### PIONEERS OF JOURNALISM

In those early thirties, daily journalism had not advanced very far. Men were willing, but means and methods were weak. The first English daily was the *Courant*, issued in 1702. The *Orange*

# THE



# SUN.

NUMBER 17.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1883.

[PRICE ONE PENNY]

THE SECOND HEAD-LINE OF THE NEW YORK SUN

of the bank currency of the day was accepted at par.

The rest of the page was filled with borrowed advertising. The Globe Insurance Company, of which John Jacob Astor was a director, announced that it had a capital of a million dollars. The North River Insurance Company, whose directorate included William B. Astor, declared its willingness to insure against fire and against "loss or damage by inland navigation." At that time the boilers of river steamboats had an unpleasant trick of blowing up; hence Commodore Vanderbilt's mention of the low pressure of the Water Witch. John A. Dix, then Secretary of State of the State of New York, and later to be the hero of the "shoot him on the spot" order, advertised an election. Castleton House Academy, on Staten Island, offered to teach and board young gentlemen at twenty-five dollars a quarter.

Such was the first *Sun*. Part of it was stale news, rewritten. Part was borrowed advertising. It is doubtful whether even the police-court items were original, although they were the most human things in the issue, the most likely to appeal to

*Postman*, put out the following year, was the first penny paper. The *London Times* was not started until 1785. It was the first English paper to use a steam press, as the *Sun* was the first American paper.

The first American daily was the *Pennsylvania Packet*, called later the *General Advertiser*, begun in Philadelphia in 1784. It died in 1837. Of the existing New York papers only the *Globe* dates back to the eighteenth century, having been founded in 1797 as the *Commercial Advertiser*. Next to it in age is the *Evening Post*, started in 1801.

The weakness of the early dailies was largely due to the fact that their publishers looked almost entirely to advertising for the support of the papers. On the other hand, the editors were politicians or highbrows who thought more of a speech by Lord Piccadilly on empire than of a good street tragedy; more of an essay by Lady Geraldine Glue than of a first-class report of a kidnapping.

Another great obstacle to success—one for which neither editor nor publisher was responsible—was the lack of facilities for the transmission of news. Fulton

launched the *Clermont* twenty-six years before Day launched the *Sun*, but even in Day's time steamships were nothing to brag of, and the first of them was yet to cross the Atlantic. When the *Sun* was born, the most important railroad in America was thirty-four miles long, from Bordentown to South Amboy. There was no telegraph, and the mails were of prehistoric slowness.

It was hard to get out a successful daily newspaper without daily news. A weekly would have sufficed for the information that came in, by sailing ship and stage, from Europe and Washington and Boston. Ben Day was the first man to reconcile himself to an almost impossible situation. He did so by the simple method of using what news was nearest at hand—the incidental happenings of New York life. In this way he solved his own problem and the people's, for they found that the local items in the *Sun* were just what they wanted, while the price of the paper suited them well.

How far could the little *Sun* hope to cast its beam in a stodgy if not naughty world? The circulation of all the dailies in New York at the time was less than thirty thousand. The seven morning and four evening papers, all sold at six cents a copy, shared the field thus:

#### MORNING PAPERS

Morning Courier and New York Enquirer	4,500
Democratic Chronicle	4,000
New York Standard	2,400
New York Journal of Commerce	2,300
New York Gazette and General Advertiser	1,500
New York Daily Advertiser	1,400
Mercantile Advertiser and New York Advocate	1,200

#### EVENING PAPERS

The Evening Post	3,000
The Evening Star	2,500
New York Commercial Advertiser	2,100
New York American	1,600
Total	26,500

New York was the American metropolis, but it was of about the present size

of Indianapolis or Seattle. Of its quarter of a million population, only eight or ten thousand lived above Twenty-Third Street. Washington Square, now the residence district farthest down-town, had just been adopted as a park; before that it had been the Potter's Field. In 1833 rich New Yorkers were putting up some fine residences there—of which a good many still stand. Sixth Street had had its name changed to Waverley Place in honor of Walter Scott, recently dead, the literary king of the day.

Wall Street was already the financial center, with its Merchants' Exchange, banks, brokers, and insurance companies. Canal Street was pretty well filled with retail stores. Third Avenue had been macadamized from the Bowery to Harlem. The down-town streets were paved, and some were lighted with gas at seven dollars a thousand cubic feet.

#### MEN AND INSTITUTIONS OF 1833

Columbia College, in the square bounded by Murray, Barclay, Church, and Chapel Streets, had a hundred students; now it has more than a hundred hundred. James Kent was professor of law in the Columbia of that day, and Charles Anthon was professor of Greek and Latin. A rival seat of learning, the University of the City of New York, chartered two years earlier, was temporarily housed at 12 Chambers Street, with a certain Samuel F. B. Morse as professor of sculpture and painting. There were twelve schools, harboring six thousand pupils, whose welfare was guarded by the Public School Society of New York, Lindley Murray, secretary. The National Academy of Design, incorporated five years before, guided the budding artist in Clinton Hall, and Mr. Morse was its president, while it had for its professor of mythology one William Cullen Bryant.

Albert Gallatin was president of the National Bank, at 13 Wall Street. Often at the end of his day's work he would walk around to the small shop in William Street where his young friend Delmonico,

the confectioner, was trying to interest the gourmets of the city in his French cooking. Gideon Lee, besides being mayor, was president of the Leather Manufacturers' Bank at 334 Pearl Street. He was the last mayor of New York to be appointed by the common council, for Dix's advertisement in the first *Sun* called an election by which the people of the city gained the right to elect a mayor by popular vote.

Incidentally, Postmaster Gouverneur had one clerk to sort all the mail that came into the city from the rest of the world. It was a small New York upon which the timid *Sun* cast its still smaller beams. The mass of the people had not been interested in newspapers, because the newspapers brought nothing into their lives but the drone of American and foreign politics. A majority of them were in sympathy with Tammany Hall, par-

THE



SUN.

NUMBER 78.]

NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1833.

[PRICE ONE CENT.

THE THIRD HEAD-LINE OF THE NEW YORK SUN

A list of the solid citizens of the New York of that year would include Peter Schermerhorn, Nicholas Fish, Robert Lenox, Sheppard Knapp, Samuel Swartwout, Henry Beekman, Henry Delafield, John Mason, William Paulding, David S. Kennedy, Jacob Lorillard, David Lydig, Seth Grosvenor, Elisha Riggs, John Delafield, Peter A. Jay, C. V. S. Roosevelt, Robert Ray, Preserved Fish, Morris Ketchum, Rufus Prime, Philip Hone, William Vail, Gilbert Coutant, and Mortimer Livingston.

These men and their fellows ran the banks and the big business of that day. They read the six-cent papers, mostly those which warned the public that Andrew Jackson was driving the country to the devil. It would be years before the *Sun* would bring the light of common, every-day things into their dignified lives—if it ever did so. Day, the printer, did not look to them to read his paper, although he hoped for some small part of their advertising. It is likely that one of the Gouverneurs—Samuel L.—read the early *Sun*, but he was postmaster, and it was his duty to examine new and therefore suspicious publications.

ticularly since 1821, when the property qualification was removed from the franchise through Democratic effort.

## LITERARY LIGHTS OF 1833

New York had literary publications other than the six-cent papers. The *Knickerbocker Magazine* was founded in January of 1833, with Charles Hoffman, assistant editor of the *American Magazine*, as editor. Among the contributors engaged were William Cullen Bryant and James K. Paulding. The subscription-list, it was proudly announced, had no fewer than eight hundred names on it. The *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Sporting Magazine*, the *American Ploughboy*, the *Journal of Public Morals*, and the *Youth's Temperance Lecturer* were among the periodicals that contended for public favor.

Bryant was a busy man, for he was the chief editor of the *Evening Post* as well as a magazine contributor and a teacher. Fame had come to him early, for "Thanatopsis" was published when he was twenty-three, and "To a Water-fowl" appeared a year later, in 1818. Now, in his thirties, he was no longer the

delicate youth, the dreamy poet. One April day in 1831 Bryant and William L. Stone, one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser*, had a rare fight in front of the City Hall, the poet beginning it with a cowskin whip swung at Stone's head, and the spectators ending it after Stone had seized the whip. These two were editors of sixpenny "respectables."

Irving and Cooper, Bryant and Halleck, Nathaniel P. Willis and George P. Morris were the largest figures of intellectual New York. In 1833 Irving returned from Europe after a visit that had lasted seventeen years. He was then fifty, and had written his best books. Cooper, half a dozen years younger, had long since basked in the glory that came to him with the publication of "The Spy," "The Pilot," and "The Last of the Mohicans." He and Irving were guests at every cultured function.

Prescott was finishing his first work, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella." Bancroft was beginning his "History of the United States." George Ticknor had written his "Life of Lafayette." Hawthorne had published only "Fanshawe" and some of the "Twice Told Tales." Poe was struggling along in Baltimore. Holmes, a medical student, had written a few poems. Dr. John William Draper, later to write his great "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," arrived from Liverpool that year to make New York his home.

Longfellow was professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, and unknown to fame as a poet. Whittier had written "Legends of New England" and "Moll Pitcher." Emerson was in England. Richard Henry Dana and Motley were at Harvard. Thoreau was helping his father to make lead-pencils. Parkman, Lowell, and Herman Melville were school-boys.

Away off in Buffalo was a boy of fourteen who clerked in his uncle's general store by day, selling steel traps to Seneca braves, and by night read Latin, Greek, poetry, history, and the speeches of

Andrew Jackson. His name was Charles Anderson Dana.

#### J. WATSON WEBB'S STORMY CAREER

The leading newspaperman of the day in New York was James Watson Webb, a son of the General Webb who held the Bible upon which Washington took the oath of office as first President. J. Watson Webb had been in the army and, as a journalist, was never for peace at any price. He united the *Morning Courier* and the *Enquirer*, and established a daily horse express between New York and Washington, which is said to have cost seventy-five hundred dollars a month, in order to get news from Congress and the White House twenty-four hours before his rivals.

Webb was famed as a fighter. He had a row with Duff Green in Washington in 1830. In January, 1836, he thrashed James Gordon Bennett in Wall Street. He incited a mob to drive Wood, a singer, from the stage of the Park Theater. In 1838 he sent a challenge to Representative Cilley, of Maine, a classmate of Longfellow and Hawthorne at Bowdoin. Cilley refused to fight, on the ground that he had made no personal reflections on Webb's character; whereupon Representative Graves, of Kentucky, who carried the card for Webb, challenged Cilley for himself, as was the custom. They fought with rifles on the Annapolis Road, and Cilley was killed at the third shot.

In 1842 Webb fought a duel with Representative Marshall, of Kentucky, and not only was wounded, but on his return to New York was sentenced to two years in prison "for leaving the State with the intention of giving or receiving a challenge." At the end of two weeks, however, he was pardoned.

Having deserted Jackson and become a Whig, Webb continued to own and edit the *Courier and Enquirer* until 1861, when it was merged with the *World*. His quarrels, all of political origin, brought prestige to his paper. Ben Day had no dueling-pistols. His only chance to ad-



vertise the *Sun* was by its own light and its popular price.

Beyond Webb, Day had no lively journalist with whom to contend at the outset, and Webb probably did not dream that the *Sun* would be worthy of a joust. Perhaps fortunately for Day, Horace Greeley had just failed in his attempt to run a one-cent paper. This was the *Morning Post*, which Greeley started in January, 1833, with Francis V. Story, a fellow printer, as his partner, and with a capital of one hundred and fifty dollars. It ran for three weeks only.

Greeley and Story still had some type, bought on credit, and they issued a tri-weekly, the *Constitutionalist*, which, in spite of its dignified title, was the avowed organ of the lotteries. Its columns contained the following card:

Greeley & Story, No. 54 Liberty Street, New York, respectfully solicit the patronage of the public to their business of letterpress printing, particularly lottery-printing, such as schemes, periodicals, and so forth, which will be executed on favorable terms.

It must be remembered that at that time lotteries were not under a cloud. There were in New York forty-five lottery offices, licensed at two hundred and fifty dollars apiece annually, and the proceeds were divided between the public schools and a home for deaf-mutes. That was the last year of legalized lotteries. After they disappeared Greeley started the *New Yorker*, the best literary weekly of its time. It was not until April, 1841, that he founded the *Tribune*.

Doubtless there were many young New Yorkers of that period who would have made bang-up reporters, but apparently, until Day's time, with few exceptions they did not work on morning newspapers. One exception was James Gordon Bennett, whose work for Webb on the *Courier and Enquirer* helped to make it the leading American paper.

Nathaniel P. Willis and George P. Morris would probably have been good reporters, for they knew New York and had excellent styles, but they insisted on

being poets. With Morris it was not a hollow vocation, for the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," could always get fifty dollars for a song. He and Willis ran the *Mirror* and later the *New Mirror*, and wrote verse and other fanciful stuff by the bushel. Philip Hone would have been the best reporter in New York, as his diary reveals, but he was of the aristocracy, and he seems to have scorned newspapermen, particularly Webb and Bennett.

But somehow, by that chance which seemed to smile on the *Sun*, Ben Day got clever reporters. He wanted one to do the police-court work, for he saw, from the first day of the paper, that that was the kind of stuff that his readers devoured. To them the details of a beating administered by James Hawkins to his wife were of more import than Jackson's assaults on the United States Bank.

When George W. Wisner, a young printer who was out of work, applied to the *Sun* for a job, Day told him that he would give him four dollars a week if he would get up early every day and attend the police-court, which held its sessions from 4 A.M. on. The people of the city were quite as human then as they are to-day. Unregenerate mortals got drunk and fought in the streets. Others stole shoes. The worst of all beat their wives. Wisner was to be the Balzac of the day-break court in a year when Balzac himself was writing his "Droll Stories."

#### DAY INVENTS THE NEWSBOY

The second issue of the *Sun* continued the typographical error of the day before. The year in the date-line of the second page was "1832." The big news in this paper was under date of Plymouth, England, August 1, and it told of the capture of Lisbon by Admiral Napier on the 25th of July. Day—or perhaps it was Wisner—wrote an editorial article about it:

To us as Americans there can be little of interest in the triumph of one member of a royal family of Europe over another; and although we can but rejoice at the downfall of the modern

Nero who so lately filled the Portuguese throne, yet if rumor speak the truth the victorious Pedro is no better than he should be.

The editor lamented the general lack of news:

With the exception of the interesting news from Portugal there appears to be very little worthy of note. Nullification has blown over; the President's tour has terminated; Black Hawk has gone home; the new race for President is not yet commenced, and everything seems settled down into a calm. Dull times, these, for us newspaper-makers. We wish the President or Major Downing or some other distinguished individual would happen along again and afford us material for a daily article. Or even if the sea-serpent would be so kind as to pay us a visit, we should be extremely obliged to him and would honor his snakeship with a most tremendous puff.

Theatrical advertising appeared in this number, the Park Theater announcing the comedy of "Rip Van Winkle," as re-dramatized by Mr. Hackett, who played *Rip*. Mr. Gale was playing "Mazeppa" at the Bowery. Perhaps these advertisements were borrowed from a six-cent paper, but there was one "help wanted" advertisement that was not borrowed. It was the upshot of Day's own idea, destined to bring another revolution in newspaper methods:

**TO THE UNEMPLOYED**—A number of steady men can find employment by vending this paper. A liberal discount is allowed to those who buy to sell again.

Before that day there had been no newsboys; no papers were sold in the streets. The big, blanket political organs that masqueraded as newspapers were either sold over the counter or delivered by carriers to the homes of the subscribers. Most of the publishers considered it undignified even to angle for new subscribers, and one of them boasted that his great circulation of perhaps two thousand had come unsolicited.

The first unemployed person to apply for a job selling *Suns* in the streets was a ten-year-old boy, Bernard Flaherty, born in Cork. Years afterward two continents knew him as Barney Williams, Irish co-

median, hero of "The Emerald Ring," and "The Connie Soogah," and at one time manager of Wallack's old Broadway Theater.

When Day got some regular subscribers, he sent carriers on routes. He charged them sixty-seven cents a hundred, cash, or seventy-five cents on credit. The first of these carriers was Sam Messenger, who delivered the *Sun* in the Fulton Market district, and who later became a rich livery-stable keeper. Live lads like these, carrying out Day's idea, wrought the greatest change in journalism that ever had been made, for they brought the paper to the people, something that could not be accomplished by the six-cent sheets with their lofty notions and comparatively high prices.

#### "SUNNY" BITS FROM THE FIRST ISSUES

On the third day of the *Sun's* life, with Wisner at the pen and Barney Flaherty "hollering" in the startled streets, the editor again expressed, this time more positively, his yearning that something would happen:

We newspaper people thrive best on the calamities of others. Give us one of your real Moscow fires, or your Waterloo battle-fields; let a Napoleon be dashing with his legions through the world; overturning the thrones of a thousand years and deluging the world with blood and tears; and then we of the types are in our glory.

The yearner had to wait thirty years for another Waterloo, but he got his "real Moscow fire" in about two years, and so close that it singed his eyebrows.

Lacking a Napoleon to exalt or denounce, Mr. Day used a bit of that same page for the publication of homelier news for the people:

The following are the drawn numbers of the New York consolidated lotteries of yesterday afternoon:

62 6 59 46 61 34 65 37 8 42

So Horace Greeley and his partner, with their triweekly paper, could not have been keeping all of the lottery patronage away from the *Sun*.

Over in the police column Mr. Wisner was putting over a few gems like the following:

A complaint was made by several persons who "thought it no sin to step to the notes of a sweet violin" and gathered under a window in Chatham Street, where a little girl was playing on a violin, when they were showered from a window above with the contents of a dye-pot or something of like nature. They were directed to ascertain their showerer.

The big story on the first page of the fourth issue of the *Sun* was a conversation between *Envy* and *Candor* in regard to the beauties of a Miss H., perhaps a fictitious person. But on the second page, at the head of the editorial column, was a real editorial article approving the course of the British government in freeing the slaves in the West Indies:

We supposed that the eyes of men were but half open to this case. We imagined that the slave would have to toil on for years and *purchase* what in justice was already *his own*. We did not once dream that light had so far progressed as to prepare the British nation for the colossal stride in justice and humanity and benevolence which they are about to make. The abolition of West Indian slavery will form a brilliant era in the annals of the world. It will circle with a halo of imperishable glory the brows of the transcendent spirits who wield the present destinies of the British Empire.

Would to Heaven that the honor of leading the way in this godlike enterprise had been reserved to our own country! But as the opportunity for this is passed, we trust we shall at least avoid the everlasting disgrace of long refusing to imitate so bright and glorious an example.

Thus the *Sun* came out for the freedom of the slave twenty-eight years before that freedom was to be accomplished, in the United States, through war. The *Sun* was the *Sun* of Day, but the hand was the hand of Wisner. That young man was an Abolitionist before the word was coined.

"Wisner was a pretty smart young fellow," said Mr. Day nearly fifty years afterward, "but he and I never agreed. I was rather Democratic in my notions. Wisner, whenever he got a chance, was

always sticking in his damned little Abolitionist articles."

There is little doubt that Wisner wrote the article facing the *Sun* against slavery while he was waiting for something to turn up in the police-court. Then he went to the office, set up the article, as well as his piece about the arrest of Eliza Barry, of Bayard Street, for stealing a wash-tub, and put the type in the form. Considering that Wisner got four dollars a week for this break-o'-day work, he made a very good morning of that; and it is worthy of record that the next day's *Sun* did not repudiate his assault on human servitude, although on September 10 Mr. Day printed an editorial grieving over the existence of slavery, but hitting at the methods of the Abolitionists.

These early issues were full of lively little "sunny" pieces, for instance:

Passing by the Beekman Street church early this morning, we discovered a milkman replenishing his lacteous cargo with Adam's ale. We took the liberty to ask him, "Friend, why do ye do thus?" He replied, "None of your business"; and we passed on, determined to report him to the Grahamites.

A poem on Burns, by Halleck—perhaps reprinted from one of the author's published volumes of verse—added literary tone to that morning's *Sun*.

In the next issue was some verse by Willis, beginning:

Look not upon the wine when it  
Is red within the cup!

Then, and for some years afterward, the *Sun* exhibited a special aversion to alcohol in text and head-lines. "Cursed Effects of Rum!" was one of its favorite head-lines. Another heading, "Double-Distilled Villainy!" savored of the same idea.

The *Sun* was a week old before it contained dramatic criticism, its first subject in that field being the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wood at the Park Theater in "Cinderella," a comic opera. The paper's first animal story was printed on September 12, recording the fact that on

the previous Sunday about sixty wild pigeons stayed in a tree at the Battery for nearly half an hour.

#### LANDMARKS OF EARLY DAYS

On September 14 the *Sun* printed its first illustration—a two-column cut of "Herschel's Forty-Foot Telescope." This was Sir W. Herschel, then dead some ten years, and the telescope was on his grounds at Slough, near Windsor, England. Another knighted Herschel with another telescope in a far land was to play a big part in the fortunes of the *Sun*, but that comes later. In the issue with the cut of the telescope was a paragraph about a rumor that Fanny Kemble, who had just captivated American theatergoers, had been married to Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia—as, indeed, she had.

Broadway seems to have had its lure as early as 1833, for in the *Sun* of September 17, on the first page, is a plaint by "Citizen":

They talk of the pleasures of the country, but would to God I had never been persuaded to leave the labor of the city for such woful pleasures. Oh, Broadway, Broadway! In an evil hour did I forsake thee for verdant walks and flowery landscapes and that there tiresome piece of made water. What walk is so agreeable as a walk through the streets of New York? What landscape more flowery than those of the print-shops? And what water was made by man equal to the Hudson?

This was followed by uplifting little essays on "Suicide" and "Robespierre." The chief news of the day—that John Quincy Adams had accepted a nomination from the Anti-Masons—was on an inside page. What was possibly of more interest to the readers, it was announced that thereafter a ton of coal would be two thousand pounds instead of twenty-two hundred and forty—Lackawanna, broken and sifted, six dollars and fifty cents a ton.

On Saturday, September 21, when it was only eighteen days old, the *Sun* adopted a new head-line. The letters remained the same, but the eagle device of the first issue was supplanted by the

solar orb rising over hills and sea. This design was used only until December 2, when its place was taken by a third emblem—a printing-press shedding symbolical effulgence upon the earth.

The *Sun's* first book-notice appeared on September 23, when it acknowledged the sixtieth volume of the "Family Library" (Harpers), this being a biography of Charlemagne by G. P. R. James. "It treats of a most important period in the history of France." The *Sun* had little space then for book-reviews or politics. Of its attitude toward the great financial fight then being waged, this lone paragraph gives a good view:

The *Globe* of Monday contains in six columns the reasons which prompted the President to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank, which were read to his assembled cabinet on the 18th instant.

Nicholas Biddle and his friends could fill other papers with arguments, but the *Sun* kept its space for police items, stories of authenticated ghosts, and yarns about the late Emperor Napoleon. The removal of William J. Duane as Secretary of the Treasury got two lines on a page where a big shark caught off Barnstable got three lines, and the feeding of the anaconda at the American Museum a quarter of a column. Miss Susan Allen, who bought a cigar on Broadway and smoked it while she danced in the street, was featured more prominently than the expected visit to New York of Mr. Henry Clay, after whom millions of cigars were to be named. For the satisfaction of universal curiosity it must be reported that Miss Allen was discharged.

On October 1 of that same year—1833—the *Sun* came out for better fire-fighting apparatus, urging that the engines should be drawn by horses, as in London. In the same issue it assailed the gambling-house in Park Row, and scorned the allegation of Captain Hamilton, a British traveler, that the tooth-brush was unknown in America. Slowly the paper was getting better, printing more local news; and it could afford to, for the penny *Sun*



idea had taken hold of New York, and the sales were larger every week.

#### WISNER BECOMES DAY'S PARTNER

Wisner was stretching the police-court pieces out to nearly two columns. Now and then, perhaps when Mr. Day was away fishing, the reporter would slip in an Abolition paragraph or a gloomy poem on the horrors of slavery. But he was so valuable that, while his chief did not raise his salary of four dollars a week, he offered him half the paper, the same to be paid for out of the profits. And so, in January of 1834, Wisner became a half-owner of the *Sun*. Benton, another *Sun* printer, also wanted an interest, and left when he could not get it.

Before it was two months old the *Sun* had begun to take an interest in aeronautics. It printed a column editorial, October 16, 1833, on the subject of Durant's balloon ascensions, and quoted Napoleon as saying that the only insurmountable difficulty of the balloon in war was the impossibility of guiding its course. "This difficulty Dr. Durant is now endeavoring to obviate." And the *Sun* added:

May we not therefore look to the time, in perspective, when our atmosphere will be traversed with as much facility as our waters?

In the issue of October 17 a skit, possibly by Mr. Day himself, gives a picture of the trials of an editor of the period:

SCENE—An editor's closet—editor solus.

"Well, a pretty day's work of it I shall make. News, I have nothing—politics, stale, flat, and unprofitable—miscellany, enough of it—miscellany bills payable, and a miscellaneous list of subscribers with tastes as miscellaneous as the tongues of Babel. Ha! Footsteps! Drop the first person singular and don the plural. WE must now play the editor."

(Enter Devil).—"Copy, sir!"

(Enter A.).—"I missed my paper this morning, sir, I don't want to take it—"

(Enter B.).—"There is a letter 'o' turned upside down in my advertisement this morning, sir! I—I—"

(Enter C.).—"You didn't notice my new work, my treatise on a flea, this morning, sir! You have no literary taste! Sir—"

(Enter D.).—"Sir, your boy don't leave my paper, sir—I live in a blind alley; you turn out of — Street to the right—then take a left-hand turn—then to the right again—then go under an arch—then over a kennel—then jump a ten-foot fence—then enter a door—then climb five pair of stairs—turn fourteen corners—and you can't miss my door. I want your boy to leave my paper first—it's only a mile out of his way—if he don't, I'll stop—"

(Enter E.).—"Sir, you have abused my friend; the article against Mr. — as a candidate is intolerable—it is scandalous—I'll stop my paper—I'll cane you—I'll—"

(Enter F.).—"Mr. Editor, you are mealy-mouthed, you lack independence, your remarks upon Mr. —, the candidate for Congress, are too tame. If you don't put it on harder I'll stop my—"

(Enter G.).—"Your remarks upon profane swearing are personal, d—n you, sir, you mean me—before I'll patronize you longer I'll see you in —"

(Enter H.).—"Mr. —, we are very sorry you do not say more against the growing sin of profanity. Unless you put your veto on it more decidedly, no man of correct moral principles will give you his patronage—I, for one—"

(Enter I.).—"Bad luck to the dirty sowl of him, where does he keep himself? By the powers, I'll strike him if I can get at his carcass, and I'll kick him anyhow! Why do you fill your paper with dirty lies about Irishmen at all?"

(Enter J.).—"Why don't you give us more anecdotes and sich, Irish stories and them things—I don't like the long speeches—I—"

(Devil).—"Copy, sir!"

The day after this evidence of unrest appeared the *Sun* printed, perhaps with a view to making all manner of citizens gnash their teeth, a few extracts from the narrative of Colonel Hamilton, "the British traveler in America":

In America there are no bells and no chambermaids.

I have heard, since my arrival in America, the toast of "a bloody war in Europe" drank with enthusiasm.

The whole population of the Southern and Western States are uniformly armed with daggers.

At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union and still be regarded in many parts of Europe, especially in Germany, as a man comparatively ignorant.

The editorial suggested that the colonel

"had better look wild for the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." The *Sun* seems to have had a very poor opinion of the English. Mr. Day took a double whack at Britain and the Abolitionists by printing, with reference to Albion, this verse:

Where tender hearts are sighing,  
As negro's wrongs are told;  
While the WHITE SLAVE is dying  
To gain the Englishman his gold.

Perhaps this is the first time that the phrase "white slave" appeared in print, although the *Sun's* poet, no doubt, did not use it in the sense of the Mann Act. It probably referred to the victims of the factory system.

"We cannot give credence," the article added, "to the stories that are told of the excellence of the climate of England."

#### UNION RATES FOR PRINTERS

The union printers were lively even in the first days of the *Sun*, which announced, on October 21, 1833, that the *Journal of Commerce* paid its journeymen only ten dollars a week, and added:

The proprietors of other morning papers cheerfully pay twelve dollars. Therefore, the office of the *Journal of Commerce* is what printers term a rat office—and the term "rat," with the followers of the same profession with Faust, Franklin, and Stanhope, is a most odious term.

The "pork-barrel" was foreshadowed in an item printed when the *Sun* was just a month old:

At the close of the present year the Treasury of the nation will contain twelve million dollars. This rich and increasing revenue will probably be a bone of contention at the next session of Congress.

At the end of its first month the *Sun* was getting more and more advertising. Its news was lively enough, considering the times. Rum, the cholera in Mexico, assassinations in the South, the police-court, the tour of Henry Clay, and poems by Walter Scott were its long suit. The circulation of the little paper was now

about twelve hundred copies, and the future seemed promising, even if Mr. Day did print, at suspiciously frequent intervals, articles inveighing against the debtor's-prison law.

The Astor House—just now a ruin—was at first to be called the Park Hotel, for the *Sun* of October 29, 1833, announced editorially:

THE PARK HOTEL—Mr. W. B. Astor gives notice that he will receive proposals for building the long-contemplated hotel in Broadway, between Barclay and Vesey Streets.

An advertisement which the *Sun* saw fit to notice editorially was inserted by a young man in search of a wife—"a young woman who understands the use of the needle, and who is willing to be industrious." The editorial comment was:

The advertisement was handed to us by a respectable-looking young man, and of course we could not refuse to publish it—though if we were in want of a wife we think we should take a different course to obtain one.

Sometimes the police items, flecked with poetry, and presumably written by Wisner, were tantalizingly reticent, as:

Maria-Jones was accused of stealing clothing, and committed. Certain affairs were developed of rather a singular and comical nature in relation to her.

Nothing more than that. Perhaps Wisner rather enjoyed being questioned by admiring friends when he went to dinner at the American House that day.

Bright as the police reporter was, the ship-news man of that day lacked snap. The arrival from Europe of James Fenimore Cooper, who could have told the *Sun* more foreign news than it had ever printed, was disposed of in twelve words. But it must be remembered that the interview was then unknown. The only way to get anything out of a citizen was to enrage him, whereupon he would write a letter. But the *Sun* did say, a couple of days later, that Cooper's newest novel, "The Headsman," was being sold in London at seven dollars and fifty cents a copy

—no doubt in the old-fashioned English form, three volumes at half a guinea each.

The *Sun* blew its own horn for the first time on November 9, 1833:

Its success is now beyond question, and it has exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its publishers in its circulation and advertising patronage. Scarcely two months has it existed in the typographical firmament, and it has a daily circulation of upward of two thousand copies, besides a steadily increasing advertising patronage. Although of a character (we hope) deserving the encouragement of all classes of society, it is more especially valuable to those who cannot well afford to incur the expense of subscribing to a "blanket sheet" and paying ten dollars per annum.

In conclusion we may be permitted to remark that the penny press, by diffusing useful knowledge among the operative classes of society, is effecting the march of intelligence to a greater degree than any other mode of instruction.

The same article called attention to the fact that the "penny" papers of England were really two-cent papers. The *Sun's* price had been announced as "one penny" on the earliest numbers, but on October 8, when it was a little more than a month old, the legend was changed to read "price one cent."

The *Sun* ran its first serial in the third month of its existence. This was "The Life of Davy Crockett," dictated or authorized by the frontiersman himself. It must have been a relief to the readers to get away from the usual dull reprint from foreign papers that had been filling the *Sun's* first page. In those days the first pages were always the dullest, but Crockett's lively stories about bear-hunts and the like greatly enlivened the *Sun*.

Other celebrities were often mentioned. Aaron Burr, now old and feeble, was writing his memoirs. Martin Van Buren had taken lodgings at the City Hotel. The Siamese Twins were arrested in the South for beating a man. "Mr. Clay arrived in town last evening and attended the new opera." This was "Fra Diavolo," in which Mr. and Mrs. Wood sang at the Park Theater. "It is said that Dom Pedro has dared his brother Miguel to single combat, which has been refused."

A week later the *Sun* gloated over the fact that Pedro—Pedro I of Brazil, who was invading Portugal on behalf of his daughter, Maria da Gloria—had routed the usurper Miguel's army.

On December 5, 1833 the *Sun* printed the longest news piece it had ever put in type—the message of President Jackson to the Congress. This took up three of the four pages, and crowded out nearly all the advertising.

#### THE PROSPERITY OF THE SUN

On December 17, in the fourth month of its life, the *Sun* announced that it had procured "a machine press, on which one thousand impressions can be taken in an hour. The daily circulation is now nearly FOUR THOUSAND." It was a happy Christmas for Day and Wisner. The *Sun* surely was shining!

The paper retained its original size and shape during the whole of 1834, and rarely printed more than four pages. As it grew older, it printed more and more local items and developed greater interest in local affairs. The first page was taken up with advertising and reprint. A State election might have taken place the day before, but on page 1 the *Sun* worshipers looked for a bit of fiction or history. What were the fortunes of William L. Marcy as compared to a two-column thriller, "The Idiot's Revenge," or "Captain Chicken and Gentle Sophia"?

The head-lines were all small, and most of them italics. Here are samples:

INGRATITUDE OF A CAT.  
PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON.  
WONDERFUL ANTICS OF FLEAS.  
BROUGHT TO IT BY RUM.

The news paragraphs were sometimes models of condensation:

PICKPOCKETS—On Friday night a Gentleman lost \$100 at the Opera and then \$25 at Tammany Hall.

The Hon. Daniel Webster will leave town this morning for Washington.

John Baker, the person whom we reported a short time since as being brought before the

police for stealing a ham, died suddenly in his cell in Bellevue in the greatest agony—an awful warning to drunkards.

James G. Bennett has become sole proprietor and editor of the Philadelphia *Courier*.

Colonel Crockett, it is expected, will visit the Bowery Theater this evening.

**RUMOR**—It was rumored in Washington on the 6th that a duel would take place the next day between two members of the House.

**SUDDEN DEATH**—Ann McDonough, of Washington Street, attempted to drink a pint of rum on a wager, on Wednesday afternoon last. Before it was half swallowed Ann was a corpse. Served her right!

Bayington, the murderer, we learn by a contemporary, was formerly employed in this city on the *Journal of Commerce*. No wonder he has come to an untimely fate.

**DUEL**—We understand that a duel was fought at Hoboken on Friday morning last between a gentleman of Canada and a French gentleman of this city, in which the latter was wounded. The parties should be arrested.

**LAMENTABLE DEATH**—The camelopard shipped at Calcutta for New York died the day after it was embarked. "We could have better spared a better" *crittur*, as Shakespeare doesn't say.

The *Sun*, although read largely by Jacksonians, did not take the side of any political party. It favored national and State economy and city cleanliness. It dismissed the New York Legislature of 1834 thus:

The Legislature of this State closed its arduous duties yesterday. It has increased the number of our banks and fixed a heavy load of debt upon posterity.

Nothing more. If the readers wanted more they could fly to the ample bosoms of the sixpennies; but apparently they were satisfied, for in April of 1834 the *Sun's* circulation reached eight thousand, and Colonel Webb, of the *Courier and Enquirer*, was bemoaning the success of "penny trash." The *Sun* replied to him by saying that the public had been "imposed upon by ten-dollar trash long enough." The *Journal of Commerce* also slanged the *Sun*, which promptly an-

nounced that the *Journal* was conducted by "a company of rich, aristocratical men," and that it would take sides with any party to gain a subscriber.

The influence of Partner Wisner, the Abolitionist, was evident in many pages of the *Sun*. On June 23, 1834, it printed a piece about Martin Palmer, who was "pelted down with stones in Wall Street on suspicion of being a runaway slave," and paid its respects to Boudinot, a Southerner in New York who was reputed to be a tracker of runaways. It was he who had set the crowd after the black:

The man who will do this will do anything; he would dance on his mother's grave; he would invade the sacred precincts of the tomb and rob a corpse of its winding-sheet; he has no SOUL. It is said that this useless fellow is about to commence a suit against us for a libel. Try it, Mr. Boudinot!

During the antiabolition riots of that year the *Sun* took a firm stand against the disturbers, although there is little doubt that many of them were its own readers.

The paper made a vigorous little crusade against the evils of the Bridewell in City Hall Park, where dozens of wretches suffered in the filth of the debtors' prison. The *Sun* was a live wire when the cholera reappeared, and it put to rout the six-penny papers which tried to make out that the disease was not cholera, but summer complaint. Incidentally, the advertising columns of that day, in nearly all the papers, were filled with patent "cholera cures."

The *Sun* had an eye for urban refinement, too, and begged the aldermen to see to it that pigs were prevented from roaming in City Hall Park. In the matter of silver forks, then a novelty, it was more conservative, as the following paragraph, printed in November, 1834, would indicate:

**EXTREME NICETY**—The author of the "Book of Etiquette," recently printed in London, says: "Silver forks are now common at every respectable table, and for my part I cannot see how it is possible to eat a dinner comfortably without them." The booby ought to



be compelled to cut his beefsteak with a piece of old barrel-hoop on a wooden trencher.

Not even abolition or etiquette, however, could side-track the *Sun's* interest in animals. In one issue it dismissed the adjournment of Congress in three words and, just below, ran this item:

**THE ANACONDA**—Most of those who have seen the beautiful serpent at Peale's Museum will recollect that in the snug quarters allotted to him there are two blankets, on one of which he lies, and the other is covered over him in cold weather. Strange to say that on Monday night, after Mr. Peale had fed the serpent with a chicken, according to custom, the serpent took it into his head to swallow one of the blankets, which is a seven-quarter one, and this blanket he has now in his stomach. The proprietor feels much anxiety.

Almost every newspaper editor in that era had a theater feud at one day or another. The *Sun's* quarrel was with Farren, the manager of the Bowery, where Forrest was playing. So the *Sun* said:

**DAMN THE YANKEES**—We are informed by a correspondent (though we have not seen the announcement ourselves) that Farren, the chap who damned the Yankees so lustily the other day, and who is now under bonds for a gross outrage on a respectable butcher near the Bowery Theater, is intending to make his appearance on the Bowery stage THIS EVENING!

Five hundred citizens gathered at the theater that night, waited until nine o'clock, and then charged through the doors, breaking up the performance of "Metamora." The *Sun* described it:

The supernumeraries scud from behind the scenes like quails—the stock actors' teeth chattered—*Oceana* looked imploringly at the good-for-nothing Yankees—*Nahmeo* trembled—*Guy of Godalwin* turned on his heel, and *Metamora* coolly shouldered his tomahawk and walked off the stage.

The management announced that Farren was discharged. The mayor of New York and Edwin Forrest made conciliatory speeches, and the crowd went away.

#### JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES OF 1834

The attacks of Colonel Stone, editor of the six-cent *Commercial*, aroused the *Sun*

to retaliate in kind. A column about the colonel ended thus:

He was then again cowskinned by Mr. Bryant, of the *Post*, and was most unpoetically flogged near the American Hotel. He has always been the slave of avarice, cowardice, and meanness. . . . The next time he sees fit to attack the penny press we hope he will confine himself to facts.

A month later the *Sun* went after Colonel Stone again:

The colonel . . . for the sake of an additional glass of wine and a couple of real Spanish cigars, did actually perpetrate a most excellent and true article, the first we have seen of his for a long time past. Now we have serious thoughts that the colonel will yet become quite a decent fellow, and may ultimately ascend, after a long course of training, to a level with the penny dailies which have soared so far above him in the heavens of veracity.

It must be said of Colonel Stone that he was a man of literary and political attainments. He was editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* for more than twenty years.

The colonel did not reform to the *Sun's* liking at once, but the feud lessened, and presently it was the *Transcript*—a penny paper which sprang up when the *Sun's* success was assured—to which the *Sun* took its biggest cudgels. One of the *Transcript's* editors, it said, had passed a bogus three-dollar bill on the Bank of Troy. Another walked "on both sides of the street, like a twopenny postman," while a third "spent his money at a theater with females," while his family was in want. But, added the *Sun*, "we never let personalities creep in."

The *New York Times*—not the present *Times*—had also started up, and it dared to boast of a circulation "greater than any in the city except the *Courier*." Said the *Sun*:

If the daily circulation of the *Sun* be not larger than that of the *Times* and *Courier* both, then may we be hung up by the ears and flogged to death with a rattlesnake's skin.

The *Sun* took no risk in this. By November of 1834 its circulation was above

ten thousand. On December 3 it published the President's message in full and circulated fifteen thousand copies. At the beginning of 1835 it announced a new press—a Napier, built by R. Hoe & Co.—new type, and a bigger paper, circulating twenty thousand. The print paper was to cost four-fifths of a cent a copy, but the *Sun* was getting lots of advertising. With the increase in size, that New Year's Day, the *Sun* adopted the motto, "It Shines for All," which it is still using to-day.

#### A PRIZE-FIGHT IN NEW JERSEY

In the same month—January, 1835—the bigger and better *Sun* printed its first real sports story. The sporting editor, who very likely was also the police reporter and perhaps Partner Wisner as well, heard that there was to be a fight in the fields near Hoboken between Williamson, of Philadelphia, and Phelan, of New York. He crossed the ferry, hired a saddle-horse in Hoboken, and galloped to the ringside. It was bare knuckles, London rules, and only thirty seconds' interval between rounds:

At the end of three minutes Williamson fell. (Cheers and cries of "Fair play!") After breathing half a minute, they went at it again, and Phelan was knocked down. (Cheers and cries of "Give it to him!") In three minutes more Williamson fell, and the adjoining woods echoed back the shouts of the spectators.

The match lasted seventy-two minutes and ended in the defeat of Williamson. The *Sun's* report contained no sporting slang, and the reporter did not seem to like pugilism:

And this is what is called "sports of the ring!" We can cheerfully encourage foot-races or any other humane and reasonable amusement, but the Lord deliver us from the "ring."

The following day the *Sun* denounced prize-fighting as "a European practise, better fitted for the morally and physically oppressed classes of London than the enlightened republican citizens of New York."

As prosperity came, the news columns improved. The sensational was not the only pabulum fed to the reader. Beside the story of a duel between two midshipmen he would find a review of the Burr autobiography, just out. Gossip about Fanny Kemble's quarrel with her father—the *Sun* was vexed with the actress because she said that New York audiences were made up of butchers—would appear next to a staid report of the doings of Congress. The attacks on "Rum" continued, and the *Sun* was quick to oppose the proposed "licensing of houses of prostitution and billard-rooms."

The success of Mr. Day's paper was so great that every printer and newspaperman in New York longed to run a penny journal. On January 22, 1835, William F. Short and Stephen B. Butler brought out a penny sheet which they called the *True Sun*. The *Sun* charged that Short, "with the ingenuity of a London pick-pocket," tried to steal its carrier-boys, and that Butler had been arrested for insulting a woman. Therefore it denounced them "to our editorial brethren, and to the printing profession in general, as Literary Scoundrels."

That *True Sun* lasted only four days. When a contemporary did not fail the *Sun* poked fun at it:

MAJOR NOAH'S SINGULARITY — The *Evening Star* of yesterday comes out in favor of the French, lottery, gambling, and phrenology for ladies. Is the man crazy?

The editor whose sanity was questioned was the famous Mordecai Manuel Noah, one of the most versatile men of his time. He was a newspaper correspondent at fifteen. When he was twenty-eight, President Madison appointed him to be consul-general at Tunis, where he distinguished himself by his rescue of several Americans who were held as slaves in the Barbary States. On his return to New York, in 1816, he again entered journalism, and was successively connected with the *National Advocate*, the *Enquirer*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Times and Messenger*, and the *Evening Star*. In

1825 he attempted to establish a great Jewish colony on Grand Island, in the Niagara River, but he found neither sympathy nor aid among his coreligionists, and the scheme was a failure.

Noah wrote a dozen dramas, all of which have been forgotten, although he was the most popular playwright in America at that day. His *Evening Star* was a good paper, and the *Sun's* quarrels with it were not serious.

#### EVENTS AND CONTROVERSIES OF 1835

For their attacks on Attree, the editor of the *Transcript*, Messrs. Day and Wisner got themselves indicted for criminal libel. They took it calmly:

Bigger men than we have passed through that ordeal. There is Major Noah, the Grand Mogul of the editorial tribe, who has not only been indicted, but, we believe, placed at the bar. Then there's Colonel Webb; no longer ago than last autumn he was indicted by the grand jury of Delaware County. The colonel, it is said, didn't consider this a fair business transaction, and, brushing up the mahogany pistol, he took his coach and hounds, drove up to good old Delaware, and bid defiance to the whole posse comitatus of the county. The greatest men in the country have some time in the course of their lives been indicted.

A few weeks later, when Attree, who had left the *Transcript* to write "horribles" for the *Courier*, was terribly beaten in the street, the *Sun* denounced the assault and tried to expose the assailants.

In February, 1835, a few days after the indictment of the partners, Mr. Wisner was challenged to a duel by a quack dentist whose medicines the *Sun* had exposed. The *Sun* announced editorially that Wisner accepted the challenge, and that, having the choice of weapons, he chose syringes charged with the dentist's own medicine, the distance five paces. No duel!

It would seem that the *Sun* owners sought a challenge from the fiery James Watson Webb of the mahogany pistol,

for they made many a dig at his sixpenny paper. Here is a sample:

OUTRAGEOUS—The *Courier and Enquirer* of Saturday morning is just twice as large as its usual size. The sheet is now large enough for a blanket and two pairs of pillow-cases, and it contains, in printers' language, 698,300 ems—equal to eight volumes of the ordinary-sized novels of the present day. If the reading matter were printed in pica type and put in one unbroken line, it would reach from Nova Zembla to Terra del Fuego. Such a paper is an insult to a civilized community.

A little later, when Colonel Webb's paper boasted of "the largest circulation," the *Sun* offered to bet the colonel a thousand dollars—the money to go to the Washington Monument Association—that the *Sun* had a circulation twice as great as that of the big sixpenny daily.

It must not be thought, however, that the *Sun* did not attempt to treat the serious matters of the day. It handled them very well, considering the lack of facilities. The war crisis with France, happily dispelled; the amazing project of the Erie Railroad to build a line as far west as Chautauqua County, New York; the antiabolitionist riots and the little religious rows; the ambitions of Daniel Webster and the approach of Halley's comet—all these had their half-column or so.

When Matthias the Prophet, the Dowie of that day, was brought to trial in White Plains, Westchester County, on a charge of having poisoned a Mr. Elijah Pierson, the *Sun* sent a reporter to that then distant court. It is possible that this reporter was Benjamin H. Day himself. At any rate, Day attended the trial, and there made the acquaintance of a man who would that very summer make the *Sun* the talk of the world and bring to the young paper the largest circulation of any daily. This man was Richard Adams Locke, and the lure with which he attracted the attention both of journalism and of science in America and Europe was the famous Moon Story.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The second article in this series will appear in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. It will give an authoritative and detailed account of the most remarkable episode in the early history of the *Sun*—the memorable Moon Hoax.

# Still Active Forces in the Vicinity of Ninety

WELL-KNOWN AMERICANS WHO STILL GO STRONGLY IN  
LIFE'S RACE, THOUGH THEY HAVE PASSED, OR ARE  
NEARING, THEIR NINETIETH MILE-STONE

By Thoreau Cronyn

Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more.

**E**NCOURAGING as well as astonishing it is to observe the number of men and women who are very old according to the tape of years, but who are obstinately defying time and physiology by going about their daily tasks as if the years meant nothing.

When the writer undertook to prepare a list of conspicuous Americans of great age, but still active in the world's affairs, it seemed feasible to group those in the neighborhood of eighty. Surely, if a veteran had passed by ten years the Psalmist's barrier, and by forty the meridian at which Dr. Osler bade mankind to relinquish hope of increasing usefulness, he deserved honorable mention.

But investigation proved that such a list would be too inclusive. Busy octogenarians can be cited by the hundreds, or even thousands. On the whole, it does not seem to be much of a feat to attain and press by the eightieth mile-stone.

Before ninety, however, most of the contenders who were going strongly at eighty have dropped out of the race. To have lived ninety years and be hale and forceful, to survey life from such a pinnacle and yet be impatient for the adventures of the still open road, to be an

ancestor and yet in spirit and achievement the contemporary of one's heirs, to prove joyfully that the admonition, "and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow," was not meant for all—that is real accomplishment, as the Life Extension Institute and the insurance actuaries will certify.

Therefore, the purpose of this article is to tell about the small band of well-known Americans who, though they have reached or are approaching the ninetieth mile-stone, are not senile in the common meaning of that word, and have not yet retired from the stage of action. It should be said that no pretense is made of giving a complete list—this to forestall protest from other frisky near-centenarians who may wonder why they are passed over.

Ladies first, please!

## A PIONEER OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

In a colonial house at Elizabeth, New Jersey, lives the first woman to be ordained as a minister in the United States, a pioneer of woman suffrage so long ago that the mothers of the young crusaders of to-day were not yet born when she began their fight. Antoinette Louisa Brown Blackwell will be ninety-two years old on May 20. She continues to lecture



and write. Adjoining the colonial house is a bungalow filled with books and good cheer, her library and workroom, where she daily dictates to a secretary and once a month meets a group of younger women no gayer or brighter than herself.

Mrs. Blackwell was born in a log cabin near Henrietta, in Monroe County, New York. Oberlin, where she was graduated in 1847, was at that time the only college admitting women, but even Oberlin forbade men and women to meet in debating-societies, so she and Lucy Stone organized one of their own—the first debating-society of college girls. She began preaching in 1848, sixty-nine years ago. In the following year she spoke at the first Women's Rights Convention, in Worcester, Massachusetts. A missionary society which employed her was so shocked that she had to resign, but she went right on holding meetings with Susan B. Anthony.

When she was ordained as a Congregational minister, in 1853—she later became a Unitarian—a leading religious periodical declared that any woman who would let herself be ordained was an infidel, and any church which would ordain her was an infidel church. In New York she tried to speak as a delegate in a temperance convention composed largely of clergymen. For two days the other delegates howled and hooted to drown her voice, and finally did so—for that particular time and place.

She continued to preach, lecture, and write in the cause of social reform. With Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, and others she trod a harsh path serenely, and of that early group of suffragists she alone has survived to see the triumphs of recent years. It must have pleased her to ride, as she did, in a carriage at the head of the great suffrage parade in New York a few years ago. It must also give her satisfaction to know that more than 3,000 women in the United States are now ordained ministers, having entered by the door which she opened.

She married Samuel Blackwell and reared a large family. She has written philosophical and religious books and novels. She completed her latest volume, "The Social Side of Mind and Action," on her ninety-first birthday. At seventy-eight she went to Palestine alone, and brought back a bottle of Jordan water to christen three grandchildren. At ninety she said:

"I may as well own up that I am declining to die until an essential part of the government of this country is given to woman."

Here is a more recent observation:

"Women have proved that work doesn't hurt them. I raised my family and have always worked hard, taking only few and short vacations, and I am all the better for having worked. It is woman's first duty to bear children. When women begin to realize that mere selfish pleasure, indulgence in expensive clothes, and social affairs do not bring satisfaction or happiness, they will realize that children are an enormous satisfaction."

#### THE GRAND OLD MAN OF METHODISM

Having introduced Mrs. Blackwell, we have no woman left in our record of youthful nonagenarians. Turning perforce to the men, we encounter the patriarch of them all, the Rev. Dr. Aaron E. Ballard, the grand old man of Methodism in America, sauntering along in his ninety-seventh year.

Methodists everywhere know Dr. Ballard. He lives in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and is the vital force of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association and the Pitman Grove Camp Meeting Association. He was born at Bloomfield, New Jersey, on Christmas Day, 1820. He was ten years old when his father, a blacksmith, died, leaving him to support the family, which he did by working in a tobacco-factory until he entered the ministry.

Dr. Ballard personally knew Wendell Phillips, and as a young man he was captured by the voice of Henry Clay. He

was General Grant's pastor and friend when the President and his family summered at Long Branch. He is the only Methodist minister who ever had his salary raised when he was past ninety. Upon accepting the presidency of the Ocean Grove organization, in 1898, he stipulated that he was to have an hour off every day to play with his daughter's children, explaining that communion with young people was a very good means of prolonging life.

Always distinctly Wesleyan has been the flavor of Ocean Grove. Dr. Ballard is as strict as anybody in matters like dancing and card-playing, yet so liberal that he scandalized some of the hardshells, a few years ago, by introducing a roller-skating rink and allowing the Meeting House, as the old-timers still call the Auditorium, to be used for moving-picture shows and concerts by opera-singers in low-necked gowns.

Every year Dr. Ballard is on the firing-line for his association in its fight against the business men of Ocean Grove who want borough government. Every year the business men pile into the State capital, Trenton, to shout "no taxation without representation" into the ears of the Legislature. Invariably their bill passes the House and then dies in the Senate, when Dr. Ballard appears. As long as he lives it looks as if Ocean Grove will preserve its traditions, one of which is that no one may even drive a carriage through the town on Sunday. Formerly smoking was wholly forbidden, and on Sundays trains couldn't stop.

Dr. Ballard has been a clergyman for seventy-three years. He still preaches occasionally, and travels to New York when he feels like it, but the affairs of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association keep him about as busy as a youngster of ninety-six has any right to be. Younger men who have the century mark as a goal will be interested in his recipe for longevity without rust:

"Sleep only four or four and one-half hours. Stop eating after 3 P.M. Walk

much and regularly. Take a Turkish bath at least once a week. Keep up interest in current events. Don't try to solve hard problems at night. Try always to keep a clear conscience. Make friends with young people."

#### THE DEAN OF NEW YORK DOCTORS

Physicians ought to have long lives, but few of them do. A notable exception in this respect, and a public benefactor as well, is Dr. Stephen Smith, who is the dean not only of his profession in New York, but of all the two hundred and fifty-three Smiths of "Who's Who in America." He drew and caused to be passed the first public-health law for New York, from which sprang all city sanitation in this country. From an up-State farm he went to New York when Trinity Church spire was the highest structure on Manhattan Island. He helped to establish Bellevue Medical College, where he lectured for forty years.

Up to 1860 no American city had heard of sanitary regulations, and New York at that time was the prey of pestilence. As a physician Dr. Smith traced twenty cases of typhus to a single house, and made the staggering discovery that there was no law whereby that house could be either cleaned or closed. His fight for sanitation began right there.

In 1863 he instituted a house-to-house canvass of the city, and his inspectors charted about five hundred plague-spots. William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the *Evening Post*, helped him to secure a law creating the Metropolitan Health Commission, and for the first seven years Dr. Smith was the commissioner. When he started, the local death-rate was fifty per thousand population. Now it is thirteen or fourteen, and New York proudly claims rank as the healthiest big city in the world.

Dr. Smith has been appointed to public office three times by mayors, seven times by Governors, and twice by Presidents. He is still active in useful and constructive work. He is a consulting

surgeon of Bellevue and two other hospitals. He is the very active president of the Tree Planting Association of New York—one of his hobbies being the planting of trees in streets and parks. All members of his profession know the books he has written, and now, at ninety-four, he is preparing with his own typewriter another, which is to be called "A History of Surgery."

On Dr. Smith's ninety-third birthday the present writer asked him what he prescribed for patients who wanted to live a long time.

"Sometimes," he replied, "I repeat to them the admonition of Horace, 'Moderation in all things.' Then again I advise them to be sick until they are sixty years old. You know, I don't believe I ever had a healthy day until I was sixty. The result was that being forced to a diet of simple foods, I saved my stomach, and am now having the use of it. I eat anything now, but one should be careful. The way to keep young is to keep away from old people. Preserve your interest in the activities of life. Don't go off into a corner. Read the newspapers."

At another time Dr. Smith said:

"I believe there is a great deal in heredity. The texture of the body is the combined texture of the bodies of one's father and mother; and length of life depends upon the kind of material. My mother was ninety-seven when she died, my oldest brother died at eighty-six, my sister will soon be one hundred."

When President Cleveland sent Dr. Smith to France to represent this country in an international sanitation conference, he dreaded the assignment, because of the dinners he would have to attend. At one of these functions, however, a French physician told him that if he drank the light wines that followed each course he would have no trouble with indigestion.

"It worked like a charm," says Dr. Smith, "and I have had no trouble since. That doesn't mean that I continue the wine-drinking; I stopped it long ago. I have never smoked."

We may have libeled the doctors in accusing them of juniority, for there are two more on our short list of contestants for the senior trophy. Dr. James Martin Peebles, of Los Angeles, must take precedence over Dr. Abraham Jacobi, as the former is ninety-five years old, while the famous New York physician is a mere stripling of eighty-seven.

#### DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES AT NINETY-FIVE

Dr. Peebles is the only known vegetarian on the list. His case is doubly interesting, because as long ago as 1884 he wrote a book entitled "How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully." As time went on, and he found himself proving the worth of his own theories, he produced another volume, "Ninety Years Young, and Healthy; How and Why."

He sprang from Vermont. For many years he was a Universalist clergyman. At fifty-seven—an age at which many a man grabs his golf-sticks, buys a life share in a country club, and calls it a day—he studied medicine and began a new career as a physician. He has also owned and edited several newspapers, having had plenty of time for all kinds of exploits. At one time he served as United States consul at Trebizond, in Asia Minor. In 1914 he established Peebles College of Science and Philosophy at Los Angeles, where he is also the founder and inspiring genius of the California Centenarian Club. In his ninety-second year he wrote:

I have traveled around the world five times, and shall go again shortly. I write for more than twenty magazines in this and foreign countries, several in India, and one in Jerusalem.

Dr. Peebles entertains not the slightest doubt of rounding out a century and writing still another book to energize the faint-hearted.

#### DR. JACOBI, YOUNG AT EIGHTY-SEVEN

Now as to Dr. Jacobi. The word he detests most is "venerable"; he says it makes him sick. His animation at the

age of eighty-seven helps to support the theory that companionship with the young of the species is an aid to longevity, for Dr. Jacobi as a physician specializes on juvenile ailments, while as a grandfather he is the comrade of several children who live in his own house.

This physician, teacher, and humanitarian, came to New York in 1853 as an exile from Germany, after spending three years in German prisons because of utterances then deemed revolutionary. Of that experience Carl Schurz said on Dr. Jacobi's seventieth birthday:

"Thus to have served a term in prison was with him a mark of fidelity to his duty as a citizen, and that has been the type of his citizenship ever since."

Upon landing in New York he began to study the infant-mortality rate, the reduction of which has occupied him continuously. About ten years ago he severed relations with a long list of institutions and medical colleges, and thought he could take things more easily thereafter. But when Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer offered a hundred thousand dollars for a children's division of the German Hospital on condition that he would become director, he resumed active service in this institution, and also began again to meet his classes in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he now lectures twice a week.

Abraham Jacobi is a quaint, picturesque, lovable, useful man. His hobby is better babies, better parents, better families.

"The world's greatest need," he says, "is healthy babies."

That is the one topic on which interviewers find him talkative. He works constantly to educate society to the point of preventing propagation of the unfit and diseased. In the recent agitation over birth control he said flatly that he favored it. He has praised clergymen who decline to marry couples without a clean bill of health. He probably has more "free patients"—that is, he has treated without fee more poor people—than any

other American physician. On the East Side of New York he is known as "the professor."

He wastes no time in retrospection.

"I don't see why you call me a distinguished man," he told a visitor last summer. "I am still young, only eighty-six, and I have the great things of life yet to accomplish."

His recipe for long life is the simplest yet:

"Just make up your mind to it."

At a dinner in honor of his eighty-sixth anniversary he said:

"It means more to me to be honored for my small contribution to the effectiveness of medicine, for the little I have done for institutions founded to relieve the sufferings of the afflicted and the needy, to be known as a humanitarian scientist, than it would to receive the medal of the Legion of Honor or the insignia of the Iron Cross."

#### THE OLDEST GRADUATE OF COLUMBIA

One of the oldest railroad men is Robert Morrison Olyphant, of New York. He retired in 1903 from the presidency of the Delaware and Hudson Company, but at ninety-two is chairman of that corporation's executive committee. He is proud of his reputation as "an old-fashioned business man," and of the fact that he is the oldest living graduate of Columbia University, where he was a member of the class of 1842. He comes of long-lived Scottish ancestry. That he has not been merely a business grubber is indicated in his membership in the American Geographical Society, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, and the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Olyphant says that opportunities for young men are as good to-day as they were fifty years ago.

"It all depends on the man," he explains. "He had to be a stickler then, and he has to be one now."

He is another veteran who attributes his persistent virility to moderation in all



things. He smokes a little, drinks a little, walks a good deal, reads current fiction, and keeps up with the times.

#### THE DEAN OF NEW YORK BANKERS

Of the active bankers of New York John A. Stewart, ninety-four years old, holds the age record. Away back in 1853 he organized the United States Trust Company. He was its first secretary, its president for thirty-seven years, and now, as chairman of its board of trustees, he works three days a week in his Wall Street office. Of the original board of directors of that company, which included Peter Cooper and John Jacob Astor, he is the single survivor.

He is also the senior trustee of Princeton University, and was president *pro tempore* of Princeton in 1910, in the interval between Woodrow Wilson's resignation and the appointment of John Grier Hibben. He has obtained many gifts for the university, including the tract of land known as Prospect, extending from the home of the president down to Lake Carnegie. As trustee of the John F. Slater Fund he has done much for the industrial education of Southern negroes.

Mr. Stewart is a native New Yorker. As a boy he scampered over the meadows of what is now down-town Manhattan. As a member of a surveying party, he helped to cleave a way for the Erie Railroad. He studied at Columbia, and served as clerk of the New York Board of Education, and then as an actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, before his real life-work in finance was begun. During the last two years of the Civil War he held office as assistant treasurer of the United States.

Like Mr. Olyphant and many others blessed with years and health, Mr. Stewart is of Scottish Presbyterian descent. At ninety-four he has plenty of silvery hair, his skin is clear, his eyes have a twinkle. He has been twice married. He belongs to many clubs, but has always preferred to spend his evenings at home. His friends affirm that his busi-

ness success was derived from three qualities — politeness, accuracy, and promptness.

Jumping to Syracuse, New York, one finds that the "first citizen" of that community is a lawyer who will be ninety years old on May 27—Charles Andrews, former chief judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, now busy in his profession and a leader of the bar of his State.

Judge Andrews was born in White-stone, New York, and became a lawyer sixty-eight years ago. Educated at Cazenovia Seminary, he has the degree of LL.D. from Yale, Columbia, and Hamilton. He had served twenty-seven years in the Court of Appeals, and was still as vigorous as a man can be, when the age limit of seventy forced his retirement. He is one of the five original trustees of Syracuse University representing the city of Syracuse. Outdoor exercise, especially riding, has helped to keep him youthful.

#### OTHER VETERANS OF PUBLIC LIFE

Moving westward to Wisconsin, we behold that nimble millionaire lumberman and former United States Senator, Isaac Stephenson, nearing his eighty-eighth anniversary, and again we encounter the Scottish strain. As a young man "Uncle Ike" swung a five-pound ax from dawn to dark, slept in blankets in the snow, ate crackers and pork, and drank snow-water. He has said that after his twentieth year he found four or five hours' sleep a night enough. When he was past eighty he withstood all-night sessions of the Senate better than the infants of that body.

The secret, according to Mr. Stephenson, is aloes pills. Once, in his lumbering days, he felt out of sorts, and Dr. Isham, of Chicago, gave him a pill whose principal ingredient was aloes. Every day from that time to this he has taken one of these pills after dinner, and in Washington he used to give them to Senator Tillman and others. He quotes Bacon as having said in his memoirs that he had

added many years to his life by frequently assisting the digestive processes with the substance now known as aloes.

Mr. Stephenson is sure that these wonderful pills have increased his years by at least twenty-five; but, barring accidents, he is equally confident that any man of good physique can live to be a hundred if he eats little, sleeps little, works hard, and doesn't worry.

Another former Senator who is out of the scrimmage of politics, but not on the shelf, is George Franklin Edmunds, author of the Sherman Antitrust Law and the Edmunds Act suppressing polygamy in Utah. He has moved from Vermont to the easier climate of Pasadena, but, although he is eighty-nine years old, he is still consulted as an authority on international law. He is absorbed in the diplomatic phases of the war, and in December last he wrote:

The President will be fully justified in recalling our ambassador from Germany and dismissing the German ambassador here, and will receive the grateful thanks of the vast majority of our people.

The man who had a chance to fire the first shot at Fort Sumter, but refused because his own State, Virginia, had not yet seceded from the Union, deserves recognition here, for he is still setting a pace for many New York lawyers of more tender years.

Roger A. Pryor, more than six feet tall, erect, his long, raven-black hair frosted at last, is visible every day as he walks in Central Park, no matter how exacting his duties as counsel and referee in Supreme Court cases. He will enter his ninetieth year on July 19. He was envoy to Greece in 1855, a member of the United States and the Confederate States Congresses, and a brigadier-general on the side of the South in the Civil War.

The war over, Mrs. Pryor pawned a watch and a diamond ring for three hundred dollars, to enable her husband to buy civilian clothes and go to New York to rebuild his fortunes and make a home for his wife and their seven children. He

worked, *sub rosa*, as an editor of the *Daily News*, and then, as the prejudice against Confederate soldiers wore away, got into legal practise. Having become a justice of the State Supreme Court, he permitted a breath of chivalry to temper the frigidity of the law, so that attorneys vied with one another to have their divorce cases placed on his calendar.

Like Judge Andrews, Justice Pryor had to retire from the bench at the age limit of seventy years. His life has been filled with honors and adventure. He has figured in many famous lawsuits. He was one of the counsel for Theodore Tilton in the Tilton-Beecher trial. His wife, a writer and philanthropist, and a rare companion for her husband, died in 1912 at the age of eighty-two.

#### SOME WELL-KNOWN OCTOGENARIANS

Getting into the eighties, one finds a number of well-known figures with whom this article cannot deal. Mrs. Russell Sage is eighty-eight, but in feeble health. Henry Parish, who in his forty-four years as president of the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company would not have a telephone in the offices of that prosperous institution, of whose directors he is now chairman, is eighty-seven. Joseph H. Choate is eighty-five, Andrew D. White eighty-four. Charles W. Eliot and Chauncey M. Depew, at the time when this is written, are closely approaching eighty-three, President Eliot's birthday coming on March 20 and Ex-Senator Depew's on April 23. Cardinal Gibbons was eighty-two in July last. John Burroughs will reach fourscore on April 3. Levi P. Morton, formerly Vice-President of the United States, who will be ninety-three on May 16, is no longer active.

Alexander Graham Bell — himself a youth of seventy — has listed more than eight thousand Americans who have passed eighty, but few who have reached ninety. Here a remark of Mr. Depew's may have a bearing:

"To stop work at eighty is to invite speedy death."

# Moments of Life

BY MARY LERNER

**A**T some time in the life of every one there comes a moment, followed by a breathless interval that seems like a lifetime. Often, when we've lived through this breathless interval, we find that the subsequent upheaval, or disaster, or surprise, is not as terrible as we had imagined; but things are never quite the same again.

Young married women have a very special moment—the occasion on which, all unobserved, they first catch sight of their husbands in delighted converse with women whom they do not know, and who are younger, fairer, more charming than themselves.

That moment came to Polly Clayton one late winter or early spring evening—late winter, according to the climate; early March, according to the calendar; and full spring, according to the clothes of fashionable women—in the fourth year of her marriage. She had spent the day down-town, shopping, and, hurrying unheralded to their usual meeting-place at a certain subway station, had come upon him—not alone.

Of course, she was absolutely certain of Ted's good faith and devotion; no man could be more wrapped up in his home and children, no man could work harder or be more ambitious for his family. Yet here he was, hat in hand, face alight, bending over that creature with the exaggerated and courtly chivalry which, though Polly remembered it well enough during their courtship, had rather fallen into disuse since they had faced the real business of life together.

If her Puritan family could see him now! How they had disapproved of his happy, irresponsible ways, his almost im-

moral fondness for a good time! They had resented her love for him as an ethical backsliding; but, enraptured with his open, boyish charm, she had cast in her lot with his, and had returned with him to his pleasure-loving and wicked metropolis.

"You'll rue the day you met him," they had told her.

But she had only clung the tighter to his warm, kind, capable hand. And what a romance, what an adventure life had proved with him, even on its most uneventful days!

This new adventure, however—

Sheltering herself behind the home-going crowd, Polly took a good, sharp look at him, at his trim, well-muscled figure—Ted was always one to keep in condition—at his alert, bright-eyed countenance. How young and alive and progressive he looked! One would pick him out anywhere as an unmarried youngster who had all his life before him.

Why was it, she wondered irritably, that a woman married was almost inevitably a woman matronized, settled, grown sedate and older, while so many men looked just the same? She knew that her suit was newer and more expensive than his, that her day had been shorter and easier, her grooming more painstaking; yet here he was, well-turned-out, fresh, interested, with no sign of his bondage upon him. She herself felt suddenly dull, fagged, dispirited, heavy with her chains.

She bent her searching gaze on his companion, as if to pierce all the other woman's defenses and probe out her secret charm. She knew that he could have no great interest in this stranger, for she

would have been quick to feel the presence of another woman in his life. Moreover, even now, his ceremonious manner was proof enough. But for all that, how he glowed and sparkled! Why, Polly had passed close enough to touch him, yet he had had no intuition of her presence.

Yes, the girl was good to look at. She was small and slender, with carefully waved fair hair and bright blue eyes—the kind of eyes, Polly thought, that are all surface brightness, with no warmth or depth. But, when eyes are blue and bright enough, men look no farther, as Polly had already observed in her short life.

She was pretty enough, and graceful enough, and astonishingly well dressed. Polly took in every detail of her costume—a crisply new spring suit of a particularly knowing cut and luxurious fabric; just the suit Polly would have liked if little Jack hadn't needed a new summer outfit, and if the baby hadn't run up a sizable doctor's bill during the winter. It made Polly feel suddenly shabby, dragged down by the weight of her winter coat.

Her velvet hat, she knew, had begun to look dusty, even before she had compared it with the stranger's light, becoming straw. A loose lock of brown hair straggled across her cheek, and a suddenly encountered vending-machine mirror, with the unwelcome and uncompromising truthfulness of mirrors for which we have not prepared ourselves, ungraciously informed her that she was pale and shadowed beneath the eyes.

Angry tears welled up in her eyes as she turned away. It was all very well to look your best when you had nothing else to do, like that girl there, whose cool, unruffled perfection was eloquent of hair-dressers, *masseuses*, manicures. Polly could imagine the foolish toys of hands a girl like that would boast, with unnaturally polished and insanely cherished nails, spelling uselessness and lack of productive work of any kind—lack of brains, too, probably enough. Yet here was Ted—for the moment, at least—spellbound.

When their train slipped in, Polly buried herself out of sight in the last car. Her heart felt like a clenched fist in her side, and there was a dull pain between her eyes.

She tried to look at the whole matter sensibly. Ted, she told herself, had been going out very little. A new face, even an empty one; a challenging pair of strange eyes, even shallow ones—a man needed a little variety. What if he hovered over this stranger with the frosty eyes? Polly knew where his heart was.

## II

At their station she hung back and lost herself among the crowd in the early spring dusk. When she began to emerge, still alone, from the down-town throng, her sense of injury deepened. The hill seemed long and steep without Ted's warm and urging hand at her elbow. She felt chill, robbed of the warmth of his fellowship. The other woman was basking in that sunshine now, smiling her sweet, practised smile.

Listlessly approaching a corner in the long, empty street, with its endless double row of towering apartment-houses—a street which, like all city streets, gave a barren suggestion of either a cañon or a pit, according as one was cheerful-minded or the reverse—she saw a man's figure shoot out from the side street and stride over the crossing. Preoccupied as she was, Polly noticed him dully. He was walking as fast as one could possibly walk without breaking into a run, with his coat-collar turned up and his head lowered into it. His every movement, every line of his tall figure, seemed to cry out with a desire to pass without attracting notice, to be natural, to escape observation and remembrance.

At this hour, too, few people were abroad to mark the fugitive—if such he was. Every one, indeed, seemed to be at his cheerful dinner-table, so that the streets were empty and silent.

Polly followed the man's progress with sudden interest. One was always hearing



of people who had done dreadful things and then passed undetected among a world of innocent people, when one felt that their guilt must have been apparent to the most casual observer. This man, Polly felt, must be fleeing from something dreadful. She inferred, too, from his transparent effort to avoid notice that this must be his first misstep.

Just as he gained the opposite curbing, and was about to pass out of sight behind the shelter of the corner block, he turned for a lightning-quick glance down the long street that he had crossed. He may have felt that some one was watching him, or he may have wished to see just who, if any one, was within sight. As he turned, quickly, stealthily, Polly saw his white, hunted face in the arc-light. It was her husband!

At sight of her he gave a guilty start, as if about to break and run. Then, still doubly white and ghastly from the shock of her appearance, he looked boundlessly relieved, and, at the same time, weak almost to faintness. He stopped and waited for her in the shelter of the corner building.

For a moment, so great was her horror and shock that she was afraid she was not going to be able to walk across to that pitiful figure waiting there. Could this be her Ted? What had happened to him since her eyes had last seen him, buoyant, happy, secure?

"Ted! Ted!" she faltered, raising agonized eyes.

He searched her face, as if prepared for her questing eyes to make some horrible discovery from his appearance. Then his face cleared; and so adaptable is the human creature, however new to the practices of deception, that he managed to face her with a stiff smile, managed even to take in the fact that she bore packages eloquent of shopping.

"Been down-town?"

"Yes," Polly managed to answer, taking her cue desperately.

He relieved her of her bundles.

"Shopping alone?"

"With Mary Duffield. I left her about six; I thought I might meet you."

"You told her you expected to meet me?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes."

"Oh!" His voice was more confident. Then sharply: "Did you meet any one you knew on the train?"

Polly's heart sank at her husband's painful eagerness.

"No one. There was such a crowd, one had no chance to look about."

His long sigh of relief made Polly tremble. Once he looked behind him stealthily. At the next corner he took her arm and turned into another street.

"But this is farther," she objected.

"Only a step. I want to go around by the Curtises'. They'll be dining in their big window."

"Why?" she groped. "What of it?"

He stumbled a second.

"Oh, I—he always has the exact time."

"But your watch is always right."

"No, I—I let it run down to-day."

The Curtises' brightly lighted first-floor window came in sight, almost on a level with their heads. The curtains, as usual, were not drawn. Curtis, stout and florid, was seated close to the pane; his wife opposite. A well-spread table lay between them.

Just then a man, running, passed them. He looked them over casually as he passed. At the next corner he peered up and down; then, returning, asked them if they had seen a man running in this direction. Polly answered at once. No, they had not seen a soul, she said. The man, puzzled and disappointed, trotted back in the direction from which he had come.

Ted, without speaking, followed the stranger's disappearing figure with straining eyes. Then, sighing deeply, he reached up and tapped lightly on the shining window. When the two diners leaned to look out, he joyously waved his handful of parcels. Curtis, looking a little surprised, waved back, and, with strained grimaces, said something through

the pane about "shopping, I see." Ted nodded. Every one bowed.

Opening his overcoat, Ted carelessly drew out his watch and compared it earnestly with the clock over the apartment entrance. Thereupon Mr. Curtis consulted his famous timepiece, craning his neck to see the entrance clock, lest Ted, adjusting his watch by that none too dependable chronometer, might be a minute or two out of the true time. Suddenly his frown cleared; his smile became jubilant; he nodded vehemently. The arch clock was correct, he signaled; Ted could take it from him. For once, the two timepieces were in accord.

Ted went through the form of altering his watch, nodded, waved gratefully, and then submitted to being drawn away. Polly, however, had noted that his watch had been in no need of correction.

"Six thirteen," Ted muttered to himself. Then briskly: "Come on, Polly! We shall be late for dinner"; and he drew her on at a swift pace.

What did it all mean? Polly wondered helplessly. Why was Ted trying to impress the time on these people? Why was he giving them the idea that she and he had come up-town together? Pretending, falsifying—establishing an alibi, wasn't that what it was called?

Why should he have need of an alibi? What had happened to the modishly clad blonde? Where was she now? Polly tried to speak, to entreat an explanation, but the words choked her. How admit she had seen Ted with a strange girl, had been jealous of his companion, had hidden herself away sullenly?

When they reached their apartment he made a point of ringing, though he was never without his key. When the little maid came he greeted her effusively, and piled up his wife's packages on the table ostentatiously.

"Thank you, Rhoda! Sorry to trouble you. Are we a little late? Still"—following her glance to the hall clock—"it's only six eighteen. I seldom get here much before a quarter past six. Babies asleep?

That's good. You're a great hand with children, Rhoda!"

Polly, weak and sick at heart, went into the bedroom. She heard him slip into the little dressing-room adjoining. After a few minutes' heavy silence she turned, her hand unconsciously at her heart, to look through the connecting door.

Ted stood motionless in front of the dresser, leaning over to scrutinize himself in the mirror. He examined his face first, minutely, as if to ascertain the extent of the ravages of fear and excitement; then, rapidly and carefully, his clothes, hands, shoes. Satisfied, he returned to his face again, brushing back his hair, leaning close to the mirror.

Above the startling pallor of his drawn face Polly could see a line of moisture across his forehead, under his heavy hair. As she looked, he wiped it away with a shaking hand.

Suddenly he craned his neck to the left. A low murmur of horror escaped him. Following his glance, Polly could make out a small, dark stain near the edge of his white collar, just under his right ear. At the sight she uttered a choked cry, and Ted, starting, looked up and met her eyes in the mirror.

That was another moment, and a terrible one.

### III

ALL at once Ted seemed to collapse. Clutching a chair, he managed to let himself down into it. His head fell forward helplessly.

In an instant Polly was at his side.

"Ted, what is it? What has happened? What can I do?"

She threw her arms about him protectingly and strained him close to her. He lifted his head and looked around wildly. Then, coming to full realization, he buried his head in his hands and groaned.

"Teddy, you must tell me what's the matter! Then we can decide what to do."

He did not lift his head or answer. Panic, mounting like a flood, threatened Polly, but she fought it down.

"It can't be anything very dreadful—anything *you've* done, anyway. I saw you all right and happy about half an hour ago."

"Where did you see me, Polly?" he muttered.

"In the subway station, waiting for the train. You were talking to a pretty blond girl."

Ted groaned again.

"Where is she now, Ted?"

"At home, a couple of streets below here—just another block beyond where you met me."

"Is she—did anything happen to her?"

"*She's* all right, but—her husband's—dead. Of course, I didn't know she had a husband!"

Polly muffled a scream, falling back on her heels as she knelt beside his chair.

"You knew you had a wife!" she cried bitterly.

He sprang up and lifted her, though she fought him off with sudden hostility.

"Listen, Polly!"

"No! No!"

"Polly, I swear I've never seen her but two or three times in my life. I had never spoken to her before. She's just a lively little thing that's been coming out on the train. She's so full of life, and she has a way of smiling—"

"Oh, you don't need to tell me!"

"Polly, please! You know what a fool I am, and how these spring days get into me, when I've been shut up in the office for months. A day comes when I feel so light-headed I don't know what to do with myself. Crazy, you know!"

"How could you?"

"How could I what?" he cried roughly. "I spoke to her, that's all. She'd dropped her bag—oh, I dare say she did it on purpose. What do I care about her? Do you think I'd notice whether I ever saw her again or not? But she smiled, and I took her up, like a fool, and there you are. And now I may be indicted for murder—if they find me, or if she has any idea who I am."

A terrible coolness came over Polly; she felt clearer-headed, steadier, than she had ever been in her life before. Assuring herself that both doors were closed, she thrust her husband into a chair and seated herself opposite.

"What happened after you took her home? Did you go into her flat?"

"I went as far as the vestibule. I was sick of the game already, and was thinking up something to say to help me break away. Those glass doors are heavy, you know; they shut in sound. At any rate, I was able to get out before there was any outcry from inside the house."

"But Ted!" cried Polly, wringing her hands. "You're not telling me! What did you do?"

"It all happened in a minute. We stepped in, and the outer door closed on its heavy spring. She turned to look in her mail-box, and I saw a man standing in the shadow. He stepped out, took one look at her, and pointed a revolver. She didn't even scream—just stared at him, hypnotized, and whispered: 'Hubert!'"

"'A fine wife you've been to me!' he said."

"Teddy!"

"Of course, I jumped for him, grabbed his arm, and jerked it up. He was strong, like a madman, and I thought he would do for me; but in less than a minute I knew I was getting him. I forced the muzzle round toward him. All of a sudden he relaxed, looked me in the eye—such a look of rage and hate! Then he said: 'I guess this 'll do for you just as well!' And, before I could make a move, he pressed the thing to his breast and pulled the trigger."

Ted broke off and passed his hand across his eyes.

"I don't know just what happened after that. I had a sudden vision of you and the children. I know I dropped him, started back, dazed and deafened by the shot, feeling that I must be covered with blood and blackened with powder."

"'You've killed him!' she said—just like that. It nearly floored me."

"'You're crazy!' I cried. 'He killed himself.'

"The next thing I found myself in the street, trying not to run, not to look back, not to seem agitated; passing my hands over my clothes and expecting to touch something wet and warm. Then I met you, and began to see how *you* might save me—"

"Are you sure he was dead?"

"Oh, he was dead, all right! The thing went off pointblank. He doubled up like an empty sack."

There was a sudden knock at Polly's door. Breathless, they stared at each other. Then, mastering herself, Polly passed into the bedroom and opened the door. It was Rhoda.

"The dinner is getting cold, Mrs. Clayton."

"Just a minute, Rhoda, please!"

Closing the door, Polly leaned for a moment against the panels. Then, returning to her husband, she selected a fresh collar and tie for him, and laid out towels.

"Don't you want to freshen up a bit, dear?" she asked evenly. "We'd better follow out our usual program and be at dinner in case—that is, if you think we've anything to gain by living up to our schedule."

Passing, she laid on his hair a caressing hand, which he caught and kissed gratefully and laid to his cheek. Then, as he quickly prepared himself, she went on, with an effort:

"But the girl—you didn't think of her. What will she do?"

"Do? She ought to have thought of that before. She must have known what kind of a madman she had in the house. What business had she to encourage me to walk home with her?"

"Poor girl!"

Ted turned on her almost fiercely.

"What is she to us? I had to think of you, didn't I, and the kids?"

Polly's head was in a whirl. "I don't know, Ted—I don't know," she returned dazedly.

"You know what the police are!" he cried. "Talk to them about walking home with a girl innocently—a girl you didn't know! Ha!" he snorted violently. "Tell them that her husband attacked you without cause, and that the gun went off in the struggle, or that he shot himself intentionally! They'd believe *that*, I don't think! With that blind fool of a girl there to swear that I shot him! That was the last straw. I might have stuck it out but for that. Why, they'd have your neck in a noose before you'd know what had happened to you!"

Polly took the stained collar and looked about meditatively. Then, going to her bed, she slipped the incriminating article under the mattress.

"I'll take care of that in the morning. Come, Ted! It won't do to be too late. Oh, you must eat, you know! Everything must be as usual."

#### IV

It was surely a strange meal. Pretending to relish the food that choked them, and keeping up a desperately casual chatter before the little maid, they started and shivered at every click of the elevator, every step in the hall. But no one came or rang or telephoned, and the ghastly dinner drew to a close.

Afterward, not daring to withdraw to the seclusion of the bedroom, they martyred themselves still further before the living-room fire, Polly with her embroidery, Ted with his evening paper. The paper crackled unpleasantly in Ted's unsteady hands, and Polly pricked herself unmercifully with the needle. They ended by regarding each other steadily, sadly, incredulously; and their glances said:

"That this should happen to us!"

It was beyond belief.

"I wish to Heaven I had a morning paper!" he muttered, consulting his watch for the hundredth time.

"But the paper can't tell you anything you don't know."

"No, but it can tell me what they know about *me*!"



At once Polly seemed to see the flaring head-lines before her.

"Oh, Teddy, how could you?"

It was a cry wrung from her against her will. He turned dull and sunken eyes upon her.

"I must have been crazy," he replied sadly, as if speaking of a person whose vagaries were quite beyond his control.

Weakening suddenly, Polly leaned toward him, her breath coming in little gasps, like a child who is getting ready to cry.

"What time is it, Teddy? Isn't it late enough? I can't stand this much longer!"

He rose at once.

"Come, dear. You must get to bed."

"I must cry! I can't wait!"

He led her to her room, closed the door quickly, and held her tight. Great sobs shook her, but she choked them back, trembling, holding to him with all her might.

"Polly! Don't! You're killing me!"

It was the eternal cry of the man—or of the child—in need of help. It enabled her to regain control of herself.

They stood in the dark at the window for a long time, looking down on the quiet street, clinging to each other, following with anxious eyes every chance passer-by. Did that one know anything? Was the other a detective, perhaps? Was that the coroner's automobile? No, the medical examiner came first, didn't he? Oh, let us not talk of it!

Polly went in alone to see the children; she knew the sight of them would unman Ted utterly. At last they said good night as if they were parting for a lifetime.

Exhausted as they were, they slept through the first part of the night, in spite of all forebodings of disaster. Toward dawn Polly woke, coming to herself with a vague, torturesome sense of impending misfortune. What was it, she asked herself? What terrible thing had happened? Recollection, flooding back, overwhelmed her.

Ted! That reckless boy! Bringing this shame on her and her children!

But it was just for his boyishness and liveliness that she had first loved him. He was such a child. He loved a laugh, a good time. He thought the best of every one, and expected every one to think the best of him. He wanted to be liked by every one. And now here he was—because a little blond girl had smiled!

Through the lifting grayness of dawn Polly made out that he was sitting at the window, with his elbow on the sill. Was he thinking of her and the children, of their future, which had apparently been so assured? Jack, at three, was brimming over with joy and life; the baby was an armful of dimpled delight.

After all, he was unknown to that girl; no one who knew him had seen him with her, in all probability. There was his laboriously established alibi. He had done no real wrong; he had merely yielded to the light impulse of an exhilarated moment. Why should he pay a frightful penalty? Why should they all pay it?

But if, through their silence, evil came to the little blond stranger, would they not pay a still more horrible penalty? Polly did not speak. In a moment like this a man must make his own decisions. So, still watching him, her eyes grew heavier and heavier with unshed tears till, worn out by her whirling thoughts, she fell asleep again at last.

When she woke it was full daylight, and little Jack, in pink pajamas, stood at her bedside and called inquiringly for daddy.

"Ted!" Polly called sharply; but Ted was not to be found.

Rising quickly, she threw on a morning dress and reconnoitered. Rhoda, briskly setting the breakfast-table, greeted her with the information that Mr. Clayton had had to go out without waking her, but he would return very soon or telephone. No, he had not breakfasted. No, the morning papers had not come. She should have them as soon as they did.

Polly, to the cheerful accompaniment of little Jack's chatter, held herself to the

quieting task of dressing him and bathing the baby. She had just returned the latter to its cot when Rhoda brought her the papers. Scarcely had the maid left the room when Polly pounced upon them. There it was, on the first page—"Mysterious Shooting Affair—Former Husband of Girl Fatally Wounded at Entrance to Her Apartment."

"Former husband!" gasped Polly. "Then she really was free, in a sense!" Her eyes flew over the printed story.

"Girl implicates alleged young man escort," she read. "Husband, rallying on death-bed, puts shooting on girl, and says nothing about escort. Doubt thrown on existence of third party by fact that girl was known to have had no men friends since moving into neighborhood. Most careful inquiries fail to reveal trace of such a person. Girl known to have feared former husband, and to have spoken of intention to protect herself against his return."

The tale revealed the usual hasty, ambitious marriage of a young, poor, small-town girl; her growing conviction that her husband was not of normal mind; divorce, with alimony, obtained because of cruelty; loneliness, *ennui*, dread of the husband's return on the girl's side; and jealousy, espionage, desire for revenge, on the man's.

He was not known to have had or bought a revolver. The wound was such as might have been inflicted by her hand from the position in which she described herself as standing when her husband sprang toward her. When found, she had fallen, fainting, beside him. The revolver lay on the ground between them, the handle toward her.

Everything hinged on the discovery of the strange young man, but there were grave doubts of his existence. The girl could not even give his name, and her description of him did not carry conviction. She could not tell how tall he was, though she was sure he was taller than herself. When asked how he had measured up with her husband, with whom she

described him as struggling for possession of the latter's revolver, she could not answer. He might be from twenty to thirty, she thought; smooth-shaven, and neither dark nor fair. She did not know the color of his eyes, nor could she tell how he was dressed.

In short, unless the mysterious young man were forthcoming, the girl stood a fair chance of being indicted for manslaughter, if not for murder. The police had not yet been able to show how she had procured the weapon; but, of course, she might have had it for months. The divorced husband had died shortly after his death-bed statement. The girl had no family, no friends, few acquaintances, and she had not been long in the city.

## V

WHAT a hideous dilemma! How to choose? On one side, safety from all unpleasantness, at the price of silence and an unhappy girl's suffering; on the other, the approval of conscience, at the price of disgrace and danger.

Ted meant to choose for himself—that was evident. He had freed his wife from all temptation to influence him. Polly knew his strength and his weakness—his boyish love of fun and adventure, his daring irresponsibility, which, if ungoverned, might lead to dissipation of life and energies. She knew, too, his rough, male sense of uncompromising fairness and truth.

When the telephone rang, she had scarcely strength to answer.

"Yes! Yes! Ted?"

"You've seen the papers?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"She—she seemed to be in a terrible position," Polly faltered.

"Polly, I knew you'd understand! I knew you'd see I had to stand by. They'd have put her through the third degree, poor child! Nineteen years old, Polly—imagine! She won't be twenty till June. She knows nothing at all of life, and that man of hers must always

have been cracked. She's had an awful time. The police told her she was lying to them; that she'd better come across with a full confession."

"Oh, Ted!"

"You don't think I've done the wrong thing? I *had* to do it, Polly, even if you never spoke to me again. I'd never be able to face you, or any woman, if I'd let the poor little fool in for *that*!"

Polly's heart yearned passionately to the eager, boyish voice. Tears choked her; she struggled to find a voice.

"I couldn't bear to have you do otherwise, Ted. We'll see it through, all right! All you and she have to do is tell a straight story. The truth is always best, even if it is hard to tell. And, Ted, the paper said she had no friends!"

"Not one."

"And they won't detain her, now that the third party has materialized?"

"I don't think they'll hold either of us—at any rate, not for long."

Though Polly essayed a light tone, her voice broke pitifully.

"Then don't you think—wouldn't it look better if she were to come and stay with us—just during the investigation? It seems to me she ought to. Do you think she would?"

"Polly, you're wonderful! The best, most loyal little wife! I'll never forget this, Polly—never! Nothing like this can ever happen again. I've had my lesson. Can I bring her up now? She's dreading to go back to that apartment. You see, I must get to the office as soon as I can." He laughed nervously. "That will give

you two a chance to get acquainted. She's not a bad sort, Polly—just a young thing, crazy for life. She's exactly what I was myself at nineteen; only I found you to look after me, and she found—that madman!"

"Come right up, dear. I'll have the guest-room ready."

Fifteen minutes later Polly, her little house in order, her dress changed, her appearance bravely freshened, heard the sound of the elevator arriving outside, then Ted's voice and step; and a girl's voice, high, affected, nervous, and the click of French heels at her door. For a moment she started back in revulsion. Shrinking, she listened for his key in the lock. She felt as if she could not bear to have him usher another woman into her home.

He rang for admittance, however; and his touch on the bell seemed to be that of a suppliant, apologetic, imploring. At once Polly's arms went out in answer to the unspoken entreaty. He was her Ted, after all; and he understood—many things. She would not change him for the most strait-laced, humdrum spouse in the universe.

A new realization of the meaning of her marriage vows came to her, with her promise "for better and for worse." She was thrillingly conscious of a sense of closeness and unity that she had never before experienced. Head erect, eyes alight, face serene, she advanced proudly to answer the door.

And that was another and a wonderful moment.

#### LITTLE THINGS

SPACE is but a little thing  
That God takes like a ball  
To toss up for a moment's flight,  
And laugh to see it fall;

Love is but a little thing—  
It is a tossed-up ball;  
Yet it embraces life, and hope,  
The world, and God, and all!

Harry Kemp

# The Odd Measure

What the  
United States  
Can Do in the  
Great War

*American  
Inventiveness  
May Bring a  
Decision of the  
Struggle*

**M**OST Americans would be distinctly pleased to know how the average Englishman feels about the contribution that America can make to the Allied cause in the great war. That, too, despite the fact that Englishmen don't commonly assume that America can send an army in time to be of much use, even if it shall decide to do so.

Just two names will suffice to convey an idea of what England thinks America could most effectively contribute—the names of Thomas Alva Edison and Henry Ford. Edison stands before the British public, as does no one else, for the idea of American achievement in applying science to the solution of industrial problems. Ford, despite all the fun that has been poked at his peace enthusiasms, typifies in the British mind the notion of American industrial efficiency.

"What we need most of all," an English official recently said, "is the American inventive genius, ingenuity, adaptability; the practical science, the capacity to make science the handmaid of industry. Mr. Edison stands for these things in our minds. Along with it we need the Ford capacity for organizing, for standardizing products, for wholesale output of essential articles."

He talked about the differences between industrial methods in the United States and Europe. The writer asked why he didn't mention our Charles M. Schwab, or some of the other great masters of steel and general manufacturing.

"Mr. Ford's name," he replied, "suggests to us the story of how America seized control of a great new industry shortly after it was born into the world. America saw the motor-car, sensed its possibilities, democratized it, turned it out in hundreds of thousands for the use of the common man, before Europe had finished thinking of it as either a splendid toy or a luxury of the rich. Before the rest of the world had visioned these things, America had the business in popular-cost motors—what is it you say in the States?—sewed up!"

"Did you read in the papers the other day," he continued, "that nineteen-twentieths of the cinema films shown in England are produced in America?"

The writer admitted that that statement had occasioned some surprise.

"Well, that is another new business which the Americans captured while the rest of the world was wondering whether it was capable of being commercialized," the Englishman went on.

We were walking in Kingsway, and suddenly he pointed to a sign. It announced a special sale of music-grinding machines and records.

"There's another," he remarked. "Americans are supplying them to the world, and our munitions-workers are furnishing one of the biggest markets for them."

Across the street was the London establishment of a famous American five-and-ten-cent store corporation. "Wholesale business only done here," the sign announced.

"But," said my friend, "their stores are fast getting scattered all over the place. New idea—Americans catch up with it first."

Presently the talk came back to the original topic—to war, as war may be affected by the participation of America, by the interjection



of American inventiveness, contrivance, quick perceptions, easy adaptation of means to particular ends.

"There's an undercurrent of belief in this country," declared the Englishman, "that this war may be ended by some epoch-making surprise in the way of invention. The Germans at first thought they had it in their huge guns and their poisonous gas. Then they were driven back to air-ships and submarines; but the Allies more or less successfully countered them at every point. Some of our people imagined, last summer, that the 'tanks' might prove a decisive factor; but thus far the overwhelming implement of destruction has not been produced. It has been like the old race between armor and armament; offensive and defensive have traveled in seven-league boots, but they have just about kept pace all the time. The means of war have become more terrible; the only thing that has not developed greater power of both attack and resistance is the human anatomy. If it should go on in this way indefinitely, we shall at last realize that man's inventions are so much more terrible than man can resist that the human race is threatened. It has set up a *Frankenstein* that it can't get under control again.

"That's why we are looking to America for the great invention or discovery or scientific appliance that will overleap all others and bring a decision. We are used to thinking of Americans as the people whose imagination is active and resourceful enough to cope with whatever situation arises. It isn't that we need your soldiers fighting with us, or your navy lined up along with ours, so much as that we want your practical science, your industrial capacity, your quickness to find and produce the means to a given end, and to produce it in such quantities that it may literally smother this war out of the possibility of continuing."

\* \* \* \* \*

### France Imports Colored Workers

*Heroic Measures to Meet  
the Shortage  
of Labor*

**I**F the war continues into 1918 it is pretty certain that large numbers of African negroes will be brought to France, some of them to serve as soldiers, but most of them to do other work. Although the supreme military crisis is supposed to have been passed by reason of the French victory at Verdun, the nation is put to it to maintain all the manifold activities of a country fighting for its life.

With its larger area of fertile soil, its smaller density of population, and its traditions of intense cultivation, France is much more nearly able to feed itself than England, if only labor could be found to till the fields. But the huge numbers of Frenchmen who have been sacrificed in the murderous struggle, together with the multitudes necessarily employed in war industries, have made it fearfully difficult to insure that this year's crops will match the country's requirements.

Before the war France had in her regular army about thirty thousand colored troops, recruited from the native tribes of Algeria and Tunis, and some forty thousand more in her so-called colonial army. Of this latter force the largest contingents were those from Senegal in western Africa and from Tonkin in Indo-China; but it also included regiments from Annam, Madagascar, and the French Kongo. All these dark-skinned troops have been used either for service in France or at Salonika, or for operations against the German colonies, and it is probable that their numbers have been augmented as rapidly as new units could be raised and trained.

It is also understood that at least ten thousand African natives and several thousand coolies from the East Indies have been brought to France to supply the shortage of workers, and that plans have been made for the importation of many more. During the summer and autumn

of last year the colored laborers proved very useful, but they are said to have suffered terribly during the unusually severe weather of the winter.

Sir Harry Johnston, author, explorer, and a well-known authority on African affairs, was one of the earliest advocates of the plan of using negro labor in France. He says that the colored man does not suffer from cold much more than the white man if he is provided with warm clothing and good housing. He insists that it is perfectly feasible to secure three hundred thousand industrious and fairly efficient laborers in this way. He proposes that during the season of active campaigning they should be utilized just behind the firing-line, doing work that would otherwise have to be done by white men fit for service in the trenches, and that in winter they should be employed in agricultural and other services in Italy, France, and Portugal.

There is no present reason to assume, however, that the experiment will be attempted on such a huge scale unless the war shall be prolonged into a fourth or fifth year. In that case Africa may be drawn upon for a really important contribution to the maintenance of French man-power.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Million British Women in War Work

*Toiling to  
Supply the  
Men on the  
Firing-Line*

**I**N a certain munitions-factory in the north of England is employed an elderly woman who, when the war started, was a widow with seven sons. All seven of them enlisted, and the mother, feeling that it was her duty to contribute toward upholding the hands of her soldier sons, went into munitions-making.

She shortly became a particularly efficient worker, and adopted the fad of sending to her boys, at regular intervals, precise statements of the amount of work she was accomplishing. Recently she was vastly elated at receiving a letter from her eldest son, who said:

It looks, mother, as if you were killing more Germans than all seven of us boys.

The case of this one woman is typical of the great and rapidly increasing army of women workers who are doing labor that in former times was always left to the men. In an article published in the February number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE it was stated that more than seven hundred and fifty thousand Englishwomen were serving as substitutes for brothers, sons, and husbands who had gone to the front. The figures may now be safely raised to a million.

England may have been slow in waking up to the grim realities of this mighty death-grapple of nations, but there is no doubt that the whole country is now in a fever of zeal for the most effective prosecution of the war, with the hope—perhaps scarcely the expectation—of ending it with the campaign of 1917. At first the women volunteers invariably wished to be employed nearer home, and this frequently made it impossible to use their services. Now, however, nearly all of them announce that they will go where they are wanted. As a rule, too, the women are not great sticklers about the hours of labor demanded of them, and are not so hard to satisfy as men in the matter of wages.

At the Central Exchange Employment Bureau, in London, a big waiting-room is always full, from morning till night, of women seeking to enroll for service of national importance. They represent all classes and conditions of society. A woman in handsome furs, with a diamond-studded bracelet-watch at her wrist, told the clerk in charge that she didn't care whether she earned a pound or a halfpenny a week; what she wanted was a chance to work in a munitions-factory. She was quickly

assigned, was sent to the place where she was to work, exchanged her furs and jewelry for factory overalls, and set to with a will. Women of this type bring a measure of intelligence that soon makes them expert.

One group of young women fell into conversation while awaiting the attention of the bureau clerk. It developed that they were all married to soldiers at the front, and all had married after the beginning of the war. They had been getting word from their husbands that the thing was practically over, if only the factories at home could send out enough shells to finish the enemy this year. So they had come in to volunteer, and every one in the group was accepted.

England this year will see the spectacle of thousands of women taking the place of agricultural workers all over the country. The business of raising food never looked so important as it does now, by reason of the submarine menace to importations. Even if the normal supply of agricultural labor were available it would not be sufficient, because the national ambition is to increase the home production of food very largely; but tens of thousands of workers have left the fields to take service in the army.

It is being realized, too, that agricultural labor is really skilled and specialized, and that it is not possible to work farms with people who don't know anything about farming. So, during the winter and spring, thousands of people, men and women alike, were trained in special schools, to enable them to give the best possible service.

This year, for the first time, there will be an effort to adapt one feature of American agricultural methods to English use. As everybody in America knows, thousands of harvest-laborers each year migrate from Texas northward through Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, even into Canada, following the course of the harvest as it pushes northward with the advancing season. Forces are being organized for a similar movement in England, there being a considerable difference in the stage of the seasons between southern and northern Britain.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Survivor of the First Torpedo Exploit

*The Beginning  
of an Eventful  
Chapter of  
Naval Warfare*

**C**APTAIN JAMES H. TOMB, of Florida, can look on the great war and say truthfully:  
"I am the only man in the world who saw the start of what they are doing now."

For Captain Tomb is the sole survivor of the first torpedo-boat to blow up a war-ship, and the only living man who worked with the first submarine that ever sank an enemy vessel.

In the Confederate torpedo-boat *David*—a half-submerged cigar-shaped craft thirty-three feet long, carrying a torpedo on a pole—he attacked the Federal frigate *New Ironsides* on the night of October 5, 1863, off Charleston, South Carolina. The new ironclad, then the most powerful vessel in any navy, was injured so badly that she went out of commission.

Tomb's part in submarine work consisted in using his power-driven *David* to tow the *Hunley* down Charleston Bay to the enemy's vicinity. The *Hunley* was a true submarine, driven by eight men turning a screw, capable of diving twenty feet under a ship and of staying under for an hour. More than thirty men were lost in her—including *Hunley*, her inventor—in maneuvering her for attack. Finally, on February 17, 1864, she blew up the Federal steamer *Housatonic*, but the submarine sank with her victim.

Is there another man in the world besides Captain Tomb, intrepid pioneer with new-fangled explosives and "fish-boats," who would be so

thrilled by a cruise in a modern belligerent submarine, capable of crossing the Atlantic in safety and of shooting deadly torpedoes against war-ships several miles away?

\* \* \* \* \*

**Georges  
Clémenceau,  
Rebel and  
Statesman**

*A Veteran Who  
Is a Living  
Force in the  
France of  
To-day*

**I**N the Passy district of Paris, across the Seine from the Eiffel Tower, there is a quiet street, Rue Franklin, where a little old man sits at his desk in a great, dim study, alone but for the two sphinx heads that guard his door.

The man at the desk is Georges Clémenceau, a living sphinx, with the heart of a rebel and the brain of a statesman; a Vendean conservative by blood, a revolutionary by instinct. His has been a lonely, studious life, interrupted only by a prodigal's venture into the fashionable club-dom and opera circles of Paris, where he formed a close friendship with Rose Caron.

The son of a poor country physician, his thirst for first-hand information took him far afield, even to New York, where he paid his way with lessons in French. With his savings he returned to France, studied medicine, and established himself as a practitioner in the Paris of the dying Second Empire. Came the war of 1870-1871. The Commune carried him to the city hall of Montmartre, where, though the revolutionary in him held sway over the statesman, he is said to have wept over his obligation to countersign the death sentence of Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris.

He left the *mairie* to become a political journalist, and married an American girl, who bore him a daughter, dead these fifteen years or so. His marriage proved a mistake, but never did that personal experience lessen Clémenceau's regard for the United States or for Anglo-Saxon ideas and institutions. One of the outstanding accomplishments during his later premiership was the consolidation of the *entente cordiale* with England.

Money has never interested Clémenceau. He has long supported himself entirely with his pen, except for a lecture tour through South America in 1909, which he undertook because his savings had vanished during his two official years at the Place Beauveau—the Ministry of the Interior. It is a fair estimate to guess that now, as for many years past, except during his ministry, he maintains himself and his grizzled old man servant on less than two hundred dollars a month. Nor has Clémenceau ever sought official power.

"I can do my work for France better from this newspaper desk," he said when he was editor of a daily, *L'Aurore*.

Yet, when he was invited, on the eve of the Moroccan trouble, to join Sarrien's cabinet, and later to form one of his own, he answered the call in a spirit of self-immolation—the spirit of patriotism. Soon after his resignation from the premiership, when one of his few friends addressed him as "your excellency," the nervous little man snapped behind his drooping white mustache:

"Shall I never again be Georges Clémenceau?"

Yet, in discussing the Franco-German crisis over Morocco, he confided:

"No one knows how near it brought France to war—and defeat. No one knows what sort of direct messages I received from the Kaiser at the Place Beauveau, nor what a task it was for me, single-handed, to maintain peace with honor. If I never do another service to France, I shall die knowing that I have done my human share."

His place in the history of France must be left to the perspective of



time. "Cabinet-wrecker" they called him when his editorials torpedoed without warning French ministries that are already forgotten. "Traitor to France," said the nationalists when he saw good in Britain. "Political clown!" cried the socialists, when his rapierlike logic reduced them to abuse. As mayor of Montmartre during the Commune, as journalist, senator, and prime minister of the French Republic, he has been a spur rather than a beacon, a driver rather than a leader. Few love him; many hate him; none are indifferent, and all admit the purity of his devotion to the welfare of France.

"A man who at twenty is not a revolutionist has a policeman's boot in his heart," the *bourgeois* Hardouin once said.

Perhaps Georges Clémenceau would have written his name in taller letters into the chronicles of his time had he not retained so much of his youth in his rebel heart. But he could not have served France better than by showing up and clearing out the demagogues and time-servers who so long made light of the destinies of their country.

To-day, at seventy-five, he goads the sluggards of France in the pages of *L'Homme Enchaîné*, and the government finds valuable advice in what the censor suppresses. It is not always good that the crowd should hear the wisdom of the sphinx.

\* \* \* \* \*

# **General Dragalina's Fatal Recklessness**

*How a Rumanian  
Commander  
Brought  
Disaster upon  
His Country*

A RUMANIAN general's fatal recklessness did much to give the Germans their opportunity to overrun the greater part of Rumania in the spectacular campaign of last autumn. For his mistake the unlucky soldier paid with his life, his country almost with its national life. So, at least, runs a story that has not until now been published in America.

The Rumanian commander was General Dragalina, who had promised to become one of his country's best officers. When Rumania entered the war, blithely confident of victory, he was only a brigadier, and comparatively unknown. King Ferdinand's troops invaded Transylvania, and Dragalina's ability as a leader first attracted attention.

Then the tide turned. Attacked suddenly by fresh German armies under masterly leadership, the Rumanians scurried back to the mountains of their frontier. Military reputations crashed in that retreat, and Dragalina, who had stood the test, was put in charge of a division. In the desperate fighting to save his country from invasion, he showed such energy and dash that when there were further swift changes in leadership he was promoted to command the First Rumanian Army.

This was in October, 1916. General von Falkenhayn's armies were now battering the four hundred miles of mountain frontier, striving to force a way through to the rich Danubian plains. Dragalina commanded the westernmost sector of this front. The heaviest German attack was on the center, so his army was stripped of reserves to stem the tide there. Suddenly a powerful force of Bavarians attacked Dragalina's weakened line. They swept the Rumanians before them, thirty miles down the Jiu valley, almost into the plain of Wallachia; but Dragalina sprang to meet the danger with all his fierce energy.

Ordering that every man who could carry a gun should be thrown into the breach, he hastened to the front. As his troops, many of them reservists and raw recruits, reached the scene of battle, he assigned them to positions he had chosen. Then he ordered the attack. The head of the Bavarian column was caught in Dragalina's trap. It barely escaped annihilation, and only got back to the mountains with heavy losses, its commander leaving his gold-mounted *pickelhaube* on the battle-field.

Dragalina's victory appeared decisive, and he was hailed as the savior of his country. The Rumanian line was holding in the center, and he seemed to have averted the most pressing menace of invasion; but the Germans would not stay beaten. The Bavarians were reinforced, and again advanced down the Jiu valley. Again Dragalina held the fate of Rumania in his hands.

He planned another encircling attack, posting his troops even more advantageously than before. A second German defeat seemed assured, and as their beloved general dashed from place to place in his automobile, the Rumanian soldiers cheered him enthusiastically. In his last tour of inspection, before giving the word for the attack, Dragalina ordered his chauffeur to drive at top speed, and not to fear getting close to the German lines if he could save a minute or two.

His staff remonstrated with him, but their eager commander waved them aside. Suddenly, as they passed apparently just out of rifle-range of the Germans, a machine gun rattled from ambush. The general fell forward in his seat, shot many times in the arm and side. He struggled to straighten himself, to remain in command at least until the attack was launched, but he collapsed and was borne sadly from the field.

It was an irreparable disaster. Deprived of their trusted leader, the peasant soldiers became panic-stricken. Most of his officers were uncertain of the plan of battle, others lost their heads, and orders went awry. Troops that should have retired to lure the Germans into Dragalina's trap advanced; other troops that should have advanced gave way. The Germans struck vigorously, the confusion of the Rumanians became a rout, and Dragalina's army was crushingly defeated on the field where he had planned victory.

The general himself had been taken to Bucharest, where, after a brave fight against blood-poisoning, he died some days later. They did not tell him, so the story goes, that from their victory over his army the Germans had marched on to more sweeping victories, that were to lead presently to the fall of Bucharest and the flight of King Ferdinand. But no Rumanian will believe that, had Dragalina not dared fate on that last ride, the Germans could have crossed the mountains.

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### A Popular Vote on Works of Civic Art

*New Yorkers  
Invited to  
Pass on the  
Tilden Statue*

**W**ILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, sculptor, in setting up a cast of his statue of Tilden for popular referendum is following a practise which is still new to this country but old in Italy. Here the public generally sees a monument only after it is unveiled in stone. It may rage as it has done over the "literary lions" in front of the New York Public Library but criticism is too late.

As a rule, if an artist's sample is submitted for popular inspection, like the new model for the cathedral of St. John the Divine, it is exhibited indoors, where only professional critics and financial contributors take the trouble to examine it; but Partridge, on the 4th of March—the fortieth anniversary of General Hayes's inauguration as President—displayed in the open street a cast of his portrait of the man who got more votes than Hayes. This Tilden, ten feet tall, was set up on a pedestal at Thirty-Fourth Street and Park Avenue, New York, and the vote of the passer-by was solicited before the portrait should be put into bronze.

Nowadays, when the popular referendum is being urged for more interesting matters—war, for instance—an artist will probably have a hard time getting out a big vote; but some day the vote of the American in the street may be as decisive on such a question as it has been in Italy. The form of what is probably the second greatest monument of

modern Italy was settled absolutely by popular votes—settled against the judgment of artistic *cognoscenti*, and settled satisfactorily.

Ever since 1588, when Giotto's unfinished façade was taken down, the city of Florence had been trying to build a west front for the Duomo, its giant cathedral, whose dome showed the way for that of St. Peter's at Rome. Popular opposition had blocked design after design. In 1884 the controversy narrowed to whether the marble front should be tricuspidal—that is, with three gables—or basilican, with flat cornices. A wooden model of each was built on the cathedral and left for three months. Professional artists pulled for the three gables, because of architectural rules. The common people of Florence said that the gables were ugly, and by written ballots decided that their cathedral should be finished with flat cornices.

Some time the every-day American's eye for beauty may be deemed as trustworthy as the Florentine's. Then, perhaps, we shall have votes upon all our projects for public improvements.

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### High-Salaried Children in Motion-Picture Studios

*A Problem  
That Puzzles  
Courts and  
Protective  
Societies*

**A**N odd problem in law and morals is raised by the discovery that there is a big premium on truancy in the high salaries that the motion-picture producers are willing to pay to child actors. In the vicinity of New York, it appears, a clever little girl is worth seventy-five dollars a week to her parents. In the West, it is said, salaries as high as one hundred dollars are paid. One mother received thirty dollars a day for the "use" of her six children in a big scenario.

The question has made its way into the police-courts through the activity of the truant-officers and the societies for the protection of children, and some of the magistrates are puzzled over it. The work, of course, involves absence from school; and while it cannot be brought under any of the statutes prohibiting the appearance of children on the stage, it may be regarded as involving some of the same mental and physical objections. Is the atmosphere of the show world necessarily demoralizing to youth? Is the strain of performing parts and dancing too trying for untried nerves and undeveloped frames?

Of course, the prosecuting officials insist upon an affirmative answer to these questions, while the parents and the producers insist that the work is a mere recreation to the children. They are said to enjoy it hugely. They cry for it, as the phrase goes. Every care is taken of them in the way of feeding and rest, for humane as well as economic reasons, and their morals, we are assured, are guarded by their parents, who usually accompany them to the studios, or by their fellow actors of mature years.

It is further argued that their earnings give them benefits in the present and future which otherwise they could not hope for—better homes, better clothes, better food—better education, also, since the money makes possible the engagement of private teachers and the cultivation of musical or other special artistic gifts.

The problem of these children is clearly not easy to decide. It will be recalled that the same question arose some thirty years ago, when a marvelously gifted ten-year-old pianist came from Poland to America, and, after giving a few concerts, was suppressed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The plea that his musical education and his whole career depended on his earning the wherewithal had no effect in softening the rigidity of the law. Happily, the benevolence of one or two wealthy admirers solved the personal difficulty, and Josef Hofmann is now one of the great players of the world.

But no solution of this sort can meet the present wholesale situation. Probably we shall have a crop of new statutes in all the States to regulate the "movie" activities of minors. Let us hope that they will combine reasonable liberality with efficient prevention of the mere exploitation of youthful talent for parental greed.

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### A Prelate Who Might Have Been a Power in Business

*How Bishop  
Lawrence  
Raised Six  
Millions for  
Pensions*

THOSE who insist that business and religion will not mix are invited to contemplate the case of the Right Rev. William Lawrence, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts. He once said that "what religious work needs is some Jim Hills." If the slang be permitted, he is some Jim Hill himself.

When Harvard needed two million dollars in a hurry, it turned to Fellow Lawrence, and he raised the money. In 1914, when some of the buildings of Wellesley College burned, it was William Lawrence, president of the trustees, who took off his coat, exercised his unparalleled powers of persuasion, and turned two and one-half millions into the treasury within ten months.

His latest feat is the direction of the campaign whereby all Protestant Episcopal clergymen in the United States, with their widows and minor children, are assured of pensions. In exactly a year, ending on March 1 last, Bishop Lawrence, with the help of J. Pierpont Morgan as treasurer and a great band of volunteer aids, collected a reserve fund of five million dollars, and for the first time in history placed a church pension system on a scientific actuarial basis.

He comes of a business family which founded the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and its cotton-manufacturing industry. His great-grandfather, Samuel Lawrence, was an officer in the Revolutionary War; his grandfather, Amos Lawrence, and his father, Amos Adams Lawrence, were successful merchants and generous philanthropists. His great-uncle, Abbott Lawrence, started the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard. It is a family of New England traits and of wealth. William Lawrence inherited his share of both, but has let neither lineage nor money interfere with his career. When he was entering Harvard, his grandfather wrote to him:

Take this for your motto at the commencement of your journey—that a difference of going just right or a little wrong will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it.

Young Lawrence remembered the motto, and at forty-three he found himself a bishop. With his talent for business, he might have been a great manufacturer or merchant; but the path he chose took him through Harvard, where he was a classmate of Senator Lodge; the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, and the rectorship of Grace Church in Lawrence. Then he became a professor in the seminary, and was dean of that institution until 1893, when he was elected to the bishopric from which death had taken his old friend and venerated mentor, Dr. Phillips Brooks.

Dr. Lawrence was then and is now a "broad churchman." His sermons are not impassioned, but appeal to common sense. He lives simply, although on Commonwealth Avenue. He is known as the "best-beloved clergyman in Boston," and the ease with which he administers the more worldly affairs of his office is the wonder of laymen.

The General Clergy Relief Fund got into trouble in 1907, and the convention of the church decided to bolster it with five million dollars. Bishop Lawrence objected that no one knew whether one million, or five,



or ten was actually needed; he would refuse to approve solicitation in his diocese unless the facts were ascertained and the undertaking put on a sound insurance foundation.

"Will you take charge of it?" the church then said.

"I will," he answered.

The plan, when approved by leading insurance men, was placed under the jurisdiction of the New York State Insurance Department. Then Bishop Lawrence left his home in Boston, opened an office at 14 Wall Street, right on the financial equator, and devoted a solid year to getting five million dollars for the Church Pension Fund. When the books were closed, the fund was oversubscribed by more than a million, and it was no longer possible for an Episcopal minister to vision himself as cast on the scrap-heap when his working days were ended.

\* \* \* \* \*

**President  
Wilson's  
Infallible  
Barometer**

*How Our  
Chief  
Executive  
Predicts the  
Weather*

**D**OWN with the goose-bone prophet who predicts with unerring inaccuracy the early April thaw! Hence with the rheumatic forecaster who feels a thunder-storm coming out of clear sky! Out with the Geodetic Survey, the Naval Observatory, and the Weather Bureau sharps! The real, unadulterated, dyed-in-the-wool, Simon-pure, never-tarnish barometer has been found.

It hangs in the White House, on a little hook just inside the door of the bath-room where President Wilson performs his morning ablutions. Each day the President seizes his barometer firmly in his left hand, and with a murderous-looking knife in his right makes divers and sundry violent passes at the weather indicator. In short, as *Mr. Micawber* might say, it is the President's razor-strop.

Be it known that the President can tell to-day what the weather will be to-morrow by the feel of his strop as the Presidential hand guides the old-fashioned blade up and down the leather. If the next day is to be fair, the razor slips and slides along the surface of the leather, and the Chief Executive has to stop and dampen it with lather or water. If to-morrow is to be rainy, the strop is "heavy"—the blade holds closely to the surface, and gets a keen edge quickly.

The barometer, say wise ones close to the President, has never failed. On March 3, 1913, when Woodrow Wilson took his seat at the breakfast-table, he remarked to his family that it would rain or snow on the 4th—Inauguration Day. It snowed.

On Sunday, March 4, 1917, the President had difficulty in getting an edge on his razor. The strop was shiny, and the blade didn't seem to "take hold." The Presidential household was informed that it needn't wear raincoats on the morrow, for the sun would shine on Mr. Wilson's second Inaugural Day. It had rained for several days preceding March 4, and the sharps at the Weather Bureau predicted "cloudy"; but the Presidential family paid no attention. They knew that it would clear up.

March 5 in Washington dawned chill and overcast. By eight o'clock in the morning it looked as if the sun would never shine again. And then—as the police whistles declared Pennsylvania Avenue closed to traffic, and the crowds surged forward to catch a glimpse of the nation's chief—out from the heavy clouds came Old Sol. The chill left the air; the streets dried as if by magic. Woodrow Wilson rode to the Capitol in the sunshine; he rode back in the sunshine. The thirty thousand paraders marched past the reviewing-stand in glorious weather, cold and snappy—just the kind to make the marchers expand their chests and put zest into their step.

On each of the next four days it rained.

# The World of Books

## To Romance

OH, everlasting spirit of Romance,  
I, mortal, slave to death and change and  
chance,  
Hail you as the rich presence of the rose  
That makes life sweet, while every wind  
that blows  
Carries your perfume. There's no place so  
mean  
But there your soft, transmuting touch is  
seen;  
You make life kingly. Let them hold me  
fool,  
Still will I live subjected to your rule,  
Going forth where you bid me, everywhere,  
Finding your glory thrilling earth, sea, air,  
And human hearts, making the world to be  
A house whose every room is ecstasy!

## A Prose Epic of Gallipoli

It is one of the disabilities under which pacifism labors that in all the occupations of peace there is nothing to thrill the imagination as there is in the undertakings of war. No poet is stirred to immortalize the achievements of boards and commissions, of legislatures and courts, of all the instrumentalities of ordinary existence, as poets have been stirred from Homer downward to immortalize battle.

The Dardanelles campaign, whatever history may decide in regard to it, has assuredly produced one piece of literature to parts of which it is not extravagant to apply the epithet "Homeric"—John Masefield's "Gallipoli." Here, for instance, is the description of the departure of the British fleet from Mudros, in the island of Lemnos, for the attack upon the Turkish defenses—a shining page of heroic poetry:

The land of Lemnos was beautiful with flowers at that season, in the brief Ægean spring, and to the seaward always, in the bay, were the ships—more ships, perhaps, than any port in modern times has known; they seemed like half the ships in the world. In this crowd of shipping, strange, beautiful Greek vessels passed, under rigs of old time, with sheep and goats and fish for sale, and the tugs of the Thames and

Mersey met again the ships they had towed of old, bearing a new freight of human courage. The transports, all painted black, lay in tiers, well within the harbor, the men-of-war nearer Mudros and the entrance.

Now in all that city of ships, so busy with passing picket-boats and noisy with the labor of men, the getting up of anchors began. Ship after ship, crammed with soldiers, moved slowly out of the harbor in the lovely day and felt again the heave of the sea. No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exaltation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world—from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the mother country, New Zealand, and remote islands in the sea. They had said good-by to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last upon the sun and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push.

But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death.

## A Maker of War-Songs for France

MANY of the military songs being sung in France to-day—and military songs are the only ones that are being sung over there just now—were written by Paul Déroulède, poet, soldier, statesman.

After having devoted the best years of his life to *la revanche*—meaning the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine—Déroulède died just before the present war began; but his contributions to the great cause, which most Frenchmen of his day regarded as a mere dream never to be realized, were not forgotten. The first boundary-mark between Alsace and France torn down by French soldiers at the outbreak of hostilities was borne in triumph to the place where the soldier-poet lay buried, and there set up as a headstone.

The Third Republic had cause to fear

Déroulède, for he had the zeal of a Hebrew prophet, and as eloquent was he as any prophet in his denunciations of what he called the French government's treason in not preparing for the war that was bound to come. So they exiled him for a while; but to-day, when Déroulède's old dream seems to be ripening toward fulfilment, there is no name more honored than his in France. His body lies a moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on with the soldiers who sing his stirring verses.

### Mr. Howells and His "Boy's Town"

WHEN William Dean Howells tries a new pen, he draws toward him the nearest bit of blank paper and writes thereon:

Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio.

As Mr. Howells has just turned eighty, has never become especially addicted to the typewriter, and must have tried out a good many new pens in his day, the Ohio town should consider itself distinctly on the literary map. Mr. Howells himself has said that he writes those four words mentioned above because he loves them so well. Also, according to his own confession, it was in Hamilton that he passed the ten happiest years of his life.

That was in his boyhood, when he was just beginning to dream of the triumphs that lay ahead of him in literature. There are still a number of residents in Hamilton who can remember when young William Dean was helping his father to set type in the latter's printing-office. The building that sheltered this office was itself torn down only a few years ago. Recently a movement has been set on foot to cause a bronze bust of Mr. Howells to be secured through popular subscription and set up for the inspiration of other Hamilton boys.

Hamilton, by the way, was the "boy's town" so sympathetically treated in Mr. Howells's book of that name.

### The Social Problem Solved Again

APROPPOS of the posthumously published novel of the late David Graham Phillips, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," has any enterprising statistician ever reckoned how many times "the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Magdalen" has been written by single-

hearted reformers? And has any other statistician ever computed just how much effect they have had?

Anyway, couldn't the phrase be retired for a while, as in need of rest and rehabilitation, and can't the ladies and gentlemen who feel inwardly coerced to write about the women of the underworld write about them without claiming to be auxiliary members of the leagues to suppress vice?

### In the Era of Prohibition

HAS any crusader against the Demon Rum ever paused to consider how many paragraphs—pages, chapters, even—of classic literature the success of his crusade will render unintelligible to readers of another generation or two?

Here is Dr. Eugene Lyman Fiske, with his records of laboratory tests and his examination of actuarial archives in the *Atlantic*, making us shudder at the sight of an anteprandial cocktail and turn pale at the glow of claret on the dinner-table. Here are the warring European governments declaring against alcohol as an ally. And here is State after State in this country voting in favor of prohibition.

And there, on the other side, is *Aunt Betsey Trotwood*, her skirt turned back upon her knees, toasting herself and drinking her nightly glass of mulled wine, or whatever it was; there is the immortal punch of Dingley Dell; there is *Major Pendennis*, with his cultivated taste in vintages, and young *Harry Castleton* growing more and more mellow and more and more foolish under the influence of heady potations when George IV was king. There are the more robustious drinkers of a lustier day yet—*Squire Weston* and his cronies, and their great gallery of kinsmen.

Still acquainted with the flavor of the grape upon the palate, with the cool tang of ale upon the parched throat, with the warmth of an occasional toddy coursing through the veins, most people of the present day can read those pages of past literature with understanding and sympathy. But what of the dry and drinkless period which is about to be ushered in? Will all the noble army of toppers who adorn the pages of the old literature seem to the coming generation to be aliens and barbarians? Will the description of a humble feast in

Dickens or a Mayfair dinner in Thackeray read to them as remote and as unreal as a bit of description from Pliny?

Science and sobriety, marching hand in hand, are doubtless going to do great things for humankind; but they are, perhaps, going to make humankind pay a little in literary as well as in gustatory joys.

### Miss Cather, a Real Greenwich Villager

WILLA SIBERT CATHER, whose "Song of the Lark," published last year, gave her the somewhat unusual distinction of being an author studied in the colleges while she still lived to enjoy the distinction, is a real Greenwich Villager. That is to say, however, that she is as far removed as the east is from the west from the professional Greenwich Villager. The real one lives in the crooked-laned, old-fashioned, dingy section of New York, and works hard at home. The professional poses in the neighborhood restaurants, and presumably works occasionally, for the restaurants are not eleemosynary institutions; but he does not write books which are studied in the colleges for their English or their construction.

Miss Cather lives on one of the short, quiet, out-of-the-way streets of the Greenwich district, in an old-fashioned apartment, whose big, square rooms, grate fires, and candle-light have an atmosphere rather of literary London than of New York.

### Amy Lowell and the New Poetry

It is fitting that the chief apostle of the new poetry should be a new sort of poet. Amy Lowell, the valiant champion and gifted practitioner of *vers libre*, who, in the preface to her new volume, "Men, Women, and Ghosts," declares that the possibilities of that form of verse are as yet almost unexplored, is the sort of poetess who would probably have caused Miss Adelaide Anne Procter or Mrs. Felicia Hemans to call for sal volatile.

She is a massively built, middle-aged woman with a statesmanlike head fastened low between her broad shoulders, a pair of brilliant, aggressive eyes, and a magnificently belligerent manner. She expresses her opinions with great force and freedom, and she uses no poetic circumlocution for "spade." She obviously disdains tact and diplomacy

as the most servile of qualities, and she employs a refreshing piquancy of language in upholding her views.

Miss Lowell's favorite thesis is that *vers libre* is something to be judged, like music, not by sight, but by sound. It is not simply a collection of uneven lengths of disjointed prose, but is a poetry based on cadence instead of on rime and rhythm; and cadence is not discernible to the eye, but to the ear. Her crusade for her new, or revived, or improved, form of art, therefore, would seem to include raising up a school of readers or interpreters.

### The Brief Reign of the Best-Seller

"THE current books that are the talk of the day constitute one of the most difficult problems of the librarian," says Miss Elisa Willard, of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh. "A hundred copies would not satisfy the demand at its height, but in a short time three copies are enough. To meet the situation the librarian must compromise. He orders ten or twelve copies, cuts down the length of time they may be kept out, looks sadly at the file of reserve postals, and suffers the slings and arrows of the hasty people who declare that it is a very poor library where the books one wants are always out.

"It is almost impossible to recreate interest in a novel that has had a great vogue. We recently exhibited a collection of the best-sellers of the year before last. They resembled nothing so much as the snows of yesteryear.

"The librarian's chief interest is in building up a permanent and well-balanced collection of books, among which are included, of course, the best novels, but not necessarily all those that are advertised as 'gripping' or as 'throbbing with human passion.' There is bound to be disagreement as to which novels should be put in and which left out, but we try as far as possible to meet the demands of many different types of readers.

"Some member of the library staff here reads every novel before it is bought. Out of one hundred and seventy-one so read last year, one hundred and twenty-six were accepted. The proportion of the rejected here is not so high as at the Boston Public Library, where out of seven hundred and fifty



read only one hundred and thirty-five were accepted."

### A Magazine of, for, and by Society

If the first issue of the *Chronicle*, the widely announced periodical of Society, for Society, by Society—all with capital letters—may be taken as a fair sample of its possibilities, the impecunious members of the community who cannot afford a dollar a number for their magazines need not feel their deprivation too bitterly. It contains a few appeals by fashionable persons for their favorite charities, such as, alas, each mail is all too apt to bring to even the least among us; a theater guide, such as any penny paper affords its readers; and a few articles on such world-moving subjects as "Society," "Bohemia," "The Trend in Manners," "The Fashion in Art," and "Where Shall We Sup?"

In our best social circles, we are told, "the death-knell of the entirely frivolous has sounded, and the smart *motif* now is an interest in art, in humanity, and in the broadly international issues." As for art, "no woman who hopes to be considered enlightened will fail to discuss the paintings and sculptures which are visited in the quiet rooms of the great galleries."

A new canon of art criticism is suggested in certain remarks on Somerset Maugham's latest play, "Our Betters," when the writer observes:

Moreover, it is debatable whether it is loyal for an Englishman to turn out such a stinging denunciation when his country, purified and exalted, is engaged in a life-and-death struggle.

Which suggests not only a singular rule for judging artistic works, but also a somewhat too-hasty observation of the play; for its "stinging denunciation" is all for American expatriates in London!

In "Where Shall We Sup?" it is sagely remarked that society overpatronizes a restaurant one month, only to say the next:

"What? Lunch there with nothing but a lot of dressmakers and *nouveaux*? Not I!"

No advertisements are allowed to sully the pages of the *Chronicle*, but that need trouble the advertisers as little as the price need depress those who cannot afford it. The circulation—by subscription only—of a magazine avowedly issued for those who

don't read by those who can't write is not likely to become so enormous that business concerns will invoke laws against combinations in restraint of trade in order to break into its pages!

### When Dana Worked for Greeley

A HITHERTO unpublished letter of Horace Greeley's throws an interesting light on an incident in the early career of the great editor of the New York *Sun*, Charles A. Dana, who began his life in New York as a reporter on the *Tribune*. The letter, now owned by a lady in Stamford, Connecticut, is dated March 24, 1848, and was written to Thomas McElrath, Greeley's partner and business manager. It says:

I understand S—— has written you to induce you to let Dana have five shares in the *Tribune* on credit, in order to overrule his beloved purpose to go to Europe this fall. I trust you have not consented without consulting me, and I trust you will not consent without careful consideration.

Of course, keeping Dana here would be very desirable to me, especially as Taylor is leaving, and I need not say that I shall be glad of any liberality on your part that tends to attach him to the concern, or that is dictated by a motive more purely benevolent.

But, you see, this is a different case. It is a demand by one of those employed on the paper to have his salary raised at an irregular time and on a seeming compulsion, and it seems to me very hazardous and mischievous to give a seeming triumph to such an exaction. Another and another will be tempted to make the same demand.

I have heard all Dana has to say, and I don't like the thing at all. He was very urgent to come to us at ten dollars per week scarcely more than a year ago, his salary was soon raised to fifteen dollars, and finally, within a year, to twenty. I think that quite rapid enough. When this year is out, I shall be willing to reconsider and increase his pay if he is worth it, even without an application from him. He may be worth something more now, but I don't feel sure of it, and I think, looking at the whole case, that his salary is liberal. I consider S——'s too large for what he does, though not for what he ought to do.

It may suit Dana well to spend the next winter in Paris, but I don't intend to have him go there if he crosses the ocean. L—— is a remarkably strong and popular correspondent, and I neither choose to dismiss him nor to pay another ten dollars for writing from the same point.

If Dana goes at all, I mean to have him go to Liverpool as telegraph agent for the Associated Press, paying him besides to write us letters and make up our foreign news for each steamer. If he does that well, we can afford to pay him well for it, and I shall feel that he is nearly as useful to us as he would be here. Otherwise we shall differ about his compensation in Europe.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

There is nothing to show how Dana induced his employer to change his mind, but in little more than three months after Greeley's letter was written the young reporter had carried out his "beloved purpose," and was in Paris writing letters to the *Tribune* at ten dollars per week. He never went to Liverpool at all.

The "Taylor" mentioned in the letter was Bayard Taylor, who joined the staff of the *Tribune* in 1847, when he was twenty-two years old, a self-taught young poet and writer of travel sketches.

### A Neglected Region of Romance

NEGLECTED alike by writers and by travelers, the James River country of Virginia remains to-day almost a virgin field for the seeker after romantic atmosphere and literary backgrounds. In novels written nearly twenty years ago, Mary Johnston delineated the life around Jamestown in early colonial times. Occasional authors and magazine writers have from time to time sketched phases of the ample and luxurious existence that went on along the river for generation after generation; but for the most part the wealth of story and romance stored away in the great old mansions overlooking the James remains untouched.

Travel stories of this part of Virginia are few and guide-books are meager. Walter and Louise Closser Hale, for their book "We Discover the Old Dominion," made a quick trip from Williamsburg over to Jamestown. They spent an hour or two in the most uninspiring and unsatisfactory place on the river, and then hurried on to Richmond, neglectful of the romantic treasures just beyond.

More appreciative of the rare charm of the river country are Frank and Cortelle Hutchins, whose "House-boating on a Colonial Waterway" tells of a leisurely journey from Newport News almost to Richmond.

Exhilarating as their narrative is, it has not moved many travelers to follow their example. The James to-day is a lonely river. The daily boat between Norfolk and Richmond has few tourists aboard. It loafs along from dock to dock for hours without sighting any other craft. The docks themselves are often deserted, except for a ducky or two asleep in the sun.

The colored maid in the women's cabin is a better guide-book than any supplied by the steamship company. She points out Brandon, where the Harrison family has dwelt for two centuries, and shakes her head sadly over the loneliness of "Miss Belle," the last of her line. She tells of the little gold wedding-ring hanging from the rosette of the chandelier in the Brandon drawing-room. No one knows how it came there—the story was lost generations ago—but every ducky on the plantation has a clear idea of the dire things that would happen if it were ever to disappear.

Westover, the loveliest place on the river, was for a century and a quarter the home of the Byrd family. Here dwelt the great colonial exquisite, Colonel William Byrd, and his daughter, the beautiful Evelyn, whose love-affair ended so sadly that, "refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart." As her story is told by the sympathetic guide, "Miss Evelyn" ceases to be a pale wraith of history, and becomes a particularly human girl, badly mistreated by a tyrannical parent.

Shirley, one of the oldest and most complete of the great houses, is still occupied by members of the Carter family—"Cyahtah," the guide called it—who have owned it since 1723. Shirley is possessed of an active if not very romantic ghost. A malicious old relative, Aunt Pratt by name, dead more than a hundred years, will not permit her portrait to be moved from a certain conspicuous place. Whenever such a thing is attempted, Aunt Pratt shows her indignation by rocking so noisily and creakily all night long in an old high-backed chair that her chastened kinspeople hasten to restore her to her accustomed hook.

If Virginia ever organizes and exploits her romantic resources as New England has hers, the stories of the little gold ring of Brandon, of the lovely "Miss Evelyn," and of spiteful old Aunt Pratt will yet receive their rightful place in literature.

# THE STAGE

AN EASY-GOING TALK ABOUT THE THEATRICAL WORLD  
AND THE ACTOR FOLK

By Matthew White, Jr.

THE Broadway season sweeps on in a wave of unexampled prosperity. At this writing, the height of the theatrical year, there are no fewer than twelve play hits and seven musical successes flaunting their dollar-branded banners up and down the Great White Way. There would be even more had not certain managers, lacking the courage of their convictions, neglected to rivet their rights to occupy certain stages, which must in turn be given up to other impatient producers. These are waiting at Manhattan's gates, eager to get their share of the "easy money" to be garnered just now in the Empire City, crowded with strangers as it never was before it took the place of Italy, the Riviera, and Paris as a place to get enjoyment and new clothes.

## Art and the Dollar-Brand

I SAY dollar-branded banners advisedly, for it is to be confessed that in all these crowded auditoriums the cause of drama as an art is not being advanced in any perceptible measure.

"What do you consider the most artistic play of the winter?" was a question put to me the other day, and one which I could not answer with a definite statement.

I might have said that "Pierrot the Prodigal" gave the most enjoyment to people of cultivated tastes; but that would not have been a fair response, inasmuch as "Pierrot," being all pantomime, is not in the strictest sense a play at all. On the other hand, Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married" appeals to a class of playgoers who are bored by the obvious; but perhaps the Shaw piece should also be barred from consideration because it offers practically nothing but dialogue.

Getting down, then, to offerings that have deftly combined both situation and dialogue,

we find Clare Kummer's two hits—"Good Gracious Annabelle" and "A Successful Calamity"; but in each there is a jarring note in plot-construction that puts them out of the running for the art stakes.

After all, the fact that each of these four plays has been a hit is something to be grateful for. Often much less deserving offerings have won out at the box-office!

## Life in "The Imaginary Invalid"

THE more-than-a-century run of "The Yellow Jacket" should not be overlooked in this connection, nor the five special performances in English of Molière's "Malade Imaginaire," also under the auspices of the Coburns.

To the man in the street the name of Molière spells the same sort of highbrow remoteness as does that of Shakespeare; but there was nothing highbrow or remote about the performance of the French classic staged at the Harris Theater by Edith Ellis, who, with sufficient reverence for her author, permitted no literary punctilio to interfere with presenting real farce-comedy in farce-comedy fashion.

Edith Ellis is the sister of Edward Ellis, the clever young actor best remembered, perhaps, for his *Blackie Daw* in "Wallingford." It wouldn't be necessary to recall Miss Ellis to you through her brother if, of late years, she had been on the stage herself. I find, however, that the public is quicker to recollect people whom they have seen in the flesh than those whom they know as playwrights—of which craft Edith Ellis is no mean member. Her "Mary Jane's Pa," with Henry E. Dixey, ran through more than one season less than a decade ago. She has now signed up with the scenario department of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

"The Imaginary Invalid" was the last

play written by the greatest dramatist of France. It was first acted on the 10th of February, 1673, and a few days later Molière himself essayed to play the title-rôle. By a strange freak of fate, he suffered a real and fatal malady—a fit of coughing on the stage burst a blood-vessel, and he died in half an hour.

The audiences that saw this revival of the famous comedy by actors engaged in "The Yellow Jacket" enjoyed themselves hugely, especially over the frankness of certain remarks not usually uttered in modern drawing-rooms. These audiences, by the bye, were as remarkable to look upon as the play, and were composed of smarter material than one usually sees at productions up for a run.

Since the foregoing was written, arrangements have been made to put on "The Imaginary Invalid" for a week's run of evening performances, displacing—can one actually believe it?—a musical comedy.

#### That Front Row at the Manhattan

"THE WANDERER," about which I wrote rather dubiously last month, appears to have a fine chance at the long-distance stakes. One must certainly hand it to Belasco. He surely knows the game as nobody else does. He baits his hook with a scriptural theme, and after he secures his prey, behold, he gives his audiences the sensuous sensation of their usually secluded lives.

Only the other day I heard a woman, an earnest church-member, descanting on the good a play like "The Wanderer" could do. Ye gods and little fishes, and shades of that second act! There is no footlight trough between the actors and the audience at the Manhattan, and at the second night's performance I saw a man reach up and stroke the arm of a houri who had prostrated herself over the edge of the stage-apron. There's a line of these scantily clad beauties going through gyrations supposed to be suggestive of revelry in the house of *Tisha*, the temptress. Let the church-member in search of edification go to "Old Lady Thirty-One" rather than "The Wanderer"!

Perhaps, if "Ben-Hur" got two dollars a seat in its early nights, "The Wanderer" may be worth the dollar and a half asked for it at the Manhattan; but I wonder how

long the front row will remain at the present figure?

#### "Oh, Boy!" Is O. K.

SPEAKING of prices, the tiny Princess gets away with musical shows by charging two dollars and fifty cents for a chair. Its latest hit, "Oh, Boy!" is worth every cent of the price. The piece is clean as a whistle, and bright and keen of wit as Damascus steel. As to the music—well, it's by Jerome Kern, which says enough for its tunefulness.

Life with Jerry Kern, of recent seasons, is just one hit after another, as "Love o' Mike" and "Have a Heart" are both his. Speaking of the latter, its clever young dancer, Donald Macdonald, made his début on Broadway at the same time as young Kern, who is only thirty-two now. This was in 1912, with "The Red Petticoat," Kern's first entire score. Since then he's done "Very Good Eddie," and many others. In "Oh, Boy!" he is yoked up with that clever team of librettists, Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, who are not old enough in the business to have exhausted all their ideas.

The story is about a young couple who marry on the quiet, and tells what happens when the fellow's friends spring a surprise-party on him. The young fellow is Tom Powers, whom we have seen twice already this season in straight shows—"Mr. Lazarus" and "Mile-a-Minute Kendall." All young Powers's cleverness couldn't save either from being failures, and I'm glad to find him in a hit at last, even if he had to go into a fresh realm, that of musical comedy, to achieve it.

Tom is a mighty nice chap, guaranteed not to swagger or talk about himself, and he would grace any afternoon tea into which you cared to introduce him. In "Oh, Boy!" he manages neatly with all the singing he has to do, and sports a captivating little side partner in Marie Carroll, who just stepped across the street from the ingénue in "Old Lady Thirty-One."

Anna Wheaton is a revelation. We know her fairly well, but never before has she had the chance she enjoys in "Oh, Boy!" Here she is Jackie Sampson, playing *Modesty* in "Experience"—a bit of free advertising that Comstock & Elliott get in



for their other show. I met Miss Wheaton when she was the dancing-partner of Donald Macdonald, but now she has the opportunity to do much more than dance. She and Hal Forde—with "Adele" at the Longacre in the autumn of 1913—have a corking song, "Nesting Time in Flatbush," which shows Wodehouse at his best as a writer of lyrics. If you are not a New Yorker it may be worth while to add that Flatbush is a section of Brooklyn traditionally regarded as a subject for derision.

Miss Wheaton hails from Savannah, was in the Winter Garden's "Honeymoon Express," and more recently in vaudeville; but it's safe to say nothing but a motion-picture salary will budge her from "Oh, Boy!" for some time to come.

### The Merit in "Magic"

ANY theatrical season is enriched by the production in one bill of Chesterton's "Magic" and Galsworthy's "The Little Man." Each is distinctly a piece for the intellectual playgoer, but neither, praise be, invokes the element of sex to execute its mission.

"Magic" is the only play credited to Gilbert K. Chesterton, the English journalist and critic, who said once of Charles Dickens: "People read other books over again because they have forgotten them. They read Dickens again and again because they remember him." The author calls "Magic" a fantastic comedy, but there is so much good philosophy, so much underlying truth in the thing, that the classification seems almost too modest.

O. P. Heggie, who first came to America to play in "The New Sin," and scored his biggest hit last spring in "Justice," is altogether admirable as the conjurer. Fine, too, is Donald Gallaher as the young man who had been "out" to the United States and returned prepared to disbelieve everything. The quarrel between the two brings a real thrill with it, and Heggie's love passages with Cathleen Nesbitt are replete with charm. The three short acts all take place in a duke's drawing-room, but the brief prelude shows us "a plantation of thin young trees in a misty and rainy twilight" with striking effectiveness.

Mr. Heggie has the title-rôle in "The Little Man," the Galsworthy whimsy in one

act and three scenes, which serves as curtain-raiser to one of the notable bills of the year. In this he is left in charge of a child supposed to have typhus. His quiet heroism in sticking where all others run is the theme, strung out to too great length—the American, particularly, talks too much—but enriched in more spots than one with dramatic strokes.

### A Really Human Picture

At last that anomaly—a motion-picture which deserves all the good things said of it in advance by the publicity man. This is "The Honor System," produced by William Fox at the Lyric Theater on Lincoln's Birthday, as a successor to "A Daughter of the Gods," which it outfoots in every particular. It has a story, clear-cut and full of heart appeal, which it tells in straight-away fashion, punctuated with comedy touches that are a legitimate part of the general scheme, and the whole acted by a cast of rare capability.

Heading the list of players is Milton Sills as the young man imprisoned for life because of a murder "framed" on him in the well-wrought-out story by Henry Christeen Warnack, produced for the screen by R. A. Walsh. Not a little of the praise, too, should go to Hettie Gray Baker, by whom the subtitles were written, and much to S. L. Rothapfel, who staged the deft wedding of sound to sight in the Lyric presentation.

### Picturing "The Poor Little Rich Girl"

"THE best picture Mary has made!"

This was the comment that I heard from professional spectators as I left the Forty-Fourth Street Theater after the private showing of "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

I had gone with keen zest. The play had been a favorite with me. Here, I told myself, is an opportunity for the film people to outdo themselves. And the result—disappointment, so far as I was concerned.

More than half the picture is taken up with preparation, leaving little space for the strange fancies of the child's delirium. There are no ducks and drakes, and the most thrilling scene of all in the speaking play—riding the hobbies—is also missing; but we get plenty of bath-room stunts, when *Gwen* goes in to dress herself, locking

out the nurse, and proceeding to revel in the turning on of various faucets. Of course, training a stream from the shampoo-hose through the keyhole to drench nurse is a sure-fire laugh on the screen, and the little millionairess does not shrink from a thorough wetting in a conservatory, where, dressed in boy's clothes, she has a fight with street-urchins and gets the hose turned on her.

A really clever innovation from the story is the introduction of another little girl for *Gwen* to play with—a child who turns out to be a serious-minded young person with spectacles and a rather ugly disposition. The quarrel between the two is really funny, and precipitates the liveliest episodes in the picture, which is certain to be popular in spite of its missed opportunities.

### Mary Pickford Then and Now

WHEN the play was first brought out at the Hudson in the spring of 1913, Viola Dana, now with the Metro movies, played the heroine. Mary Pickford was then acting in the flesh at the Belasco Theater, as the little blind girl in "The Good Little Devil." I had interviews with both of them, and in view of the position Mary Pickford occupies to-day, it may be of interest to look back and repeat a few of the views she expressed at that time.

After telling me that she was born in Toronto, where one of her mother's friends happened to be stage-manager for a stock company, she went on to say that after some little experience in playing children's rôles she moved with her parents to New York, where "the luckiest thing of all happened to me. I got into the movies. Yes, that's the work I like best. And why shouldn't I? You rehearse for perhaps one day, instead of four or five weeks, and there is no terrible worry about whether the play is going to succeed or fail. Then you travel about the country in automobiles, and go to California, Cuba, and all sorts of interesting places. You draw a salary fifty-two weeks in the year, and have all the evenings to yourself, so that you can go to the theater as much as you like."

At this point I find that I interjected the query:

"How about your future? Aren't you ambitious to act some big rôle?"

To which the young woman who within two brief years was to become the veritable queen of the movies replied:

"No, not in emotional drama. What's the use? The public doesn't care for that sort of thing any more, and if people don't think enough of what you do to come in droves to watch it, I can't imagine any other reason for doing it. Light comedy would please me best; but to my mind, after all, the movies are the most satisfying. There is a fascination about the work that never palls."

Miss Pickford still likes to look at the pictures as well as to pose in them. She admitted this no longer ago than the end of 1915, when she told a reporter that her mail ran anywhere from eighty to a hundred and fifty letters a day. Even Maude Adams's popularity cannot attain to such figures, and it may safely be set down that in the whole history of the stage there was never an actress with so wide a vogue. When she was staying at Larchmont last summer she was driven to inserting a notice in the local newspaper, asking that people in the neighborhood would kindly refrain from intruding on her privacy.

### Douglas, Mary, and George

THE last paragraph reminds me that one day, in motoring by, I chanced to run across Douglas Fairbanks, who was spending the week-end at the Pickford cottage. It was almost a literal running across him, too, for he was practising out in the road with a lariat, roping Jack Pickford, Mary's brother, who kept whizzing by in a roadster to see how many times he could dodge the loop.

Jack, by the bye, is no mean picture-player himself. His *Pip* in Dickens's "Great Expectations" was excellent, and so was his hero in "Seventeen." Which reminds me to mention that Mary's sister Lottie is also in the movies, likewise Tom Moore, the brother of Owen, who, as all "movie fans" know, is Mary's husband, and himself a screen favorite with a big following.

Speaking of Fairbanks, he has imitated Miss Pickford's example and become his own manager, releasing through the Artcraft Corporation, which, besides putting the Pickford pictures on the market, also arranges the business details for George

Cohan's film work. Cohan's first picture is "Broadway Jones," while Fairbanks's initial offering is "In Again—Out Again."

### Better by Any Other Name

ONE of the New York Sunday papers recently printed an article covering almost a whole page on the subject of names for plays. I can mention two instances in which, with a different name, a play would probably have scored a much greater hit than it did. Singularly enough, both pieces were produced by the same management in two successive seasons, and the handicap was the same in each instance.

The first was "Young America," which received a perfect avalanche of favorable comments when it was launched in August, 1915; but to the surprise of all who had seen it, the run was a comparatively short one. Last winter Cohan & Harris came forward with "Captain Kidd, Jr.," which was voted, even by hard-headed business men who seldom grow enthusiastic over plays, a corking entertainment; yet its life in New York was measured by less than four months, a brief span in such a season of hits as the one now closing.

Why do I think the titles to blame? Because each name conveyed the idea that the play to which it was attached was meant for children. Most of the playgoing in New York is done by strangers who have no other means of knowing the nature of the piece they pick out than the brief advertisement in the amusement columns. Only a few of them would chance to be in town just when the notices of the first night's performance appear. In fact, a woman told me that she had taken it for granted that "Young America" was a children's play.

The original title of "Captain Kidd, Jr.," was "Buried Treasure"—pretty poor in itself, but not likely to be so hurtful to business as the one finally chosen. "Dig" would have been better, in my judgment. "Young America" was first tried out as "Me and My Dog." I should suggest "On Account of Jasper"—Jasper being the clever dog's name.

### The Crack Cowboy Rakes Up His Past

A SHOW came to town in February, on the crest of the talk about preparedness, which

bore a name happily attuned to the theme of the hour. This was "Johnny, Get Your Gun," a farcical entertainment having nothing whatever to do with military matters, and rendered notable by one predominant factor—one Louis Bennisson, who played a cowboy part.

"Where did you come from?" I asked Mr. Bennisson one night while he was making up in his dressing-room just before the play started.

"From California," he answered.

"Again the Golden State scores in the drama!" I said. "I've often thought that the first recipe for a man or woman who wants to get up in stageland is to arrange to be born in California. But did you come of theatrical folk, and thus gain the open sesame without having to beat your knuckles raw rapping on the stage door?"

"Not exactly that," he answered. "I had an uncle who was a dramatic editor, so I was able to get to see the managers, at least. But believe me, I've had some hard times, all right. Why, out in Chicago—but that's getting ahead of my story. I really began with Robert Downing, one-time leading man for Mary Anderson. He had a stock company on the coast, and I was taken on as a super in 'A Voice from the Wilderness.' This netted me three fifty a week. Within six months I had played *Herod* and finally *John the Baptist*, in the same piece.

"Well, once in the business, I stuck; but it wasn't all plain sailing. You see, that's the drawback in the theatrical game. So much depends on other people besides yourself—the playwright, for instance, whose work may fail and leave all the actors stranded flat. That was my experience in Chicago, of which I started to tell you. I landed there once with just a dollar and twenty-five cents in my clothes, hungry as the dickens, too. I went into the station restaurant for lunch, where they charged me seventy-five cents for my meal. That so disarranged my finances that for a while I had to adopt a crafty scheme for avoiding starvation. I would stroll into a saloon where the free-lunch sign hung out, and glance around till I found a beer-glass standing on the bar with a few drops still left in it. Then, when the barkeep was looking the other way, I'd pick up the glass and hold it jauntily in one hand while I strolled

over to the lay-out table and foraged for food with the other.

"New York? Oh, yes, I played for fourteen weeks as the doctor in 'Damaged Goods' at the Fulton, in 1913. I was here last season in 'The Unchastened Woman,' and years ago with Belasco's 'Heart of Maryland.' Nobody ever seemed to think I was anything out of the ordinary, so it was the shock of my life when I picked up the newspapers on the morning after our Criterion opening in 'Johnny.' Out West and in Pittsburgh the critics had seemed pleased with the play; but while they didn't object to me, there was no raving done."

### Tom Wise and Billy Courtenay

ANOTHER book play! And yet by this time producers must know that the critics always put a sharp point on their pencils when the dramatization of a novel is staged.

The latest offering to challenge their prejudice against this class of productions is "Pals First," made by Lee Wilson Dodd from a story by Francis Perry Elliott. Calling myself a chronicler rather than a critic, I will admit that I liked the play, which opens with a fascinating view of a stone wall in Tennessee, ending up against an imposing iron gateway. Contrary to the usual precedent, the two stars, Tom Wise and William A. Courtenay, are the first to appear. An air of mystery, the play's keynote, is at once thrown over the proceedings, and is skilfully maintained to the last. Need I say, bearing in mind the title, that the theme is crime?

Wise, fresh from a second essay as *Falstaff* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is altogether delightful as *Dominie*, who has served time in Sing Sing. His present association with a younger fellow recalls his heyday period with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gentleman from Mississippi." Courtenay and Wise, by the bye, were together once before in the most famous stock company the city of Albany ever boasted.

You'd never guess Wise to be an Englishman, would you? Well, he was born over there, like *David Copperfield*, several months after his father's death. According to a confession he made two years ago, during the run of "Polygamy," his father and mother were both Mormons. As a small boy he journeyed with his family to Salt

Lake by ox-team in 1868, the year before the Union Pacific Railway united the two sides of the continent. After the death of a stepfather—a polygamist—the mother took the children to California, Tom being then seven years old.

Mr. Wise has two grievances—one, that incompetent motion-picture directors will persist in telling stars from the stage how to act for the screen, and the other that managers are so prejudiced against baseball plays that none of them will even look at one the author of "Kindling" has written, with a part for Wise which he is crazy to play. But he told this to a Washington reporter two years ago; meantime he has had his first whack at Shakespeare, and came off with such flying colors as the Fat Knight that perhaps he has forgotten these petty annoyances.

Courtenay—not to be confounded with William Courtleigh, who has a grown son, now married and in the movies—was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1875, and his early acting years were spent with Richard Mansfield, with whom, for instance, he acted *Lorenzo* in "The Merchant of Venice." Playgoers will recall him last season as *Captain Redmond* of the Irish Guards, in "Under Fire," and before that he was featured as *Steven Denby* in "Under Cover."

One of his most notable impersonations was the young lover in Pinero's "Iris," in 1902, when he played opposite Virginia Harned, to whom he has been married for the past eight or ten years. Their home, close to New York in the Sound section, is a happy gathering-spot for their friends in the profession. Following "Iris," Mr. Courtenay appeared with Miss Harned as the Arctic explorer in the play by E. H. Sothorn, "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes."

### John Craig Moves on New York

SPEAKING of plays by Mr. Sothorn, I have just seen another—"Stranger Than Fiction." John Craig and his wife, Mary Young, came over from Boston to inaugurate with it a new policy at the Garrick—that of trying out "plays with possibilities."

He is a native of Tennessee, where he was born in 1868. For nearly seven years he was a member of Augustin Daly's company,



during which period he served as leading man to Ada Rehan during the notable run of "Twelfth Night" for one hundred and fifteen performances in London. Among his discoveries in plays at the Castle Square was "Common Clay," last season's hit with Jane Cowl and John Mason at the Republic.

### Arliss Puts on the Soft Pedal

Of three revivals made in the Broadway houses this season—"Her Husband's Wife," "The Great Divide," and "The Professor's Love Story"—the last-named promises to be the most successful in popular appeal. Possibly the vogue of Barrie, the author, may have something to do with the public desire to see it, even though critics have claimed that its present protagonist, George Arliss, falls a bit short in the title-rôle. The habit of associating Mr. Arliss with stern types persists, and this eminent player is now suffering a possible misjudgment as the penalty for several years' easy success.

Mr. Arliss has been acting in America for fifteen seasons, having first come over to play *Cayley Drummie* with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," after which Belasco snapped him up for *Zakkuri*, the war minister in "The Darling of the Gods." In all that time the only failures with which he has been concerned have been "Septimus" and "Paganini," the latter tried out last autumn. He was born in London in 1868, the son of a printer and publisher. "The Professor's Love Story" was first produced in New York in the latter part of 1892, with the late E. S. Willard as the star.

### Working the Japanese Vein

"THIS is the nuttiest thing I've ever seen!"

Such was the comment, by a woman, that I heard behind me at the second performance of "The Willow Tree," a fantasy of Japan which Cohan & Harris planted at their theater in the evident hope that it might rival the laurels recently reaped by the second advent of "The Yellow Jacket." Benrimo, part author of the Chinese drama, is one of the writers of "The Willow Tree," the other being Harrison Rhodes, who was concerned in "The Gentleman from Mississippi."

My heart always sinks when I pick up a

program and find a legend printed therein explanatory of the proceedings to come. I confess that in this instance I did not read it, but I understand it had to do with the belief that putting a mirror in the breast of an image would bring that image to life. In "The Willow Tree" *Edward Hamilton*, a young Englishman who has come to Japan to forget an unhappy love-affair, does just that, and the statue becomes a living thing, like Galatea. Need it be said that they wildly love each other? Then comes news of the war, of the need for *Hamilton* at home; but the image, for whose sentient existence he feels himself responsible, is so wholly dependent on him that he puts love before even patriotism and bluntly refuses to budge.

You, the experienced playgoer, can imagine the rest. The image will not hear of such a sacrifice. She knows that when the willow is chopped down, back she goes to rigidity; so she tells *Nogo* to get the ax, and presently one hears the thud which means the tree has fallen.

Of course, such a production is supposed to reflect more credit on its sponsors than the presentation of a farce, say, like "Officer 666"; but unless you belong to a certain pseudo-literary set, you won't really enjoy yourself as much in witnessing it. It's miles too long. The chopping should be done to the things that *Edward* and his innamorata say with endless repetitions.

Furthermore, it was a mistake to have the image and the English girl played by the same actress, even so clever a one as Fay Bainter, who left that really entertaining war play, "Arms and the Girl," to create the heroine of "The Willow Tree." The doubling involves a regular *Box and Cox* skipping about and slamming of doors, with no reason except to keep the public from peeping—all of which jars the artistic atmosphere so carefully preserved elsewhere.

Shelley Hull, just out of "The Cinderella Man," makes an attractive hero—if one can call such a weakling heroic—and Richard Taber excels in an all too briefly viewed type of a flip Jap eager to enter Cornell.

### This Author Gives Himself an Inning

It was an actual relief to pick up the program at the cinema view of "The Barrier" and to see in the cast not a single

name that I recognized. The Rex Beach Pictures Company is presenting the film, and naturally features the author. This is by way of being a novelty, especially in the picture business, where the writer of the story, if he is mentioned at all, must be content to tail on after the players, the director, and the camera man have all had their innings.

I had never read the novel, and can say frankly that I can't recall when I have enjoyed a picture so much. The house-bill says:

Every one in the cast has been selected because of fitting qualities. The actor has been chosen for the part, not the part for the actor.

This may be very reprehensible from the view-point of training players, but it makes thoroughly delightful ensemble work for the spectators.

Mr. Beach himself picked the cast, chose the localities for the taking of the scenes—which I believe was not done in the West at all—superintended the rehearsals, and even wrote the subtitles. The result is a triumph. Imagine the joy of never getting a close-up just because the star wants us to see how successfully he or she can "mug," but only when something in the action really calls for a near view of the actor.

#### A Bit About "The Brat"

MAUDE FULTON admits that she rewrote "The Brat" at least twice. I'll venture to say that one of the times was to arrange matters so that she could ring in a dance without having it pitchforked upon the stage out of a clear sky. You see, the lead was intended for Peggy O'Neill, one of the many Pegs in Mr. Morosco's "typical casts," so there was no thought of twinkling toes in the original draft of the thing. But you couldn't expect any American manager to forego an opportunity of exploiting the particular talent that helped to make the team of Rock & Fulton famous.

"The Brat," by Maude Fulton, dancer, is a much-better-made play than "Stranger Than Fiction," by E. H. Sothorn, Shakespearean actor. Some of the parts are not as well written as others, but the characters that count the most are done the best. While some of the next morning reviewers thought that Miss Fulton would have

been wiser had she placed her heroine in other hands, I can't agree with them.

Maude Fulton was born in Kansas, and has always wanted to write plays; but it's easier to get yourself into vaudeville than to get your play on the stage. The original version of "The Brat" was finished two years ago. It was produced last August in Los Angeles, where it ran fifteen weeks. Judging by the laughter I heard the other night at the Harris, it should easily equal that record in New York.

Oddly enough, "The Brat's" first night in Manhattan fell on the same evening with that of "Stranger Than Fiction," the play by Sothorn. The hero in each is a novelist seeking material in real life. In "The Brat," this part is played by Lewis S. Stone, a Pacific coast actor brought to Broadway by Morosco along with "The Bird of Paradise," Edmond Lowe, the younger brother with whom the *Brat*, at the eleventh hour, finds she is really in love, is another of this season's newcomers from the West. He ranks along with Tom Powers and Henry Hull as a leading juvenile find for whom Broadway is deeply grateful.

#### "Our Betters" Maugham's Best

ETHEL BARRYMORE abandoned Somerset Maugham's "Our Betters," preferring a return to the movies. I wonder if she balked at playing a rôle beside which the one depicted by Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza" was a paragon of virtue.

When the Frohmans released the comedy, it was taken over by John Williams, who has produced it with a wonderful all-round cast. Among the players are Chrystal Herne, as the unspeakable female aforesaid, and Rose Coghlan as an antiquated duchess, born of Chicago pork millions, divorced from a French duke, and now living in London, where she supports a young man of twenty-five, admirably played by Ronald Squire.

Miss Herne put over the best work I have ever seen from her, and if everybody acts on the hint conveyed by the next day's advertisement—"Tell everybody what you think about 'Our Betters'"—the Maugham comedy should hold the stage at the Hudson till hot weather drives it off. It's shocking, to be sure, but there's a real purpose behind the shock.

# The World of Music

## The Musical Season of 1916-1917

**T**HE tumult and the shouting, if not dead, is by this time of year distinctly moribund. The opera season has closed, and the spring line of concerts and recitals will soon come tumbling after. Whatever can be said on topics musical, therefore, must be mainly retrospective.

And mainly of New York, as well. For it is only natural that New York, even more dominant over musical than over dramatic and literary activities, should be the base of that huge, wide-spreading fan of concert tours which aim at national reputation. New York, just as it makes or breaks a play, sets up or quashes the artists of the year. That is why, for the sake of a few well-juggled press-notices to reprint into circulars, the pianist from Kansas, the soprano from Denmark, and the cellist from Brazil are willing to endure, and pay for, two or three almost empty Æolian Halls before beginning their tours across the land.

It isn't only to European musicians that Manhattan stands as port of call. The Chicagoans come, too, hungry for larger worlds to conquer. The Hub's classic severity isn't enough for Bostonians. St. Louis sent more than a dozen débutantes, this year; Milwaukee at least six; Cincinnati a whole symphony orchestra. It was to New York as arbiter they came, resigned to make the best of New York's verdict.

All of which may be unfair, may be ruinous to the upbuilding of a national artistic standard; but there is fact enough in it to justify the focusing of most of our attention upon those few operatic and concert stages which are musical Gotham.

## A Busy Year at the Metropolitan

Of the Metropolitan Opera House season, this much can readily be said—that it has been the fullest, busiest, and most active year ever accomplished in the history of that institution. All that Mr. Gatti-Casazza promised—and he promised much—has been carried out faithfully and to the best of America's present ability.

The war has played its obstructive part, of course. Many singers are in the trenches

who have yet to fulfil New York contracts. Puccini's latest opera is withheld from us by international copyright complications. Other composers, in a Europe torn and devastated, have been in a mood to write little that would be suitable for us. Mr. Gatti could only take what was in the world's cupboard, and it is no fault of his if the shelves had a *Mother Hubbard* bareness.

As a matter of fact, nearly forty operas were produced at the Metropolitan this year—a larger number than ever before. Six of them were distinct revivals, two of them brand-new. But though neither of these two novelties was vastly appreciated either by critics or audiences, they are both of a sort to grow into further favor.

"There's a fashion in music," and certainly both Zandonai's and DeKoven's operas are persistently new and present-day in spirit and theme, in tonal striving and emotional effect. They quite compensate, by way of modernity, for all the "Martas" and "Aidas" and "Rigolettos" which drew such enormous Caruso houses while most sorely discouraging the newer school of complainers.

## Zandonai and "Francesca"

ZANDONAI was hardly known to Americans before his "Francesca da Rimini" was produced, early in the season. One or two of his symphonic poems, not half so splendid as their titles, have since found their way into concert programs; but his American reputation will be connected with this opera, based upon D'Annunzio's telling of the famous thirteenth-century tragedy. And it is even more D'Annunzio's fault if its first audiences were as much repelled as fascinated by this version of Italy's dearest love-story.

For there is a brutality more than medieval in some of its episodes. Imagine a battle in full progress on the windy top of a castle tower—a battle confused with a hundred fiendish realities. The air is black, at times, with hurtling rocks. Arrows are flying in such numbers that shields rattle loudly to receive them. Wounded men are falling in heaps or tumbling out into mid air. One of them is writhing on the stones,

for pain of a gouged-out eye. Great cranes, ten men high, are lifting huge pots of pitch or molten metal to cast down upon the heads of the attackers.

All the while there is a demoniacal shrieking and groaning of orchestral accompaniment such as would drown the lyric passion of any *Paolo* and *Francesca*. Yet it is in such a whipped and bloody broth that the composer saw fit to steep that tender moment when the lovers confess their need of each other.

Or imagine *Paolo's* two brothers plotting his death in a darkened armory, with the severed head of a political rival lying on the ground beside them in a slovenly bundle. Or picture the guilty lovers alive and loving in one moment of glorious duet, both to be flung to the floor, ten seconds later, in the agony of death. The avenging husband has only to break his sword across his mailed knee after that—and it is over. The climax and catastrophe of the greatest of love-stories consummated in fifteen ruthless seconds. No wonder the curtain descends upon a series of dissonant, monotonous chords, unfinished, unsatisfied, bewildering!

There was universal notice, however, of the manner in which "*Francesca*" was produced. No opera has ever had more beautiful and imaginative settings than this one; and it is notable that, the work of a Milanese artist, they were done in New York, and not, according to Metropolitan custom, made in Germany.

There was a first-act scene that fairly dripped with spring-time, morning sunlight gleaming up the tremendous stone balustrades, roses and first love everywhere in a riot of color. There were great, darkly draped halls, later on, their really old windows bordered by carved grilles, against which the warm splendors of the sky and the silhouette of a woman's arm were esthetic triumphs. These are trifles, perhaps, to place in the scales for judging Zandonai's opera; but they are trifles too rarely considered, so far, by operatic stage-directors.

### The Quest for an American Opera

"*The Canterbury Pilgrims*," rehearsing all through the season, waited for the ides of March for its first production anywhere. It was the fifth indication of Mr. Gatti's hope eternal to find a truly adequate American opera, which might be sung in English and

added permanently to the polyglot repertory of the Metropolitan.

The other four had hardly justified that hope. "*The Pipe of Desire*," produced in 1910, had only three performances in all. Two years later came "*Mona*," which had four. The next year Mr. Damrosch's "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" set the high-water mark—none too high—with five performances. Victor Herbert's "*Madeline*," in 1914, went back to four. How long a life awaits this new Reginald DeKoven work, guaranteed though it is for a fair number of trials, is a matter of conjecture which would carry us beyond the present year.

Certain it is that in "*The Canterbury Pilgrims*," founded on Percy Mackaye's play of the same name, the great American opera has not been found; but then no one expected it. We looked for a pleasant comic opera, another "*Robin Hood*" of somewhat grander pretensions—and that is just what we got. Always tuneful, never very profound, it has a good many rollicking choruses, a string of love arias which are not entirely paste, a sunniness and optimism to make good-humored appeal to those tired financiers who must sit behind their wives in the parterre boxes.

Chief of its novelties, of course, is the introduction of Chaucer into opera, and, with him, the whole merry cavalcade of characters from out of his "*Canterbury Tales*." Chaucer, as Mr. Sembach sang him, and Mme. Ober's *Wife of Bath* were gifted with tongues of richly Germanic flavor—as if Mr. DeKoven's famous old "brown October ale" had been superseded by seidels of Pilsner brew—but the conceit was not spoiled, nor the English altogether extracted.

For this opera, too, no less than for "*Francesca*," there were a prodigality of scenery and a taste in costuming which made it quite a holiday production. Three of the four acts were set in or about old English inns—the first in the historic Tabard courtyard, the second among garden posies, the third an old tap-room of deep shadows and fire-glow, with a grouping of the crowd as finely perfected for large effect and striking detail as ever Hogarth could do it.

To Richard Ordynski, who came to this country a few years ago with Reinhardt, and who was specially engaged as stage-director of "*The Canterbury Pilgrims*," this par-



ticular Metropolitan *première* owes most of its visual glory. The climactic spectacle comes in the last act, set before the west front of the cathedral, with all the Chaucerian panoply of king and courtiers, pilgrims and worshipers, soldiers, priests, and peasantry gathered to make a royal church-going. The American stage, legitimate or operatic, has never had a braver and more blazing bit of pageantry.

### The Revival of "Thaïs"

THE revivals of the year went back, almost without exception, to the classical and melodic schools which instructed opera's childhood. It was in these revivals, if anywhere, that the charge of reactionism might have been justified; but there are gratefully large percentages of audiences to-day, as there have been in every other year of the past century, who prefer their Mozart and their Donizetti to Puccini and Wolf-Ferrari, and who are ready to endure a Richard Strauss arrangement when it is based on Gluck.

"Thaïs," however, was, of course, the most important of the year's revivals. Echoes of the gone but not forgotten Mr. Hammerstein and his Manhattan opera campaign floated in and out and round about the lobby of the Metropolitan when this work of Massenet's was resuscitated. Mary Garden sat in the front row and watched Geraldine Farrar, her successor in the rôle of the Alexandrian courtesan, and heard from other lips the lines which she herself interpreted with such dramatic fervor just a decade ago. And Miss Farrar paid this much of a compliment to Miss Garden's pioneering—her gown of cloth of gold was cut upon those same scant lines which made the former *Thaïs* famous. It was a gown to conjure with, and to win a monk.

There has seldom been so successful a piece of team-work in operatic history as that which Mary Garden and Renaud operated in the Massenet romance. Against the memory of their performance Miss Farrar and Pasquale Amato had to combat desperately; nor was the victory altogether theirs, for Amato never rose to heights loftier than satisfactory.

As for Geraldine Farrar's conception of her part, there was justification enough for two whispered rumors—first, that she had no wish of her own to interpret the gilded

penitent, but had had the honor thrust upon her; second, that she was always at her worst when heard in a new rôle, anyhow. As a matter of fact, her subsequent trials at *Thaïs* did take on more of the human touch that they needed.

It only remains to repeat Miss Garden's verdict on that first night of revival:

"Say, maybe I didn't sing it as well as she does. Maybe I didn't look the part like she does. But, say, I did *feel* it—and that's more than she does!"

### Other Revivals of the Season

BIZET in a new light was rediscovered when his "The Pearl Fishers" had its revival at the very beginning of the season. It was Bizet the Orientalist, with an opera which never has been and never will be as popular as "Carmen," and yet which has some musical moments far richer, more ecstatic, than can be extracted from any episode of that gutter tragedy of Seville. To revive it was a labor of love—and, like all such, mostly a labor lost.

Then came "The Elixir of Love," Donizetti's little farce of Italian village life. Mr. Gatti declares it his favorite opera. Caruso, by the zest of his acting, proved that it was his, too. Both of these gentlemen have cause to bless the foolish old piece, for it was practically their making when they were connected with Milan's La Scala, according to Gatti's own story.

A starry cast revived it here. Caruso headed it, with Didur as the quack doctor who had nostrums to cure even love-sick boobies, and Scotti as the sergeant who, for all his martial strut, followed out the proverb and was unlucky in his amours. Frieda Hempel—who, until her departure at the end of February, was the hardest-worked member of the Metropolitan company, and who gained favor so steadily that her leaving left a gap only too difficult to fill—played the village flirt whom the elixir, *plus* a fortune, finally won.

Miss Hempel's rôle was taken, later, by Mme. Barrientos, the quality of whose voice is now and ever shall be the readiest theme of debate wherever two or three of musical tendencies are gathered together. There are those who credit this young Spanish prima donna with a far finer coloratura than Tetrazzini; there are those who quote the criticism of N. P. Willis upon a singer of his

day—that "he had gone to hear a soprano and fled to dodge a mosquito."

In "The Marriage of Figaro," again, which is so much a test of grace and dignity of voice, it was Miss Hempel who shone forth most brightly. And yet De Luca's *Figaro*, in this as well as in "The Barber of Seville," called forth warm praise. If any one man has come persistently forward in the past season, it is De Luca; for when he is good, he is very, very good—and he's not half bad when he's otherwise.

Two further revivals remain to be mentioned—"Lakme," which a similar story in Japanese trappings had not driven entirely from before the conductor's baton, and Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris."

It was the quaintly beautiful production of the latter which brought forth the stormiest accusations of a backward step in this year's music. Alas, the charge is not without its pinch of the sardonic when we read that, in its day, "Iphigenia" was so revolutionary, so full of strange, new things as to gain the hisses of every musician of elegance! There's no respect for grandfatherdom even in music.

### No Ban on German Opera

THE war's shadow crept overseas and curiously close to the footlights of the Metropolitan. A production of "Tristan" in London and a gala performance of "Faust" in Berlin were not enough to keep New York's opera on a wholly international plane. The season had not long progressed before there was talk of a campaign in favor of barring all German opera. It may be recalled that only a few years ago there was a similar launching of propaganda against Italian opera and Italian singers.

The new cabal never reached beyond the stage of warlike intentions and one or two embittered newspaper criticisms. Wagner continued to receive his frequent due. "Der Rosenkavalier" went through as many and as successful performances as ever. And the "Ring des Nibelungen," given on successive Thursday afternoons in February, was sung to houses crowded as never before.

Through years of struggle, with half-empty tiers and the scant praise of a timorous few, the Nibelung cycle has come to be one of the most notable and popular annual features of the opera. Weeks before "Rheingold" begins, the last seats are being

subscribed for. We have given firm foundation to the whole tetralogy, prologue and all.

### Some Young American Singers

THE great war has not been wholly without its benefits to the world of music. One of these is the fact that the young American singer, so long complaining of prejudice and neglect, is perforce receiving her share and more of opportunities.

Edith Mason, for instance, sang the *Priores* in Mr. DeKoven's opera, and, for some time, the ingénue of "Der Rosenkavalier." Tiny though she is, she has taken on full stellar magnitude in the eyes of the operatic world. And she is not the only young American girl to sing the blond and tearful *Micaela* of "Carmen." That tempting rôle went, on other occasions, to Anna Case, who, in spite of her beauty and her clear, remarkably governed voice, had hitherto had to content herself with humbler crusts, if not crumbs.

The season's long-distance leap, however, must be credited to Mabel Garrison, who substituted one evening in "The Magic Flute," and awoke to find herself a permanently fixed *Queen of the Night*. Years of patient waiting had to be endured before this mantle, ermine-lined, could fall upon American shoulders.

Kathleen Howard, whose contralto was new to the Metropolitan last autumn, received important and exacting rôles from the beginning. She had served a New York apprenticeship with the old Century company; but, even so, it is doubtful if she could have had so many plump chances had it not been for the war.

Strangest of all, in its way, is the fact that no American men have been added to the company. There is Whitehill, of course; but there always was Whitehill. The operatic suffrage isn't even equal.

### The Coming of Galli-Curci

How many sensations a season—that is, new stars which will truly pour out radiance for years to come, and will not flicker out almost as quickly as they began to gleam? Not more than one, as a rule. A season such as this, which had three, can be starred with asterisks in the musical almanac.

There has been a continual lament, voiced wherever the splutterings of a fountain pen could be transmuted into print, that this has

been a dismally overcrowded year. There has been a daily recurrent complaint of the cramming of suburban sopranos and settlement-school violinists into the crucible of our concert-halls. Grant this the case, and there's ten times more glory for these ascendent three.

Galli-Curci, soprano, first and foremost—the Marchesa Amelita Galli-Curci, if you have the usual American reverence for a European title. An Italian by birth, a cosmopolitan of six languages, an authority on literature as well as on piano-playing, young, trim, and beautiful—and there you have a hint of the intellectuality and charm that Mme. Galli-Curci brings to her singing.

Fresh from a conquest of South America, where she sang with Caruso and Ruffo, she made her American début with the Chicago Opera Company, under Campanini. She sang without a contract, but when she finished her first evening of "Rigoletto," Mr. Campanini sent for her husband and signed her services for three years to come. Since then she has been filling the Auditorium at seven dollars a seat. Her success as *Gilda* was followed by still greater triumphs in "Lucia," "Traviata," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Barber of Seville."

Mme. Galli-Curci began her professional career as a pianist. It was Mascagni, composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," who discovered the greatness of her voice and advised her to take up singing as a profession. Up to the time of her début in grand opera, at the Costanzi, in Rome, she was absolutely self-taught.

It is only a question of time, doubtless, before New Yorkers will be able to hear her at the Metropolitan. She came East on a short business trip in the early spring; but either she or her manager had learned the better part of valor. Those who would hear her at all costs traveled all the way to Albany, the nearest city where she gave a public concert. The next day a deputation of wayworn but ecstatic listeners could chant of nothing but the qualities of voice, the dramatic expression, and the personality of Mme. Galli-Curci.

### Two Remarkable Young Pianists

THERE has been a positive plethora of pianists from South and Central America. The pan-continental union is a thing accomplished, if music is its proof. Brazilians,

Chileans, and Panamanians have had trial all through the season. One of them, Rosita Renard, arrived to make a favorable impression only in the last few weeks.

That was the way it was with Guiomar Novaes, last year. Her hearing came late, and New York scarcely had a chance, then, to appreciate the artist in its midst; but as soon as the season of 1916-1917 began, Miss Novaes shot up to realms reserved for the famous. To-day she is one of the three or four most popular pianists in the country.

She is still in her early twenties, too. Some few years of European training and concerts, after she had left her native Argentina, gave her skill to consummate what is almost sheer genius. Her youth, her sex, her pretty features are dashed away the moment she begins to play by an intensity of feeling equaled only by the brilliance of her technique. She has been the season's vogue; her real worth will outlast the vagaries of fashion.

Far distant from Argentina was the birthplace of Mischa Levitski; it was somewhere on the river Dnieper, in the region of Kief. To the Americans who heard his first recital, and who made haste to hail him as a coming Josef Hofmann, it was more interesting that the boy—he is still in his teens—received his public-school education at an institution no farther distant than St. Nicholas Avenue and One Hundred and Seventeenth Street.

The lad went back to Europe later to study under Dohnanyi. His first recital, given in Budapest, was prepared on only three days' notice. He was still recovering from a recent illness when he made his New York début on the 17th of last October. It would be hazardous to cry his merits to the sky if many crowded audiences had not already done so. Whatever his present youthful faults, his future is in pledge to the highest and sincerest art.

For, with all his success, Levitski is a modest, unaffected boy. When he plays, he is content to sit snug against the back of his chair, with his hair untousled, and not a single unnecessary flourish of his nimble fingers. He has learned, even before the chastening of middle age, that music has its simple truths. It is, perhaps, because he elects to tell them simply that the young Russian-American has found such eager and appreciative listeners.

# The Gift Supreme\*

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Author of "The Air Trust," "The Alibi," etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

A CHANCE meeting at a "gospel mission" in the slums of Boston develops into a friendship between Bradford Vinton, the son of a rich Back Bay family, and Sylvia Alden, a girl of much lower social station. Sylvia is a ship-captain's daughter, and since her father's death at sea she has supported herself and helped to support her aunt and a younger brother. Bradford admires her not only for her beauty, but also for her cheerful energy and efficiency, which put to shame his life of cultured leisure; and before long he realizes that he is deeply in love with her. When he tells her so, she warns him that they belong to different worlds, and that he cannot marry her without suffering social disaster; but his passion overpowers her resistance, and she admits that she loves him. Her prediction of trouble is speedily verified, for Eliot Vinton, the young man's father, tells Bradford to choose between his family and his *fiancée*. Young Vinton's reply is to leave home, practically penniless, and deeply incensed against his father on learning that Captain Alden was in the service of the elder Vinton, that he died owing four thousand dollars to his employer, and that Sylvia has since been struggling to pay off the debt, Eliot Vinton having insisted upon every penny due.

With the aid of one Irvin Stagg, a disbarred lawyer, and his still more disreputable son, Meiny Stagg, Mr. Vinton plans to strike at Sylvia. He gets her dismissed from her position as clerk in a sail-loft; and finally, when he produces an affidavit making shocking charges against her, the girl's spirit is utterly broken, and she disappears, leaving no clue to her whereabouts. Bradford, searching for her in vain, and bitterly resentful against his father, secures employment in a printers'-roller factory. He devotes his spare time to the management of a cheap lodging-house and eating-room, at the corner of Fleet Street and Garden Court, where he finds opportunities of helping men who are in sore need of help. To this place, which is called the Little Haven, there chance to come Meiny Stagg and one of his companions of the underworld, known as Dopy Dan. A quarrel arising, Bradford throws Meiny out, incidentally confiscating a bundle of morphin prescriptions which young Stagg had intended to sell to drug-users. Dan is left behind, and Bradford undertakes to wean him from his morphin habit—a painful and even dangerous ordeal. Meiny next sends another of his minions, Mugs Rafferty, a former pugilist, to avenge his defeat, but Bradford first knocks the fellow out and then, Rafferty being in contrite mood, installs him as "athletic director" of the Little Haven.

Dan, while in Bradford's care, confesses to his would-be rescuer that he helped Meiny Stagg to "frame up" the false charges against Sylvia, and that he knows where she is—at St. Philip's Hospital, where she is serving as a nurse. Leaving Rafferty in charge of Dan, Bradford hurries to the hospital with high hopes, which are bitterly disappointed when he is informed that there is no nurse named Alden there.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### THE DOCTOR'S SIGNATURE

AS Bradford came in view of Garden Court he beheld the wizened little figure of Joe, the cripple, standing on his crutches at the door, gazing anxiously down Fleet Street. At sight of him Joe waved an excited hand and broke out into a shrill cry:

"Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown! Come quick! Hey, Mr. Brown!"

Some prescience of trouble tightened round Bradford's heart as he hastened his steps.

"What is it, Joe?" he demanded.

"Gee, Mr. Brown, I been pipin' de street fer half an hour! I'm awful glad you come back!" He spoke with wild agitation, his black eyes burning in his pain-wasted face. "Rough-house up dere—big rough-house!" His thumb jerked toward the upper regions of the Haven.

\* Copyright, 1916, by George Allan England—This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE



"Rough-house? What kind of rough-house, Joe? The dope, you mean?"

"Sure!" answered Joe, panting with excitement. "He's been hollerin' moider—bustin' up de chairs—"

"What? Hasn't Muggs kept him quiet?"

"He's been scrappin' wit' him, de dooper has—he's strong as a bughouse guy. An' now—now—"

"Well, what?"

"Now he's went all to de bad. He's layin' dere, down an' out. Muggs t'inks he's croakin' off. Ain't nobody here dares to butt in. Somebody might go to de Big House if he takes de count. Gee, but I'm glad you're on de job again!"

Answering nothing, Bradford ran into the Haven and leaped up the stairs, three at a time. As he reached the door of the sick-room his ears were sharp for sounds of battle, but only an ominous stillness greeted them. He flung open the door, and for a moment stood staring at the wreckage of furniture that strewed the floor. Then, as Muggs rose from his seat on the edge of the bed, where lay a silent, prostrate form, he advanced into the room.

"What's all this?" he demanded sharply.

Muggs came to meet him. Deadly anxiety was writ large on the expugilist's frightened features.

"God, mister!" he hoarsely stage-whispered. "I guess we're in wrong dis time. Looks like Dan, here, was about all in. If he kicks off on our hands, some of us is li'ble to get shoved. I ain't dared chase out after a doc. If it hadn't 'a' been you I was workin' fer, I'd 'a' ducked my nut half an hour ago an' made my get. Look here, will you?"

He made a sweeping gesture at the broken chairs and at scattered shards of glass that littered the oil-spotted floor.

"Tried to brain you, did he?" demanded Bradford, much alarmed.

"Sure! After you blew, he begged me somethin' fierce—wised me to a lot o' blackmail stuff he said I could make

a reg'lar clean-up on, an' then hollered fer his dope. I canned his proposition. All at once he done a standin' high-jump out o' bed, grabbed off de lamp, an' pitched an in-shoot at my knob, yellin' dat I was tryin' to kill him. I ducked. He come again wit' a chair, an' after dat it was a free-fer-all."

"Certainly looks it, from the wreck-age!" put in Bradford. "I never thought it would go as far as this!"

"Oh, I had one fierce time, mister, before he caved an' I got him to bed again. Take a slant at him, will you? T'ink he's goin' to cash in an' put us all on de bum?"

Bradford advanced to the side of the tumbled bed. Dan now lay there, apparently unconscious, with both legs drawn up and his hands locked tightly over his stomach, as if to ease some frightful, devouring pain. His livid skin showed a deathlike hue. Almost no pulse beat in his emaciated wrist. Bradford shook him by the arm, but got no answer save a feeble groan.

"He's in the morphin-collapse, due to sudden withdrawal," said Bradford. "This is serious, Muggs. I didn't know he was taking enough hop to bring this on, when I cut him off. We've got to have a doctor here at once."

"T'ink he's a goner?" asked Muggs, turning pale. "T'ink some of us will have to go over fer dis?"

"I hope not; though, if he dies, and they prove that we've been trying to practise medicine without a license, it won't be any joke. Never mind about that, now—get a doctor, and get him quick! I'll stay here."

"What doctor?"

"Any one at all—the first one you can lay hands on."

"Why don't you telephone fer one? Dere's a pay-station at de drug-store on de corner o' Prince."

"I can't leave Dan now. Beat it, Muggs! The drug-store for yours. Tell 'em to get the nearest doc in a hurry. All the docs I know are up in the Back

Bay—no chance to get one of them in time. We've got to chance it with a North-End. Go on now, my friend—chase yourself!"

Muggs needed no further command. Already he was at the door.

"Gee, mister!" he exclaimed as he opened it. "If I ever wanted to do a fadeaway, it's now; but I'll blow back wit' a doc, if I have ter drag one in by de gizzard. I said I'd stick, an' I'm goin' ter, see? S'-long!"

A grave and spectacled physician, just entering his runabout at the corner of Prince Street, observed a bull-necked fellow in a green and purple sweater hastily crossing Hanover toward him.

"Hey, doc!" this fellow signaled. "Hold on dere—wait a minute!"

"What's wanted?" asked the doctor.

"I'm lookin' fer a crocus, see?—a doc, I mean," the fellow breathlessly explained. "I piped dis buzz-buggy wit' de green cross on it, an' seen you gettin' in. You *are* a doc, ain't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Sh!" Muggs lowered his voice confidentially, as he leaned in over the car-door. "Guy's croakin' off wit' dope—friend o' mine. Come an' take a shine at him, will you?"

"What's that?" demanded the medico, frowning through his glasses. "I—I don't quite understand you."

"Hop-head, I mean. All in. Ain't had a shot since last night, an' he's strickly on de fritz. *Now* you get me. If dat ain't plain United States, what is? You got ter come, see?"

"Impossible!" The doctor stroked his grizzled beard. Muggs saw that he looked very tired, very worn, with deeper wrinkles around his eyes than his age would warrant. "Sorry, but I can't oblige you. I've got a case—"

"Nix on de case!" husked Muggs. "Me frien's goin' up de escape, sure, if you don't fix him. You got ter! You'll connect wit' de kale, O. K. Here—take dis!"

Swiftly he drew out bills and coin from his tight trouser-pocket, and, holding all his worldly wealth in his huge right paw, continued with supreme earnestness:

"Here's between eight and nine beans, doc. Take 'em! An' fer de love o' Mike, skate!"

"I don't want your money yet—not till I've seen the patient. Put that away. Is it really serious?"

"S' help me!"

"All right. Maybe I can crowd in an extra minute or two somehow. Get in." The doctor swung open the car-door. "Where's your friend?"

"Over on Garden Court." Muggs pointed in the general direction of Fleet Street. "Jus' round de corner. Get busy!"

The doctor made no answer to this forceful demand, but urged his car forward. Two minutes' driving brought them to the Haven. In less than another two Bradford, anxiously opening the sick-room door, was confronting the disciple of Galen.

"Thank Heaven you're here, doctor!" he fervently exclaimed. "Here's a sick man for you—a very sick man."

"What's wrong with him?" inquired the physician.

He entered the dim-lit, stifling room, while Muggs hovered in the offing.

"Morphin."

"Morphin?" The doctor started slightly, and frowned more deeply still. He advanced to the bed, put his medicine-bag on the bureau, and glanced round inquiringly. "Delirium, eh?"

"Yes. We've been having the devil's own time. Trying to break the habit—going too fast, I guess. He's in a collapse, isn't he?"

Bending, the doctor examined Dan's clay-colored, wrinkled face. His deft fingers sought the sick man's pulse. Then he turned up the lid of Dan's right eye and examined the unnaturally dilated pupil.

"Collapse? Yes. Far gone, too. Damnable stuff—infernal! Get me a glass of water at once. No time to lose."

"Water, Muggs—quick!" commanded Bradford.

Presently the doctor was pressing an injection of morphin into the mummy-like arm of the unconscious doper.

"There," said he, standing up straight and setting nervous hands on his hips. "That will turn the tide, if anything will."

"Think he'll weather it?"

The doctor nodded.

"Probably," he judged. "Odd stuff, the drug is; wonderfully potent in such cases. Damnable, yet divine. How I hate it! Yet at times it's a true lifesaver. What I've just administered would kill you or me; but in all probability it will do nothing but revivify an addict suffering from sudden withdrawal, like this man. It's positively the only specific in such a collapse. Who is this fellow, anyhow?"

"I don't know his name," answered Bradford. "You see, I'm running a kind of non-religious mission here. This man came in last night, and after some discussion said he wanted to be cured. I—"

"Psst! Psst!" warned Muggs, shaking a finger of disapproval at Bradford. Not so must revelations be made to strangers!

"I undertook the job," Bradford continued, unheeding Rafferty. "Things got beyond me, that's all. No legal comeback, is there, if—in case he—"

The doctor shrugged thin shoulders.

"That depends. If no compulsion was used on the patient, and his action was wholly voluntary, probably not; but if you forced him against his will—"

"He never!" burst out Muggs. "Sure it was volun—voluntary! I'll swear to dat on a Bunker Hill o' Bibles! Dis guy blows in, an' he says, says he—"

"That's enough, Muggs!" Bradford suppressed him. "When I need your evidence, I'll call for it. So then, doctor, you think he'll get by?"

"That can be told better in an hour or so, when the drug has had time to react thoroughly."

"You'll wait?"

"Impossible. I'm here under protest, as it is—have an operative case waiting for me at my hospital. I must be going, really. I'll just leave a word in writing, as to the dosage I've administered, and you can call some other physician. Any competent man can handle the case, and I'm positively too full of work to undertake this just now."

"Very well," Bradford assented.

"What's your fee?"

"Five dollars."

Bradford looked a trifle blank, but reached for his lean pocketbook. Muggs, however, proffered a two and three ones.

"Gee, I saved a clear three-fifty by waitin'!" he muttered. "Dis here's me frien' dat's sick," he explained aloud, "an' so I'm comin' across fer de shot. Dat goes, too," he added warningly to Bradford.

Smiling, the doctor pocketed the ex-champion's fee. Then, taking from his pocket a pad of prescription-blanks and a fountain pen, he wrote a few words thereon. The written sheet he tore off and held out to Bradford.

"This will be sufficient, I believe," said he. "I don't imagine you'll have any great difficulty from now on. Complete rest in bed, a little chloral, and gradually reduced hypodermics of morphin in case of any further collapses ought to pull him through. The absolute withdrawal won't work with such a feeble patient. He'll probably recover. But," he added more slowly, "don't be too sanguine about a permanent cure. I've seen too much of this devilish stuff to believe much in cures."

He snapped his bag shut, reached for his hat, and turned toward the door.

"You mean they never get well?" asked Bradford anxiously. "That is, they never entirely break loose from the habit?"

"Oh, sometimes, with a strong will and good constitution; but this man is a wreck, anyhow—an old-time addict. The deep, organic longings for the poi-

sonous alkaloid, the nervous irritations and depressions arising from its absence, are pretty sure to start such cases again as soon as you let them go."

"I don't intend to let this man go," smiled Bradford grimly as he glanced at the prescription blank.

"Betcha life he ain't goin'!" rumbled Muggs. "De boss here an' me will bunch our play on dis guy an' pull him out o' it, see?"

This time Bradford did not interrupt with a command for silence. He had not heard what Muggs said, for all his attention was fixed with strange intensity on the prescription blank. As the doctor paused at the door, just before the final "Good day," Bradford's narrowing eyes were absorbing and his brain grasping the name at the top of the little slip—"C. H. Tressor, M.D., Beacon Street."

"Tressor! Tressor!" he murmured, linking up this name with memory.

Then, with a sudden flash of comprehension, he slid a hand into his inner breast-pocket and took out the bundle of signed prescription blanks that he had reft from Meiny. An instant's glance rounded the circle of certitude.

"Here, you! Hold on!" he shouted savagely, wheeling on the doctor just as Tressor had his hand on the door-knob. "Here, you!"

"What?" demanded Tressor, amazed at the sudden savagery of Bradford's tone.

"You're not through here yet!"

Speechless, the doctor stared. Had this young man gone suddenly insane?

"Come back here! Come back, I tell you!"

"What for?"

"This is your case—all the way through. Nobody else must touch this man!"

"My dear sir," exclaimed the doctor with sarcasm, "I really appreciate your tribute to my skill, but—what the devil's wrong with you, anyhow?" Tressor's tone changed suddenly to one of anger

as Bradford advanced toward him with an expression of intense scorn and rage. "I think you're addressing the wrong man, sir!"

"Not on your life!" cried Bradford. "You're the man I want! See that wreck there on the bed? Well, he's your work—probably a hundred more like him are your work, too!"

Tressor sputtered some unintelligible thing; but Bradford shook a passionate fist in his face. The doctor saw that this was no time for trifling. Not only was the young man facing him with menacing savagery, but the big-shouldered thug, a growl in his throat, was also closing in.

"What d'you mean?" stammered the doctor. "This isn't my case! I—I don't know what—"

"Mean? What do I mean?" shouted Bradford, white with rage. "I mean that that man there is a part of your hellish work! I mean that you put him where he is! I mean—"

"What is this, anyhow?" retorted Tressor, with anger rising through his fear. "A lunatic asylum? I don't know what you're talking about. I never laid eyes on this man before, I tell you! I—"

Bradford held the dope prescriptions before the doctor's blinking eyes with a hand that shook in rage.

"Perhaps you never saw *those* before, either!" he cried savagely. "Don't know 'em, do you?"

The change that swept over the physician's face was instant and extraordinary. A sickly pallor mounted to his brow. He opened his mouth as if to speak; then, gulping, closed it. Cowed, he shrank before this accusing evidence of guilt.

"You recognize that signature?" demanded Bradford, trying to steady his voice.

"Where—where did you get—*those*?" whispered Tressor in a tone of horror.

"You signed those blanks?"

"I—admit nothing."

"Oh, you don't have to!" gibed Bradford with bitter scorn. "The one you've just now signed for me will prove



the case. It's identical with all these, the signature is. You've put your own neck in the noose, you—you worse than murderer!"

"What is this—a trap?" cried the physician, his back against the door, at bay. "If so, I warn you—"

"Never mind about that," Bradford retorted. "That's not the point at issue now. I'm asking you a question, and I'm going to have an answer before you leave this room—did you or did you not sign those infernal baits to trap men into hell?"

## CHAPTER XXV

### REVELATIONS OF EVIL

DAZED, the physician could find no word to say. Muggs, rolling up beside him, dug an admonishing elbow into his ribs.

"Say, you!" he growled with menace. "He's askin' *you* a question. So'm I. I'm d'rector here, an' what I say in de health department goes!"

Tressor raised a quivering hand of protest.

"See here!" he exclaimed in anger. "Whatever I've done, I won't be coerced by any thug! Take your man off, or—"

"Who's a t'ug?" Rafferty demanded savagely. "I'm a gentleman—I'm d'rector here—you take dat back, or I'll scrub de floor wit' your map, see?"

"Cut that out, Muggs!" Bradford commanded. "I'm running this inquiry. Either you keep out of this, or downstairs you go! Now"—to the doctor—"you'll have no more coercion of that sort; but my question remains unanswered, and you're going to answer it, before this man as a witness. Are you the physician who signed these damnable blanks?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!" cried the doctor passionately. His nerveless hand relaxed. He let his medicine-case fall to the floor, unheeding a muffled crash of glass within it. "God, yes! But not of my

own volition. That's truth! Not to make money—not for the sake of a few dirty dollars. It was under horrible compulsion. I either had to do it, or—"

"Or what?"

"How can I tell you?" appealed Tressor, his face waxen. "Why should I? I don't know you—or this man here. You may be police spies, for all I know, or agents of the—"

"No matter who we are! This isn't a thing for you to choose about, or dictate terms in. I've got the goods on you, and I'm going to have the whole story."

"No, no, no! Not that! Not that!"

"Absolutely—nothing less! I've caught the spider at the center of the hellish web I've sworn to tear down and destroy—the web that's been spinning its foul meshes all over the city—the web of dope. And now, by Heaven—"

"But you don't understand!" pleaded Tressor, his white, scared face twitching, his whole body shaken with nervous tremors. "I can't tell you just now. I—I've got a patient waiting for me—operative case at the hospital. Appendix—must be done at once, or—"

"You'll perform no operation to-day," answered Bradford, with a hard laugh. "Your nerves wouldn't stand for trimming a puppy's ears, as they are now. There are others at the hospital who will remove that appendix, and save the life you'd probably extinguish if you tried to use the scalpel to-day; so give up that idea. You're here now, and here you stay till we get at the facts of this case. *Why* did you forward such a rotten game as this, by putting out whole sheaves of morphin prescriptions with the quantity left blank?"

"Because I had to!" blurted Tressor desperately.

"Had to?"

"Yes, so help me God! It wasn't voluntary. I'm no saint, but I'm a million miles from being such a demon as to forward this infernal traffic in the wreckage of human souls. It was a case of either give those prescriptions or—or—"

"Or what?" demanded Bradford, inflexible as fate.

"Oh, God!" choked Tressor in a raucous whisper. "Or—fifteen years' penal servitude!"

"What do you mean? Fifteen years?"

"Yes. All that saved me was—signing those!" He flung his hand toward the damning papers in Bradford's grasp.

"How did that come about?"

"Don't you understand? I was in the power of a merciless, greedy, depraved monster—absolutely in his power, body and soul. You just now called me the spider at the center of this foul web—for it is a foul web, if ever any such was spun in hell. But no, I'm not that spider. There's another, the rottenest shyster that was ever expelled from the Massachusetts bar. He forced me into this. You won't believe me, but it's the living truth!"

"You mean," asked Bradford in a different tone, "you were black-jacked into this infamy?"

"Just that! For a while I held out against this man, under the most extreme peril—held out, and wouldn't touch the filthy business. I held out till he showed me a letter all written and ready to send to the medical examiner—"

"A letter? What kind of a letter?"

"Here's the situation," answered Tressor, all his resistance seeming to break down before this merciless grueling. "I'll make a clean breast of it to you, and chance the consequences. They can't be worse than the infernal torment that's been hanging over me for more than six months. It all began by my making one fatal error. Many doctors do the same, or worse. You see—"

"Muggs," interrupted Bradford, turning toward his *aide-de-camp*, "you see that door?"

"Huh?" grunted the ex-champion in amazement. "You ain't goin' to can me, are you? Ain't goin' to t'row yer d'rector out?"

"Certainly not. I'm just calling your attention to the fact that that door now

and forever holds the secret that's coming to light here, in case this thing can be put straight. Get me?"

"Surest t'ing you know! I never spilled yet on a friend, an' I ain't beginnin' now, de first day 'o' my bein' d'rector!"

"All right, Muggs, that's settled. Now, doctor, just what trapped you into this rotten deal?"

"A woman—as usual. *Cherchez la femme*, you know!" He laughed bitterly.

"Huh?" queried Muggs, frowning. "W'at kind o' wop lingo is dat?"

"A woman?" asked Bradford.

"Yes. I was called in too late. Didn't have any hand in the affair at all; but after it was all over, and the other practitioner had run away, like the coward he was, I tried to save her life. She died. I did the only thing I could—falsified the death-certificate. It was that or risk losing an extensive Back Bay practise and facing years in stripes. It may have been cowardly and wrong; but—well, I had a wife to think of—a wife and two children. So I took the chance, and for a while I thought I'd got away with it."

"What then?"

"Then the shyster got hold of me and began to squeeze. In some underworld way known only to skunks of that breed he had managed to get hold of the facts. He wanted dope prescriptions, and meant to have them. His price was silence about the other affair. Rebellion on my part meant annihilation. So—"

Tressor covered his drawn face with both hands and stood there leaning against the door, shaking and agonized.

"So you signed and gave them?"

"Yes. I couldn't stand exposure. I, all my life a deadly enemy of the morphin habit, an author of articles in medical magazines on its treatment and cure, a man looked up to as one of the leaders of the campaign against drugs—I unloaded more anguish on the world than—than I can ever hope—"

Bradford, his face a study of amazement, sat down heavily on the edge of the bed and gazed at Tressor. Muggs, his heavy jaw agape—the jaw that still showed the bruise from Bradford's fist—stared blankly.

Of a sudden the doctor advanced toward Bradford with outstretched hands of appeal.

"I don't know who you are," he stammered, "or how you got those blanks. I don't know why you're mixed up with this affair at all; but you *are* in it, and you seem to have a soul. You've said you were trying to sweep down this web of vice and misery. Will you—will you let me try to make restitution by joining with you? Will you help me in fighting off and crushing down the devil that's been hounding me—Irvine Stagg?"

Bradford sprang to his feet with a cry. Muggs, lunging forward, gripped the doctor's outstretched wrist.

"Stagg?" shouted Bradford. "What's that you say—Irvine Stagg?"

"What?" cried the doctor, amazed. "You know him, too?"

"Know him?" Bradford broke into a jangling laugh. "Do I know him? Do I know the very power of evil that I'm trying to overthrow? Here—shake!" His hand went out to Tressor. "You've said enough!"

Muggs, blank with astonishment, let go his hold on the doctor and stared while the men's hands met in a grasp of sudden cooperation. Amazed that such things could be, he saw tears gleam in the doctor's eyes—hot tears, and from the heart. Then, as with strong resolve and fresh hope the blackmail victim's shoulders straightened in new manhood, the ex-champion burst out:

"Say, you ginks ain't wallop'in' de heavyweight at all. You's nailin' de understudy!"

"What's that, Muggs?" Bradford flung at him. "What do you know about it, anyhow?"

"Plenty! Old Stagg ain't de main guy. He's raw enough, dat's sure, but

he's only de side-show in dis t'ree-ringer. Meiny—he's de main works, see?"

"Who's Meiny?" ejaculated the physician, staring.

Bradford seized Muggs by the shoulder and violently shook him as he cried:

"You mean that punk-faced rummy I frisked the papers from, last night, is really the ringleader? I thought he was only Stagg's runner!"

"Runner, nothin'! Ain't I been stick-in' around him fer years? Don't I know his whole book, from A to Z? Meiny's old man ain't ace-high beside him. He's got so many goods on the old gent he's got him buffaloed. He could send him over fer life if de old man didn't toe de scratch; an' he'd do it, too, if he could clean up more dat way dan he can by lettin' him run wit' a string on. He's got de string fixed so every time de old tom-cat grabs a rat Meiny hauls in de slack an' gloms it off him!"

"So?"

"Sure, Mike! It ain't fifty-fifty between 'em no more—it's ninety-ten, wit' Meiny on de ninety end every time. Say, didn't de old gink let his life-insurance run out last month, fer fear Meiny 'd croak him off to land it? Don't talk to me, bo—I'm wise to Meiny—I'm dead wise!"

"You mean," put in the doctor in a half-uncomprehending tone—"you mean there's somebody behind this man Stagg?"

"Behind him? Naw! He's runnin' a thousand miles ahead of him, all de time, an' if Stagg don't trot right after, it's 'old man, I could send you up if I wanted ter—get me?' fer his. I tell you, Stagg's only de side-kick. Meiny's de man higher up in dis game—yes, an' in lots o' others, too. Stagg's only dancin' when he fiddles. You cop Meiny, an' you cop de whole plant."

"My Heavens!" groaned Bradford. "To think I had him between my fingers last night, and—and only threw him out on his head! Is this positively straight, Muggs?"

"S' help me!" asseverated Muggs, raising his right hand as if taking an oath. "I'm givin' it to you right, on me word as a gentleman an' d'rector of de Haven, see?"

Bradford pondered for a tense moment, then exclaimed:

"Look here, Muggs! Since you know so much about the affairs of this delightful family, I wish you would tell me something more."

"All right. W'at is it?"

"Did you ever hear anything about a recent plot, or frame-up, to—to ruin the reputation of a certain girl, so that"—Bradford's voice, hesitant, sank a tone—"so that she shouldn't marry a certain man?"

"Sure! I'm wise to dat whole plant. You're gassin' about dat Alden dame."

"Alden?" cried Bradford, with eyes suddenly grown eager—while the physician, comprehending nothing, stared in silence. "Sylvia Alden?"

"Dat's de goil! Talk about yer raw tosses—say, I ain't no downy angel, an' never was, but when I got wise to *dat*!" Muggs shook his head vigorously, and spat. "It pretty near busted me up wit' Meiny when he pulled dat stunt!"

"Muggs," said Bradford very soberly, "look at me for a moment. Tell me, did you know the man that game was pulled on?"

"Naw—only dat he was some silk-stockin' from de Back Bay."

"Listen, Muggs!" Bradford struck his own chest with his clenched fist. "I—I am—" His voice broke; he could not finish.

"You?"

Bradford nodded silently. Muggs, his mouth gaping, stood transfixed for a moment. Then, turning without a word, he started swiftly for the door.

"Muggs! Where are you going?"

"Goin'? After Meiny's scalp! Darn de son of a sea-dog! If he don't need a tub of hair-restorer by de time I get through wit' him, I ain't no ex-champ of New England! Dere ain't nobody can

pull dat kind of raw deal over on a white guy like you, an' get away wit' it, see?"

"Wait a minute, Muggs! Hold on!" commanded Bradford.

"Huh?" grunted Rafferty, pausing. "W'at now?"

"Who framed that plant?"

"Well, de old man, old Irvin Stagg, started it, but Meiny made it go."

"Dan told me this morning that Meiny only helped."

"Dan's a liar, like all dopes. Meiny's de guy dat put it over, all right!"

Bradford laughed bitterly.

"And he and his father knew where she went to?" asked he.

"Sure!"

"They took a hundred and twenty bucks from me, Muggs, to find her—and then claimed they couldn't. Can you beat that?"

"Can you beat anyt'ing Meiny does? Dey was wise to where she blew, all right. So was Dan."

"Then what made Dan lie to me?" cried Bradford passionately. "What possible motive could he have had in lying, when he knew I'd surely find it out?"

"Search *me*! Where'd he say she was?"

"Why, nursing in St. Philip's Hospital, up on Hull Street. I went there this morning, but I couldn't find her. They told me she'd never been there."

"Dat's where she is, sure!" exclaimed Muggs, astonished. "Somet'ing crooked here, somewhere. Sure dey ain't double-crossin' at de horspital, so you can't see her?"

"What's this?" broke in the doctor. "What's this about St. Philip's? We have no double-crossing there!"

"Eh?" Bradford turned on him with astonishment. "How do you know about St. Philip's?"

"How do I know? How can I help knowing? I've been on the board of directors for six years. I do all my operative work there, and—"

"No!"



"Yes, I tell you! What's all this about some nurse or other?"

Bradford stared at him with burning eyes.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, "do you know all the nurses there?"

"I think I do. None of them enter as probationers without first appearing before me."

"Well, then, tell me, is there a Sylvia Alden there?"

"Alden? Sylvia Alden? No, not that I remember."

"She *is* dere, I tell you!" Muggs burst in. "I know it, see? I was in to see Punk Flora 'bout a week ago—she had de D. T.'s, an' was shoved in dere a week ago las' Friday—an' I seen dis Alden skirt—flashed her meself, wit' me own headlights, s' help me!"

Dazed, Bradford stared blankly from Muggs to the physician.

"What mystery is this?" cried he. "You, doctor, say, there's no such girl there, and so do the hospital people. Muggs positively asserts he's seen her there!"

"Strange, very strange!" answered the doctor. "Can you give me some description of the young woman in question?"

"Gray-blue eyes, tawny hair parted on one side and drawn down at the back of the neck, a firm chin, rather a deliberate way of speaking, and a smile that—well, that nobody could forget."

"H-m! There's only one nurse at all like that at St. Philip's, but her name is Pennell."

"She might ha' shifted her monniker when she took dis nursin' job," suggested Muggs.

"That's right, too!" Bradford exclaimed. "Can you tell me anything more, doctor?"

"I don't know. Let's see—what other distinguishing data can you give me? Anything the girl was accustomed to do, or wear?"

"She often wore a fine silver chain, with a little cross."

The physician nodded vigorously.

"Yes, yes—I remember that!"

Bradford seized his hand.

"When can I see her?" he cried with terrible eagerness.

"When do you want to?"

"Now!"

"But our visiting-hours are—"

"Confound the visiting-hours! Write me a note, or something, can't you?"

"Why, of course!" And Tressor, once more taking his fountain pen and pad of blanks, scrawled a few hasty words. "Here, this will be sufficient."

Bradford took the note in a trembling hand.

"Doctor—and you, too, Muggs," said he, "I can't thank you properly, so I won't try. My thanks will take another form than words. Will you stay here with the patient till I get back?"

"Yes, after I phone my assistant to take my work. Yes, if it takes all day!" exclaimed the doctor; but Muggs shifted uneasy shoulders.

"How about dat scalpin'?" he anxiously queried. "I can't wait much longer to get my hooks on Meiny's wool!"

"Let the scalping go for a while," smiled Bradford, at the door. "We've other, more important, things on hand than that. Good-by!"

Meiny Stagg, at this precise hour, was sitting in the front window of Con Dougherty's Grapevine Café, over a bottle of mountain dew and the remains of a breakfast so late that it might almost have been designated a dinner. He was in the worst possible of all his various bad humors. The Ossa of several fresh grouches had been piled on the Pelion of a chronically vile temper.

Not only was he oppressed by a shortness of breath, due to increasing and unhealthy fat, plus cigarettes, but a dull, relentless headache reminded him he had a hang-over from the night before. Furthermore, practically every one of his most cherished grafts and plans of campaign was going far agley. How,

then, expect from him this morning aught else than a triple-distilled essence of vitriol?

"Rotten!" he ejaculated with a cough of the variety known to the underworld élite as a whisky cough. "I feel rotten—rotten!"

His red-lidded eyes blinked as he peered through the curtains of the front window out into Tileston Street. The summer sunlight pained them, for Meiny preferred the hours of darkness. Irritably he pushed back his plate, which struck against other dishes and resisted. Instead of rearranging these, Meiny gave the plate a savage push and sent everything clattering. His whisky-glass, overturned, spread an amber stain on the cloth. A carafe fell, smashing, to the floor. Meiny swore luridly and spat for pure deviltry.

A minute or two he sat there, inhaling cigarette-smoke and stewing with concentrated meanness. The spite and viciousness of balked revenge simmered, bubbling, through his whole impure body.

"Darn the luck!" he grunted stupidly, drumming on the dirty table-cloth with dirtier nails. "If things ain't goin' all to the bad, I'm a reformer. My old gent has crabbed the Vinton game, till it ain't producin' a red. Old Vinton has quit cold, an' the young boob can't be shook down no longer. He's copped off Muggs; Punk Flo's in the hospital; the Coffey skirt has croaked; all them prescriptions is down to that blamed mission; any old time I'm liable to get sloughed in. Can you beat it?"

He took his aching head between both hands and groaned again, with heartfelt anguish.

"Rotten, rotten!" he ejaculated. "I never thought Muggs would do me dirt that way. On top o' that, them letters I grabbed off my old gent last night turned out to be the wrong bunch—they ain't worth the powder to blow 'em. An' just when I'd got Dan dopin' so hard he was absolutely dependent on me, an'

would do anythin' I said, this Bradford guy goes an' cures him! Raw toss, raw toss! Besides that, Dago Joe has thrown me. Claims that lame kid, Joe, was named after him—says the kid's the mascot o' Hell's Half-Acre—says young Vinton's curin' him, too—says he won't go against a white guy like that. So it's a case of nothin' doin', all round. It looks like I might have to go to work. Rotten!"

Poisonously enraged, he picked up his whisky-glass, poured himself a stiff drink, and sucked the glass dry. Again he bleared out into the heat and stifle of the street.

An oath burst from his pulpy lips. He crouched half-standing, his bloodshot eyes staring at the figure of a man striding rapidly along the opposite sidewalk—a man whose bearing spoke of energy, hope, eagerness—a man in every way the strong antithesis of his own sodden self.

"Him!" he snarled, sinking back again into his chair, as this man turned the corner into Salem Street and vanished. "Him, so help me! The darned silk-stockin' missionary—an' pikin' toward St. Philip's, too!"

A dawning thought of dread possessed his muddled brain.

"Huh! S'pose Muggs an' Dan has spilled it to him where the skirt is, an' cut me out o' the chance of sellin' him that tip, too? If they have, if they have—"

For very rage his mottled hands twitched spasmodically on the table. By chance they came in contact with a keen and pointed steel knife that had been brought to carve Meiny's breakfast steak. Instinctively he clutched it by the handle. It lay so nicely in his fat palm, balanced so truly, fitted his grasp with such perfection, that a kind of barbarous thrill transfixed his heart.

Fascinated by the sight and feeling of the blade, he stared down at it, not yet quite understanding, but already possessed of a new, strange, and exhilarating

sensation that the knife seemed somehow to be transfusing into him.

"Darn them!" he growled. "They're all punk! They're all throwin' me, every blamed one, an' givin' me the ha-ha besides, I know—sayin' I ain't got stuff enough to do nothin' myself—"

Contemplatively he ran his thumb along the edge of the blade.

"Like a razor!" he muttered. "A pippin!"

This way and that he turned the knife, hypnotized by its perfect poise and balance. It seemed fairly to have been created for his hand.

"She sure is some peach!" breathed he. "A bird!"

Furtively he glanced about, and saw that no one was watching. Then, with a quick gesture, he slid the knife into his inside breast-pocket.

A few minutes later, having materially lowered the liquor in the bottle, he slouched out of the Grapevine, slunk down the street, and, turning the corner, disappeared from view.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### HOPE LONG DEFERRED

STRAIGHT back to St. Philip's went Bradford Vinton. Presenting Dr. Tresor's note to the sharp-faced superintendent, he demanded speech of Sylvia. The five minutes' wait for her to come, spent in pacing up and down the little white reception-room, were the longest and the most nerve-torturing of his life. Bradford had to grip his self-control in both hands to maintain anything like the mental balance he knew he must have for the supreme appeal he meant to make.

The girl's sudden, noiseless appearance in the doorway stabbed him through and through with a thrill, sharp as a knife-thrust. As he faced her, he saw in one all-enveloping sweep of vision that the same Sylvia stood there before him—a little paler from long night-vigils with the

sick and dying, a little older in certain indefinable maturities of expression, and with a more maternal compassion looking from her blue-gray eyes, yet still the same woman whom he had loved and lost.

For a moment neither of them moved or spoke, each studying the other with an earnest gaze. Then, with a sudden gesture of appeal, she asked:

"Why have you come here?"

"For you!"

He advanced toward her impulsively, but she put up her hand in negation and drew back.

"Oh, if I'd known it was you, Bradford, who wanted to see me—"

"You'd have refused?"

She nodded silently.

"It's all so futile," she answered. "So futile and so full of pain! Why open up old wounds that try to heal? I hoped this place would be my sanctuary. I dreamed of peace and safety and useful service here, in this!" She dropped her hands sweepingly along her nurse's costume, as if it had been a nun's robe. "How did you find me?"

"It would take too long to tell you that, Sylvia. No matter; I *have* found you—that's enough!"

"But what possible good can come of this? What can it bring to either of us but just more heartache and more pain?"

"You won't listen to me, then?" he appealed.

"Listen? What have you to say?"

"If you knew the work I've been doing, Sylvia, I think you would—"

"I know everything, Bradford. It's wonderful! Nothing must ever stop it. Nothing must ever come between you and that labor."

"You knew about the Little Haven? Knew—and didn't tell me?"

"Yes. I have ways of finding out things. The dregs of the underworld seep through the wards here; I learn much. I've had almost daily news of you; but I didn't let you know. Again I ask, what good could it have done?"

"Good?" He stretched out appealing hands. "Couldn't we have worked together, Sylvia? Couldn't we have—"

"No," she denied, shaking her head. "I should only have been a handicap on you in innumerable ways. After the horrible charges made against me—"

"Damnably lies, as I know now!" he interrupted savagely. "All the time, from the very beginning, I knew they were lies, lies, lies. I knew it—I've got the proof now!"

"Proof?"

"Yes. It's all open to me now—the villainy that drove you away, my father's conspiracy with Irvin Stagg, and—"

"When did you find out, Bradford?"

"Just a few hours ago, from a dope-fiend I'm trying to cure."

Sylvia smiled oddly.

"I only learned it last night myself," said she, "from a dying woman of the streets. Strange, isn't it, how things happen in this world?"

"You know?" he demanded eagerly. "You know the whole story, too?"

He grasped the back of a chair with trembling hands, as he stood facing her and gazed at her with eager, burning eyes.

"Sh, Bradford! Not so loud!" she cautioned him. "Yes, I know the whole story now—everything."

"Sylvia!"

"What is it?"

"Come back to me! We both understand the barbarous brutality that drove us apart. Come back to me! Let's start all over again, you and I, with unshaken faith and trust in each other—with eyes blind to the past and seeing only the future—"

He drew a step nearer, but she still repelled him with her uplifted hand.

"Don't, Bradford!" she entreated. "It's impossible!"

"You mean you don't love me any more, Sylvia?"

"It's just my love for you that's speaking now, as it did the night I left home. It's just my love for you,

Bradford, that tells me to hold to my decision."

"No, Sylvia, no! If you love me, what else matters? Come back to me!"

"Don't—for God's sake, don't!" she pleaded. "Listen to reason, Bradford. Even though every accusation against me were technically disproved, I should be a drag on you all your life. Nothing is every really disproved in the public mind. Once a charge is made, some of it always sticks. Always some taint remains, especially in the case of a woman.

One breath can so besmirch a woman that never, so long as she lives, can she get clear of it again. My name has been bandied about the lowest gutters of the underworld. It has—"

"What does that matter, since it's false—all false?" he passionately cried.

"Is that the only valid objection you can raise?"

"No, Bradford. If that were all, I'd let my heart rule my head; but there's a great deal more. Your family is still there, an impassable barrier between us. Your father's opposition is still alive, more uncompromisingly bitter than ever. If I were to go back to you, with that opposition still active, there could be no security for either of us, no peace, no happiness, no chance for constructive and enduring work. Sooner or later he would devise other means to discredit and ruin me. He would have another case made up against me—less clumsily arranged next time, and more conclusive. He might even go so far as to—"

"What would that matter? Think I'd ever believe him? Think I'd ever even listen to anything he could possibly say?"

"No, Bradford, *you* wouldn't, I know; but how about the world? In the end he would succeed in turning opinion against me. If evidence were lacking, he would have it manufactured. Money can do all that, and more. I know what the future would hold in store for us, Bradford—for you, if I consented to what you're asking. I should only be ruining you.



No, no, there can be nothing more between us, as long as he objects."

"As long as he objects?"

"Which means—forever!"

Vinton could find no answer, for he knew the truth was with her. Still he did not wholly despair. He stretched out both appealing hands with a cry:

"This can't be final!"

"But it is final, Bradford."

"There must be something I can say or do to shake your decision!"

"Nothing. You have your work to do, and I have mine. We both have our memories." She smiled sadly, more with her eyes than with her lips. "Those must suffice."

The superintendent, appearing in the doorway, put an end to Bradford's vain pleading.

"Pardon me," said she severely, "but Miss Pennell must return to her ward. She is on special duty with a critical case. The head nurse has just telephoned down that she is wanted at once."

Bradford cast a glance at the superintendent, marked the adamant hardness of her face, and knew himself beaten. He picked up his hat, crushed it in shaking fingers, and—stammering some unintelligible banality—turned toward the door.

"Good-by," said Sylvia, stretching out her hand to him.

"*Au revoir*," he hinted as he took it; while the spectacles of the superintendent commanded him, as fortress artillery commands a defenseless enemy on an open plain.

"No—good-by," she answered, absolute finality in her voice.

A moment, and she was gone—gone silently back to the hidden, inner places of that house of pain; and Bradford, out on the sidewalk once more, was plodding wearily back toward the Haven.

The sun, burning through the summer haze, shone brightly over the city. In the graveyard elms the sparrows were making a cheerful twitter. Afar, the life

and motion of the restless harbor wove patterns over the scintillant blue. But to Bradford there was neither life, sound, color, nor light; for from him had just been torn away the only gift the gods of yore never were so cruel as to ravish from the soul of man—the gift of hope.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### UNWELCOME VISITORS

SPENT, broken, crushed, Bradford slowly and dejectedly returned to the Haven, planless and miserable beyond all telling. The high hopes with which he had sought out Sylvia being now extinguished, physical exhaustion joined with mental anguish to plunge him into abysmal depths of suffering. Nerveless and without an ounce of energy, he turned into the stifling reek of Moon Court, entered the Haven, and sank down into a chair in the living-room.

Two or three of his men came up and spoke to him, anxiety in their rough words of inquiry. One, the sailor fellow, laid a hand on his shoulder; while Joe, the cripple, balanced on his crutches and peered with sharp, worried eyes.

"What's wrong, sir?" asked the sailor. "Anythin' I can do fer you, to pull you off the rocks?"

"No, nothing, thank you. I was up all night with our patient, that's all; and the heat's terrible to-day. Tell me, Bill—any news from up-stairs?"

"No, sir. He's been sleepin' like a top."

"Doctor still here?"

"Yes, sir. He went out for a few minutes—said he was goin' to telephone; but he's aloft now, an' so's Rafferty. The doper 'll navigate through this storm all right, he says."

"You go to bed now, Mr. Brown!" piped up the cripple. "You're all in, mister. Chase yerself to bed!"

Despite his misery, Bradford had to smile.

"You're all right, Joe," said he.

"Good advice, and I'll take it. I need sleep just now, if I ever did. Only hope I can get it, which is doubtful."

"You'll git it, all right, all right," Joe asseverated. "I won't let nobody butt in on yer. Nobody won't git past me while I got my crutch!"

Truculently the poor boy raised this weapon in air, balancing meanwhile on his wasted, shriveled legs. With a laugh—his first that day—Bradford rose and turned toward the door leading to the stairs. Before he reached it—a shadow darkened the entrance, and lo, the thin, brisk, shabby figure of Ebenezer Crawley, the Boggs Court missionary, entered the Haven.

Hat in hand, Crawley advanced. His cranium boasted a little less hair than the previous winter, perhaps, and his clothing had acquired a supershine; but otherwise, smirk and all, he had remained essentially unchanged.

With him appeared a woman—the wrinkled, clay-faced crone, long of nose and protruding of under lip, who had been at the mission on that bitter January night when Bradford had first seen Sylvia. A dirty shirt-waist now replaced the heavy Mackinaw the woman had worn then, but her drabbed black skirt and her felt hat were still the same as seven months before. Bradford recognized both these birds of ill-omen at a glance, and inwardly deplored the evil luck which had not permitted him to escape their visit.

Crawley, sensing nothing of Bradford's antipathy, was bearing down with outstretched hand, an ingratiating smile on his thin, crafty face. The old crone, lingering in the background, folded her unclean hands over her protuberant abdomen; and, toothless though she was, essayed an engaging smile.

"Good day, brother in the Lord's vineyard!" exclaimed Crawley, taking Bradford's unwilling hand in a pulpy clasp—a clasp that somehow made Bradford think of a devil-fish's tentacles, and caused a shudder to run through his

flesh. "Promisin' vineyard you have here, praise be to Heaven! Mrs. Wolper an' myself come in specially to congratulate you. Very busy with the Lord's work we are ourselves, but we had to come. Well done, thou good an' faithful servant!"

"Thanks," returned Bradford grimly. "Look around, make yourselves quite at home, and stay as long as you like. I was up all last night with a sick man, and I'm very tired; so if you'll just excuse me for now—"

"Up all night, was you?" interrupted Crawley. "Doin' the Master's biddin', I see! We are bidden to clothe the hungry, feed the sick an' needy in affliction, an' visit the naked—no, no, I mean just the reverse—you know."

"Yes, I know. You needn't bother to repeat it."

"Admirable, my dear Mr. Vinton! Admirable!"

"My name is Brown," exclaimed Bradford, "and don't you forget it!"

"My dear Mr. Brown," chattered Crawley, absolutely unjarred. "Now my idea in comin' here this beautiful summer day, when all nature reminds us of the Creator's bounteous beneficence, and in bringing my coworker, Mrs. Wolper—worthy Mrs. Wolper, best of womankind"—the crone chuckled acknowledgment of this eulogy—"is a most laudable one, an'—"

"Excuse me, but if you'll come in to-morrow?"

"No need to disturb you again, brother." Crawley rubbed his pale, clammy hands together. "Just five minutes will arrange matters now, if you—"

"Hey, yous, cut it!" put in Joe, his face beginning to work with anger. "Can't you see Mr. Brown's all in?"

"There, there, Joe, that 'll do!" Bradford suppressed him.

Crawley and Wolper, frowning at the interruption, turned hostile eyes on the newsy. Crawley, however, instantly recovered himself so far as to pat Joe's head and flash a bad-toothed smile on

him. Joe recoiled, vigorously brushing his head with his hand, as if to remove Crawley's patronage.

"Suffer little children to come unto me," murmured the Gospel-grinder piously. "I see, Mr. Brown, you're savin' even the least o' these. Noble work—admirable! Now, as I was sayin', my object in comin' here this beautiful summer day is to make a little proposition to you. I understand your mission has been non-sectarian, so far—I might almost say non-religious. A grave error, my dear sir! Very grave! The vineyard can never ripen, or bear full sheaves—fruit, I mean—unless illumined by the bounteous sun of grace. So—"

"But we aren't running that kind of a show, you see," interrupted Bradford wearily. "Our only motto here is self-help and a square toss. Theology doesn't enter into it at all."

"Yes, but it must!" insisted Crawley, his face lighting up as with the scent of battle. "It positively must, or the Master's blessin' can never—"

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Bradford with some heat. "We seem to be getting along pretty well. We've pulled two or three drunks out of the gutter already; we're curing a dope-fiend upstairs; we've got a former prize-fighter and booze-fighter, and several others, on the water-wagon and the road to self-respect. We've also started in to break up a ring of dope-sellers, and we've succeeded admirably, so far. We've got our eye on a shyster lawyer and his satellites, also a general all-around crook, and we hope to clean 'em up in one-two-three order. Joe here is going to have some treatment for his 'bum shaft,' as he calls it; we hope he'll be walking without crutches inside a year. We're feeding twenty-five to thirty men a day, and more coming all the time. We're lodging a good number, and they all have to take a weekly bath, too—oftener, if they will. For a beginning, it 'll do."

Crawley smiled deprecatingly and shook his head.

"All very well, brother," he commented; "but if you don't have the spirit o' grace an' salvation—"

"We're working along the lines of a job for every man, decent food and clothes, several shaves a week, a good bed, and rational amusement. Salvation by soap and labor—get me?"

Crawley sniffed the air dubiously, and glanced round with disapproval.

"Do you—ah—permit smoking in here?" asked he.

"Surest thing you know! I also bought a man a drink, only last week."

"Bought — a man — a — impossible, brother! You—you never could have done such a—"

"Fact, though! He came in here a wreck—must have been on a week's tear; but he wanted to make good. That's the only ticket of admission we demand at the Haven. He asked for a chance to help himself out of the mire. Only that kind of man gets the glad mitt here, Crawley. It doesn't matter what nation he belongs to, or what church, so long as he comes saying: 'Let me clean up and have another chance.' Well—"

"You bought a man a *drink*?" repeated the missionary, assuming an expression of outraged piety, while Mrs. Wolper, turning her eyes to heaven, devoutly hoped nobody at the Haven would catch a whiff of the brandy on her breath. To that end she privily slipped a clove into her gummy mouth. "A drink—of beer, maybe? Surely, only a drink of beer?"

"No, whisky—the best and strongest," Bradford replied, while a grin ran among the listeners standing all about. "He needed it, too. The man was all in, but he showed the right stuff at heart. He was none of your ambitionless bums and panhandlers, such as warm your benches down at Boggs Court. We only give that kind the G. B. here. They blow in once in a while, and do a little grafting and thieving; but we soon locate them, and out they go—sometimes on their heads."

"What? Violence? Mr. Brown, you—you pain and grieve me beyond words!"

"How long since you've discontinued that squarehead bouncer at your Gospel-foundry? Still there, eh? Well, then, don't knock. Now, as I was saying, this pickled person came in here last week with the horrors—the D. T.'s, you understand. He was in bad shape all round, shaking like corn in a popper, and very sick; but he wanted to brace up. There was only one way to start him right, and that was to give him some decent whisky and put him to bed, after a hot bath. You understand, of course, we stress the bath-room here. That's why we're different from most missions, your own included."

"Sir!"

"Never mind about the 'sir'—listen to my story. I gave this down-and-outer twenty-five cents to get himself a real drink. Probably he'd never tasted two-bit whisky in his whole life—nothing but rotgut, such as they sell almost next door to your place, in Dutch Pete's. He got his drink and came back, as he promised he would, though some of the boys claimed he wouldn't—isn't that so, men?"

"Sure, that's right," answered the sailor. "I never thought *that* craft would carry the cargo home again, once loaded, but—"

"So, to make a short story shorter, I got him on his feet again in a few days. He landed a job yesterday in a foundry on Atlantic Avenue, and he's going to be a man once more. He's on the wagon, too, same as a lot of others here—voluntarily, you understand; I don't compel it. Do you get results like that at Boggs Court, with all your pulpit-pounding? God helps those that help themselves, here, and positively no others. Draw your own moral!"

"But, my dear sir, it is our duty to carry the light to dark places, an' to go out into the highways an' hedges—"

"We don't do any going out here,"

interrupted Bradford with energy. In the heat of the discussion he seemed to have forgotten his weariness. Pitted against this Crawley person, his growing ire banished exhaustion and soul-sickening disappointment. "Men have to come to us; we don't pursue them. We don't chase them up with a tract in one hand and a subscription-blank—for the well-to-do—in the other. We pay our own way as we go, and no stalling or bluffing has the ghost of a chance here. So you see—"

"But, my dear brother in the vineyard," protested Crawley, much stimulated by the mention of the fact that the Haven was a paying proposition, "you're runnin' things wrong altogether! You've got a growin' mission here. It had cert'nly ought to be conducted on right lines!"

Earnestly he gesticulated, to the vast amusement of three newcomers who had just entered and were now standing at the back of the group—three tailors' models of young men, whose touring-car had left them at the corner of the court, a few yards away.

"What do you mean, right lines?" demanded Bradford hotly.

The three young men in the background, hugely delighted, dug one another in the ribs facetiously.

"Here's old Vint, sure enough!" one whispered.

"Hammer and tongs! Who'd have thought it?" said another.

"My word, but this is a lark!" the third concluded.

"Right lines?" repeated Crawley. "Why, accordin' to right doctrines, which of course means my denomination, all others bein' false an' pernicious heresies for the destruction of souls. Now here's my proposition. We'll come in here three evenin's a week—any three you say—Mrs. Wolper an' me. We'll furnish our own melodeon an' hymn-books, and hold divine services. We'll take up our own collection. It won't cost you a red, an' think of the brands



you'll be pluckin' from the vineyard—the burnin', I mean. Also, you can make a fine showin' to the State Board o' Charities an' Missions. You can put in an annual report, an' get State aid—"

"Don't want it!"

"Also private contributions, if you make the proper showin' of souls saved. An' mind you, we ask nothin' for our services, nothin' whatever, includin' Mrs. Hession to play the melodeon—nothin' except two-thirds of the collections, the other third goin' to you, an—"

"See here!" cried Bradford, a new look on his tired face—a look of the most intense hostility, a dangerous look, had Crawley but possessed intelligence to know it. "See here! Did you have the sublime nerve to speak of bringing that Hession creature into this place?"

"Why, yes. What—what—"

"I think that 'll be about all for you and your proposition!" Bradford replied with a snap of his jaw—while the three young men in the rear of the group craned their necks and tittered with huge enjoyment. "As I said before, I'm very tired. You'll oblige me by leaving now—and not returning, now or later!"

A growl went up from the Haven men standing about, and black looks fell on the pair from Boggs Court; but Crawley, loath to abandon all hopes of the possible collections, still persisted.

"But, Mr. Brown, if you'll only listen—"

"Hey, now, chop dat!" boomed a hoarse voice from the doorway that communicated with the stairs. Muggs, emerging, shouldered his way toward Crawley and Wolper. "De main cheese here has told you people to beat it, ain't he? Well, dat's all dere is to it. No lip now, but fade!"

The Rev. Crawley turned, at sound of this voice, and with a look of recognition advanced toward the scowling Muggs. With his most fatuous clerical smile he extended his hand.

"Why, bless my soul, if it isn't my dear old friend, Mr. Rafferty!" he ex-

claimed. "I'm sure Mr. Rafferty will put in a good word for my plan. He's one of my old-time converts, you know. Rafferty, how are you?"

Muggs only answered with a shake of the head and a withdrawal of his hand from any possibility of the Rev. Crawley's taking it.

"What, you refuse the clasp of friendship, brother?" asked the missionary in his most injured tones.

"Nothin' doin'!" answered Muggs.

"I got yer number, all right! You can't pull none o' dat mush stuff here, see? You're de guy I went to, a couple o' years ago, to get help fer my side-kick, Fluke Muldoon, when he was in de Massachusetts General, broke. What did you hand me? A lot of bull! Got down on yer knees an' prayed, dat's all! Prayed half an hour, an' never even gimme a jitney! Shake hands wit' you? Nix!"

"But, my dear brother—"

"Brother, nothin'! Remember las' winter when I was down an' out, needin' a wash-up, a feed, an' a doss, an' asked you fer a lift? All you had fer me was one o' them little cards wit' a verse on it, what you call a track. Say, we don't get no tracks here, but we get some right chow, good showers up-stairs, clean beds, an' a chance to make good. You got lots o' prayer-books an' benches down dere to Boggs Court; but we got some easy chairs an' good readin' here. If we want any music, we can tune up ourselves. We don't need none o' your kind—get me?"

"But—"

"Muggs," said Bradford wearily, waving his hand toward the door, "you'll really oblige me very much by escorting our guests to the street."

"Escort is right!" answered Muggs. "Dat's what I come down fer. I heard his chatter down here—I'd know his voice in a million—an' dat was enough." Sternly he confronted Crawley and the woman. "G'wan now, blow—before I escort yuh!"

"I protest!" exclaimed Crawley; then, seeing a certain redness of the Rafferty

eye, he decided that discretion was the better part, and precipitately retired, closely flanked by Mrs. Wolper. At the door he paused just long enough to call back: "I'll come in again an' see you, brother, when you're feelin' better!"

Muggs started forward, purpling with anger, and the two missionaries vanished with extreme promptitude. Boisterous laughter from the outskirts of the group turned Muggs's attention thither, as the waving of crimson banners in the hands of toreadors attracts the bull. He beheld three spotless young men of the variety he dubbed "silk-stockin'" making exceedingly merry. One of them raised a cupped hand to his mouth and shouted derisively:

"Oh, you Bradford! 'At' a boy!"

Bradford peered at them, half comprehending only; then, as he recognized mates of other days, he frowned and shook his head.

"What do you want here?" he demanded coldly.

"Some 'Belle of New York' stunt, for fair! Some missionary gag, believe me!" exclaimed another, pushing forward through the men. "I saw in last Sunday's paper you were doing the uplift stunt, old top, but I couldn't believe you'd gone so nutty; so Harold and Bert and I thought we'd hunt you up. And hanged if here isn't old Vint, by Jove, up to his neck in slumming! What's the idea, old man? And how long are you going to keep up this merry farce of the man-and-brother business?"

Bradford made no answer, but ominously he beckoned Muggs.

"Some more escorting for you to do," he said quietly. "They're former friends of mine, and I'd hate to use personal violence on them. Just see that they get safely outside. After that, I don't care what happens; but be sure you don't hit them *inside* the Haven—get me?"

No more than two minutes later three extremely astonished and battered young gentlemen, minus a variety of hats, eyeglasses, canes, equanimities, and good

looks, had been variously thrown, jammed, and otherwise propelled into the large, shiny touring-car at the corner of Moon Court. The liveried chauffeur, who had been unwise enough to protest, was holding a hand over one badly damaged eye as he hastily climbed back, just ahead of the toe of Muggs's boot, into the driver's seat.

"Home, James!" commanded Muggs grimly. "Dat's all—*home!*"

Then, as the shiny car gathered speed away from that particularly unhealthy corner, Muggs dusted his hands and hitched up his tight trousers round his green and purple sweater.

"Gee!" said he, smiling with pure contentment. "Great job, ain't it, dis being a d'rector? Moppin' up high-brows, an' doin' it official! Great practise, all right, all right! First de dooper, den Crawley, an' now *dis*—it's comin' in bunches. I'm beginnin' to feel my form again—*great!*"

A moment he gazed after the disappearing car; then, with a consciousness of good work well accomplished, he returned to the peace and concord of the Little Haven.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE SERPENT STRIKES

COINCIDENTALLY with these events an interview was going forward in the private office of Eliot Vinton, shipmaster, on State Street. Irvin Stagg, having gained admission by some browbeating tactics toward a clerk or two and an office-boy—tactics rendered possible by his thick neck and imposing front—was confronting the elder Vinton with an offer of information in exchange for cash.

Stagg's visit to the shipmaster had followed hard on the revelations made to him by Meiny the night before. The dope-selling game, Stagg plainly saw, was up. Perils threatened, and ready money might be needed for flight. The possibility of any very considerable graft

being immediately extorted from either Bradford or Eliot Vinton was far from good. Nevertheless, with zeal to garner in the last possible sheaves, for the present, Stagg had now once more entered the Vinton fields, to undertake the final gleaning till things might break better again. There might still be a few hundred dollars to be extracted from the fat wallet. And if Irvin could lay hands on no more than a hundred, without Meiny's knowledge, that would at any rate be just so much clear velvet.

"Pardon the interruption, my dear sir," the law-ghost was saying now, with his smoothest smile; "but matters have come to my knowledge which I thought best to communicate to you. If you think them important, as I believe you will, I shall leave the matter of remuneration to your well-known sense of justice."

"Matters? What matters?" grunted Eliot, looking up sourly from the mass of papers on his desk.

The shipmaster had grown even thinner than before. His scalp was denuded of the sparse gray hair that had still clung to it only a few months before, and many new wrinkles in his cheeks bespoke the accelerating onset of old age. But his keen eyes still held their steely hardness, and his proud, inflexible expression had become even more unbending as disappointment and misfortune—which soften, mellow, and ripen some hearts—had turned his heart to flint.

"Matters?" he repeated harshly. "We have no matters in common that I am aware of. When I require your services I will notify you. This is a very busy morning for me, very busy indeed. Do not let me detain you."

"I refer to the domestic situation I had the honor of helping you adjust some time ago," sparred Stagg, in no wise to be rebuffed by this arctic reception.

"That, sir, is all over and done with long ago," returned the shipmaster. "The books are closed in that transaction. Your honorarium was promptly

and liberally settled. I cannot discuss that matter any further. If you will excuse me from—"

"Ah, but you won't want to be excused when you know the facts I've learned!" exclaimed the law-ghost, seating himself beside the desk. "Facts, sir, facts! I'm particularly strong on facts, as you probably remember, and I have now some highly important new ones to communicate. In the first place, the woman in the case has not yet left town, but is at present—"

"That is of no importance whatever to me—not the slightest," interrupted Eliot, as he looked back at his papers. "She has permanently severed all relations with my son, and nothing else matters."

"In addition to that," continued Stagg, undaunted, "I have come into possession of some interesting data concerning your son. I appreciate a father's love, Mr. Vinton, even when a son goes wrong." He paused impressively. "I am a father myself. I, too, have an only son. At times he grieves me, but still I love him. He's flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone—a chip of the old block, if you will pardon the expression; and whatever comes, I'll always stand back of him. Likewise, you, I know—"

"What is the meaning of all this balderdash?" demanded the shipmaster with rising irritation. His nerves, no longer quite as trustworthy as six months before, could not endure the shyster's moralizings. "You really must excuse me this morning. I am exceedingly busy, and—"

"Now, regarding your son, as I was saying," Stagg pursued with dogged determination. "I have full information concerning all his movements from the time he left that rooming-house on Appleton Street down to date. He has passed through severe vicissitudes. At one time he was even reduced to selling a family heirloom, a valuable ring, which—"

"I know it. I bought it back again,

three days later, from an infamous scoundrel named Adelstein, on Hanover Street," snapped Vinton. "You are giving me no news, Mr. Stagg, and you are consuming precious time."

"In addition, he is now engaged in running a low mission in one of the most noisome alleys of the North End. He has gathered about him a gang of dope-fiends, social outcasts, sluggers, and riffraff of all kinds. He has gone so far as to—"

"Before you continue," interrupted the shipmaster, opening a drawer of his desk, "cast your eye over this book." He took a scrap-book from the drawer, laid it on the desk in front of Stagg, and opened it. "These, you see, are clippings from the Boston press concerning my son's activities. I am fully informed, sir—more fully informed, I believe, than yourself. Therefore I shall not require your services at present."

"What?" demanded Stagg, his greedy and bulging eyes blinking with chagrin. "You mean to say you've been keeping tabs on him all this time?"

The discovery dealt him a severe blow. In a possible reconciliation between Eliot Vinton and Bradford the shyster perceived a formidable peril to himself. Should these two ever come together again, Stagg's double-crossing of both men would inevitably become known—and after that his fat hide would not be worth the hemlock-bark to tan it. His puffy face paled to a kind of sickly yellow as he stammered:

"You—you mean you're still keeping up with him, Mr. Vinton? You're thinking of forgiving him, and—"

"I am thinking of nothing of the kind, Mr. Stagg. His action in this matter of the mission, if in nothing else, has brought irreparable disgrace on the name of Vinton. My son has fixed impassable barriers between himself and me."

Stagg breathed more easily. He gave a sigh of immense relief, and some tinge of color returned to his jowls as he commented:

"That's unfortunate, Mr. Vinton—most unfortunate. I had hoped to bring about a reconciliation. As a father myself, I understand—"

"You do not understand this, and never can," interrupted Eliot in a hard voice. "I blame most of all the unforgivable creature who first came between us; but I also blame my son severely, and always shall. Nevertheless, I am keeping this record." He gestured at the scrap-book. "A clipping bureau privately furnishes me the cuttings. I cannot endure the thought of my son's actions being recorded in the papers, as matters of sensationalism and jest, while I remain in ignorance of them. Thus I am turning the iron in my own wound. Why do I tell you this? I hardly know, Mr. Stagg, except that you helped me in the matter at the first. Now, however, I do not require any further assistance. If you have no other business with me, I must positively beg to be excused. Good day!"

Vinton replaced the scrap-book in the drawer, locked it, and, with no further look or word to indicate that he recognized the law-ghost's presence, bent resolutely over his work, his face impassive as a mask. Stagg, finding no further loophole through which he could continue to solicit funds, recognized himself as defeated, and with a look of violent malice at the shipmaster—malice still tinged with wholesome fear—arose and took his leave.

When he was gone the old man summoned Tatlow, his head clerk, and gave instructions that henceforth nobody was to be admitted to the inner office without first having sent in a card.

"Nobody, you understand?" he repeated with acrid emphasis. "Nobody at all. I cannot and will not tolerate any more such interruptions as I have just been subjected to. If any other person gets past you, on any pretext whatsoever, the consequences will be most disagreeable to yourself. Understand me?"



With proper apologies and promises, Tatlow withdrew. The shipmaster returned to his desk, but not to his work. Instead, he once more opened the drawer, took out the scrap-book, and—precious as was his time—once more reread a number of the paragraphs. Finally he pushed away the book, rose to his feet, wandered over to the window, which overlooked State Street, and stood peering out above the jumble of the city's roofs, away toward the ever-moving harbor and the shipping, so much of it in his control.

For a few silent minutes he remained there at the open window, through which some breaths of a light east wind bore the freshening deep-sea tang to his nostrils. Then, with a sudden snap of his fingers, as if he sought to wake himself from reverie, he turned back resolutely to his desk, this time really to work.

Irvin Stagg, meanwhile, was climbing the hill into Pemberton Square, on his way back to his lair beside the shadows of the Court House.

"Another failure!" thought he, as he puffed his way up the steep sidewalk. "Everything's going to the bad. Meiny's squeezed this lemon dry—there's not a drop of juice in it, for the present; but something may develop later on, so that I can shake the old man down again. If I can only get the young fool and the woman together again, that's bound to open the way to the old fool's pocket. This Vinton snarl is still a potential gold-mine. I'll beat Meiny to it yet, or go out of business and turn preacher!"

With hopes somewhat dashed for the present, yet still reasonably roseate for the future, the fat law-spider returned to his web, there to lay ever more and deeper plans for the entrapping of the needy, the miserable, the foolish, and the unwary.

Back at the Haven, now that the atmosphere had been cleared of unwelcome visitors, quiet had once more descended. Muggs, growling threats of vengeance

on any who should return to trouble the prevailing peace, went up-stairs to help the doctor keep vigil over the dope-fiend. His presence was required there lest Dan, awaking, should grow violent and out-match the frail physician.

Bradford, exhausted as he was, nevertheless went out into the kitchen to make sure that preparations were under way for a good, substantial supper, against the coming of "his boys" from work. Then he returned to the deserted dining-room, sat down in a chair close by the door that opened into Moon Court, and, bowing his head on his arm along the edge of a table, drew the long, tremulous sigh of a man close to the brink of absolute exhaustion.

"Sylvia!" he whispered. "Sylvia!"

A tapping of crutches, muffled by the sawdust on the floor, heralded the approach of Joe.

"G'wan, Mr. Brown, chase yerself to de hay!" the cripple pleaded, laying a blue-veined hand on Bradford's bent shoulder. "You're all in. Beat it upstairs, or I'll call Muggs an' have him make yer!"

"All right, Joe—all right—pretty soon," answered Bradford, without looking up. "You're a good kid, Joe; only there are some things you don't understand. Just let me rest a couple of minutes; then I'll go."

"I getcha," Joe replied severely. "But dem two minutes ain't goin' to be five, see? I gotta look after youse pretty close, believe me! I'll be back pretty quick to see you ain't holdin' out on me, on dis sleep proposition!"

With an air of impatient proprietorship he hobbled away to the living-room to fetch a book he had left there. On the living-room table lay a newspaper, wide open at the baseball section. Joe's comprehending eye glanced over the varying fortunes of Red Sox, Giants, Cardinals, and Braves. Insensibly the absorbing interest of diamond warfare gripped him, and he dallied among the heroes who came second only to Brad-

ford—dallied, while storms of fate were brewing over the head he would have gladly died to save from harm.

Broken and spent, Bradford remained there at the table in the dining-room, his forehead pillowed on his arm. A sense of horrible and desolating failure, irretrievable loss, despair, bafflement, annihilation, crushed his soul to earth. The mainspring of his whole sequence of ambitions, plans, and dreams had snapped at last, and left the mechanism motionless, inert, and dead. The pillars of his temple of hope had been shattered; his house of life, crashing down, had buried heart and soul in the dust of irreparable ruin.

Before the windows of his mind trooped a procession of images, all questioning or mocking him—his purposeless, unmeaning life of careless and esthetic parasitism before he had come to know Sylvia; his strange meeting with her in a past that now seemed almost infinitely remote; the inspiring call of a new thought and a higher concept of existence that she had quickened within him; his abandonment of all the comfortable futilities of home, for her sake, and his faring forth, empty of purse and scrip, into a hostile and an unknown world.

Came visions of his long travail, suffering, and anguish, all for her; the appalling wickedness of the conspiracy that had robbed him of her; the grief and yearning of his search for her. Came memories of how this Little Haven had been founded as a sort of memorial to her, and had grown up about the cherished, never-abandoned hope of a blessed future that might bring her back to him again, a future to be shared by both of them, standing shoulder to shoulder in the work of building up a better world. And now—

A groan issued from Bradford's lips, wrung from his heart by torturing agony. He clenched his hands, which lay on the cheap, white table. For a moment powerful temptation gripped and shook his soul within him.

"Why?" thought he, dazed and groping. "Since it's all over now, why should I go on this way?"

Of a sudden the reeking slum, stewing all about him under the pitiless summer heat, took him as it were by the throat and choked the breath in his lungs. Was this the environment, were these the places, where the lines of his life—the one and only life he had to live—should pass? Why should he cling to the Haven now? The Haven, just one clean spot in all these crooked, slimy, swarming alleys; the Haven, redolent of carbolic and whitewash, of soap and water, an island of sanitation in a sea of filthiness. He seemed to behold, as in a panorama of hideous social crimes, made concrete in their unity, the child-choked gutters and runways; the noisy, ribald, fly-blown, disease-breeding shops and restaurants of the slums; the vicious, prowling, submerged life of the underworld all about him; the physical and moral miasma, which, rising from these slippery, ill-paved courts and alleys, poisoned every breath, whether of the body or of the soul.

And why, in Heaven's name, why should he be here? Here, in this stew of rottenness, when education, connections, opportunities all beckoned him away to something higher and better? Why had he chosen life among the outcasts of a great city? Till now the answer had been simple, easy—Sylvia! But now that answer had been stricken from the tablets, and for the moment there seemed to be nothing to take its place.

A bitter laugh escaped him, brooding there with his head bowed down on the tired arms that lay upon the table. A memory had just risen to his consciousness—a memory that mocked as it enticed him:

Set not thy heart on any good or gain;  
Life means but pleasure, or it means but pain.  
When time lets slip a little perfect hour,  
Oh, take it, for it will not come again!

"Set not thy heart!" And he had set

his heart on Sylvia as all his good and gain—and lost! What then? Only one answer could be given. It framed itself, with singular mockery, cynical and derisive, from the very words of the hymn he had heard the girl sing in the Boggs Court mission the first night he ever had beheld her:

I will arise and go,  
I will arise and go!  
Back to my Father's home,  
I will arise and go!

"I will arise and go!" The words forced themselves involuntarily from his lips.

Why not? Comfort, peace, safety—all the pleasant and conventional things awaited him there. Reconciliation would be easy, yielding to his father's will. He could go back to Marlborough Street, to the life he knew so well, to a mother's love, to marriage some day with some girl of breeding, education, and wealth. There would be culture, travel, amusement—all the pleasant and desirable things that fell, as by some kind of predestined beneficence, into the laps of those to the manner born.

In time, perhaps, all this nightmare of ugliness, pain, and disappointment would be forgotten; old wounds would heal, old sorrows fade and vanish in oblivion. All this, of course, must mean surrender, must mean defeat and crucifixion of the soul; but, after all, why struggle against currents too strong for human powers to combat? Why not drift in comfort with the irresistible tides of fate? Why not arise and go, arise and go, back to his father's home?

Deeper the poison of temptation sank into his heart, which, reacting from the pain of his loss, from the black emptiness of his future, yearned for the easier way.

"I will arise and go!" seemed ringing in his ears. "Arise and go!" it echoed, as a stern imperative. Already he was yielding.

Then, suddenly, reaction came. The pendulum of his despair, reaching the

limit of its swing, turned back again toward other hopes and other, higher purposes.

Swiftly a larger vision dawned before his mind; and with it came revulsion against the weakness that had almost engulfed him. Hands seemed reaching out to him—gnarled hands, worn hands, hands soiled with sin and evil; hands deformed by labor that had ended only in defeat; hands brutal, coarse, dirty; hands emaciated and trembling; hands that seemed clutching upward from the abyss, silently entreating with the supplication of despair.

Faces appeared, looking at him with questioning sadness, with dismay, with silent appeal—rough faces that had longed for better things, weak faces that had hoped for greater strength, eager and wistful faces, the faces of his men, of the old sailor, of Muggs Rafferty, of crippled Joe, even of Dopy Dan—and their sad eyes all seemed to peer at him with a still, wondering melancholy, infinitely eloquent.

Bradford's closed eyes grew hot with sudden tears—tears of renunciation, tears of martyrdom. The Haven must go on. Even though the temple of his hopes had fallen, aspirations toward the ideal of duty must arise upon its ruins. As Albert of Belgium, taunted by his enemies with having lost all, answered simply, "I have not lost my soul!" even so Bradford Vinton still was master of his own.

Though Sylvia had gone out of his life, though she could never share this work with him, the work itself must still continue. As a memorial to her it must be kept alive. Desertion now were treason to her memory, base betrayal of these men who had put all their faith and trust in him.

Life must not mean retreat, cowardice, self-indulgence! So long as misery and want cried out to him, it must mean standing by the fight; it must mean winning through to victory. To Bradford was borne in, as never until now, the sub-

lime ideal of self-sacrifice for the need of others; and with that consciousness so strong within him he knew the battle with his soul was won.

And at the very moment of this victory the spirit of murder entered the Little Haven in the malodorous, slimy person of Meiny Stagg—Meiny, incarnation of every evil thing; Meiny, loved by old Stagg because of his unspeakable viciousness, even as Bradford had been repudiated and cast aside by Eliot Vinton for having followed out the dictates of his conscience and his heart. Antithetical to Bradford in every quality of body, mind, and soul, this evil and crawling thing crept in on him to kill him stealthily, to triumph over him and set his work at naught.

Soft-shod in noiseless shoes fitted for such work as he meant to do, Meiny slunk in, a reptile of the miasmatic, green-scummed swamps and marshes of life. A single glance of those evil eyes through the window had sufficed to transmit to that distorted brain the in-

formation that Bradford was sitting there inert, bent over a table—sitting there all alone, defenseless, open to attack. It was indeed a splendid and unhopèd-for opportunity!

At the door Meiny paused a second, swept the prospect, and found it safe. His cowardly heart would risk no chance of conflict or retaliation. Secretly he hoped to strike and, undetected, slide away, back underneath the surface of his stagnant tarn.

His bleared, whisky-reddened eyes shifted about the dining-room as he silently advanced across the threshold. His right hand, thrust deeply into his pocket, seemed to be grasping something. Doré's most evil concept of a soul damned fell short of the vicious snarl on his face—blotched and swollen with the mingled venom of hate and liquor—as he crept close.

All at once, measuring the distance of his stroke, he withdrew from his pocket his mottled hand—his hand, that gripped a keen steel knife, freshly ground.

*(To be concluded in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

### IMMORTALITY

WHERE will the songs go when we die—  
The sagas, the ballads, the minstrelsy—

Where will they go, I wonder?  
Will the bell be lead and the lyric sped,  
And the song in the throat of the singer dead,  
When the earth is cracked asunder?

Where will the myriad visions bright  
Go when the world has lost its light?  
For they are all death-defying.  
Will the dream star-wrought and the spirit thought  
Die like the body and come to naught?  
They were not born for dying!

For this old world's but a little place,  
And all its life but a moment's space,  
Since the Lord of the Worlds began it;  
And when He brings an end to things,  
Will he gather the songs and the thoughts with wings  
As dew for a newer planet?

Orville H. Leonard



# The Evolution of the Cabaret in New York

THE TYPICAL BROADWAY ENTERTAINMENT OF THE PERIOD,  
AND ITS GROWTH FROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS TO ITS  
PRESENT ELABORATE AND EXPENSIVE COMBINATION  
OF UPROAR AND DAZZLE AND GLITTER

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ANOTHER generation once knew Billy McGlory as "the wickedest man in New York." An outraged New York of the eighties even closed Billy's Armory Hall, down in Hester Street; and the whole row was raised simply because Billy, not content with serving food and drink in his Armory Hall, must add song-and-dance "artists," monologue folk—who were hissed even then when they asked a confiding world why a chicken crossed the street—soulful singers of ballads, and knockabout "comedians," whose comicalities were of a venerableness that perhaps merited a call for the police.

But it wasn't because moss-grown wheezes sometimes crept into the monologue patter of the cut-ups hired by Billy McGlory to entertain patrons that the law swooped down on Armory Hall and closed it. Judging by the histrionic heights to which not a few of the one-time humble player folk who cavorted in Billy's place have since climbed, it wasn't because of outraged esthetics. It was a matter of ethics. A virtuous Manhattan took extreme measures against Billy McGlory because *he ran a cabaret!*

One wonders what McGlory would do if he were to arise from his long rest and stroll up Broadway to-day, looking for a

snack of dinner or a midnight supper in one of our most famous restaurants!

His food would be brought to him by waiters who from long experience have learned to thread their way through a maze of fox-trotters without once disturbing the placidity of a chicken patty. And Billy McGlory's astonished mouth would never be able to bring itself to close again on food as the brass crashed and the trumpets brayed, and spangled queens caroled raucously that it was "thee end uv a poifeck daaaaay," and the castanets clacked, and steel-shod shoes clanged across the artificial ice-rink a foot from his table, and the ukuleles whined, and dusky youths beat the everlasting day-lights out of their marimbas, and the snare-drummer slammed the cymbals in the solar plexus while walloping the bass-drum's vitals—a head waiter with a headache all the while leaning wearily against a violently agitated bull-fiddle because it was the quietest thing in the room, and wishing that he could chuck his job and get another one in some quiet street back in dear old Verdun. It's doubtful whether Billy could have heard an alderman only two feet away eating celery with the muffer off.

I make bold to state here and now that I know what Billy McGlory, come back

to life, would do under the circumstances. He would drop dead again.

Manhattan didn't call the uproar in Billy's day a cabaret. Instead, as has been said, it called the police.

#### THE CABARET'S HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

The gaiety of Billy McGlory's times marked a period in New York's history when the East Side was populated by folk who hailed from a different part of Ireland than the swarthy East Side crowds of to-day came from. They were a simple people, who believed in resting up from a day of hard work by putting in a harder evening of noise and excitement. And so they flocked to Billy McGlory's, and ate their sandwiches and drank their ale and porter amid surroundings almost as noisy as Shanley's, or George Rector's, or Tom Healy's, or Jim Churchill's, or Murray's, or Reisenweber's is in days, or nights, like these. Almost as noisy, not quite. Billy wouldn't have stood for as much racket as all that.

Perhaps, in tackling briefly the various phases of the rise of the so-called disreputable show of the Billy McGlory days, and following it on up to the dazzle and glitter of the cabaret as we know it to-day, one should look even farther into the past. One should go back to the days of Harry Hill's, at Houston and Crosby Streets, in the very earliest eighties; to The Allen's, in Bleecker Street; to Mike Callahan's, in Chatham Square; to—jumping “away up-town”—Jim Irving's Empire Garden, or to Tom Gould's, up in the Greeley Square neighborhood.

And the performers who entertained the patrons between orders in those tawdry times did not depend upon costume-designers, scene-painters, and electric flood-lights to get results, as is the custom nowadays. If any one had suggested to Billy McGlory that he ought to spend three hundred dollars a week, say, to get performers of the first class, Billy would doubtless have backed away and telephoned to Bellevue Hospital to send a strait-jacket expert down from Ward

Thirty instantler. To-day there are restaurateurs on Broadway who have a payroll for performers alone amounting to thirty-five hundred dollars a week, and think nothing of it.

The humble cabaret of the eighties wholly lacked modern essentials, such as a French name, expensive costumes, and, above all, the sanction of “nice” persons. Its surroundings were usually sordid and dingy.

There is little doubt that the morals of Harry Hill's patrons averaged at least as high as the ethics of the criminals and degenerates whom I saw nightly, during the past winter, seated in some of the most ornate cabaret restaurants—one of whom, as likely as not, may have sat next to the table occupied by you and your wife last night. It should be remembered that for many years only the feminist zealots cried “Votes for women!”—until “society” took up the cry; then the movement got under way. But society never grew interested in the McGlorys or the Hills, except to yell, “Po-leece!”

Perhaps it was just as well. At any rate, the policemen—one of whom, by the way, was the same Jim Churchill who is a cabaret-manager of high degree to-day—called at Billy McGlory's one evening, and the lights went out in Armory Hall forever.

Then, to take a running jump toward the present, for a score of years the only reflection in New York of the Armory Hall kind of nights was a very dark reflection indeed. To this period belonged the degraded Suicide Hall sort of drinking-place in the Bowery, then the Haymarkets and Bohemias and German Villages and like resorts up in the Thirties, many of which in the earliest years of this century had sunk to depths of viciousness so sodden that a police department with a newly awakened conscience closed them up and threw the keys away.

Also about this time, or shortly after, certain resorts in Manhattan, beginning, geographically, with Nigger Mike Salter's Pelham Café, down in Chinatown, and

going on up to Tom O'Rourke's Delavan, Kid McCoy's Broadway rathskeller, the rathskeller in Seventh Avenue known as Billy's, and Sweeney's place in Thirty-First Street near Sixth Avenue—these and a few others of the kind began to enjoy a new midnight popularity.

#### THE ERA OF THE SINGING WAITER

This was due, at first, to their ragtime singing waiters, and later, on the eve of the dawn of the cabaret as we know it, to the turkey-trot. The turkey-trot, aided and abetted by Joseph C. Smith, Mike Donlin, and the late Mabel Hite—who, in combination, introduced the dance on the New York stage—had bumped its way from the far-Western dance-halls of the Barbary Coast of San Francisco right on to Broadway, gathering such strength as it rolled Eastward that the new dance, if such it may be called, in a night had become a Broadway obsession.

The singing waiters of those days—I'm speaking of the half-dozen years that ended with 1910—were supposed to entertain patrons who, as in the McGlory days, came ostensibly for food, but mostly for beer and high-balls and "entertainment." The patrons reciprocated by tossing coins upon the floor, and the caroling waiters showed their dexterity by picking the money out of the sawdust without missing a note or a word of their songs—or a coin.

One young man who is now a member of at least two of the best-known clubs in the Longacre Square district of Manhattan, who dons perfectly fashioned evening clothes as a matter of course at dusk every night, who, just before the war, was publicly dined and fêted by a goodly company of London's pleasure-seekers because he was the composer of "those dashed jolly old American songs, what?"—that young man as recently as 1909 was a singing waiter and ragtime pianist down in Nigger Mike's Chinatown resort; and he could dig the far-flung dimes out of the sawdust with the best of his colleagues. His name is Irving Berlin, and although he is still a youngster in his

twenties, his yearly income to-day is not a "small fortune." It's a fortune of very fair proportions, even though his royalties do come from rimes that bulge from the line of beauty, and are sung to tunes which he originates, but could neither orchestrate nor even transcribe to sheet-music for the piano. None of which, however, is meant as a reflection upon the personal qualities of young Mr. Berlin, "America's foremost song-writer."

Out of embryo cabarets that were wrecking hundreds, thousands, of young folk with better-trained minds than his, he emerged triumphant the minute he had saved enough to buy a home in the Bronx for his old mother. And he landed amid the dubious glories of Longacre Square, his head still of normal size despite his youthfulness and the suddenness of his rise to wealth, his energies unabated, and altogether a modest little chap whom it is a pleasure to know.

His evolution and the rise of the modern cabaret to its present garish glitterings went hand in hand. The progress of this and allied forms of amusement had as much to do with his advancement toward fame and fortune as Irving Berlin's songs, and those of his imitators, had to do with the upbuilding of the modern cabaret—which was a great deal; more, perhaps, than even he realizes. Long may he wave—long enough, let us hope, for him to learn that even cabaret crowds don't think that "Aida" rimes with "meet her," as he insisted it did in his musical comedy called "Watch Your Step," or that "Salome" rimes with "home," and "Shakespeare" with "get us two beers."

#### THE SPREAD OF MODERN DANCES

Two ancient amusement forms, song and the dance, must be credited—or discredited according to the point of view—for bringing the Broadway cabaret, as we know it, to its present estate. Of the two, the new dances so quickly gripped Broadway that restaurateurs at once saw the wisdom of moving out some of their tables, and giving

the floor space thus obtained to dancers, who were soon insisting upon taking a few whirls around the floor even between their dinner or supper courses. These "modern dances" began with the turkey-trot in the spring of 1911. That was quickly followed by a string of floor evolutions, mostly of ornithological or zoological nomenclature, which successively, in the order named, included the bunny-hug, the tango, the maxixe, the fox-trot—a furbishing up of the old schottische—and finally the dragging dance-step so popular now, called "walking the dog."

The terpsichorean era called forth a new generation of prepossessing instructors. Forth sprang the Maurices, the Vernon Castles—who until the dancing craze began were very humble members of musical-comedy companies—the Jack Cliffords, and their countless imitators.

With dance-floors at their disposal, and ready-made audiences assembled around the tables of the Broadway restaurants, an obvious idea presented itself to these bright young men—to find good-looking, graceful girls as partners with whom they might give exhibition dances at stated intervals to the dance-loving restaurant crowds. And here was the beginning, a midnight "show" in embryo.

#### SONGSTRESSES OF THE CABARETS

Some months earlier than this—in the summer of 1910—a restaurateur who, paradoxically, was among the last of his trade, perhaps the very last, to permit dancing, in a small way took another step which eventually turned out to be a very big urge toward the present cabaret. Even business rivals admit that Jim Churchill started something when he engaged Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer, to-day a star soloist with a phonograph-disk company, to sing "My Hero" and other songs which Broadway considered deathless classics back in those eons of antiquity when America still had a Republican President. To add to the festivities, Churchill hired Maurice Levy's band to blare when Mrs.

Spencer wasn't singing, and to try to restrain itself when accompanying her.

The conducting gymnastics of the gloriously garbed Morrie Levy pleased the crowd. Mrs. Spencer, when singing, spurned "costume," as the stage knows the word, contenting herself with appearing in correct evening gowns; but the fact that she appeared upon an elevated stage suggested the use of flood-lights and spot-lights. Stage effects, you see, were edging their way into the restaurant.

Next, why not try out a pretty girl songstress, who told Jim Churchill, when applying for a job, that she could do dance-steps after the choruses of her songs, and who, unlike Mrs. Spencer, "dressed the act" with stage clothes? The new arrival sang and danced that night, and was liberally applauded. Therefore, in view of the fact that business at Churchill's—which hadn't been any too good at first—was picking up under the new order of things, why not vary the program by adding the fancifully dressed pair of song-and-dance men who also came along looking for work? And so, before Jim Churchill thoroughly grasped the fact himself, he was directing a "cabaret restaurant."

Less than half a mile down Broadway, Louis Martin was now beginning to branch out along the same lines, although for some time general dancing by the Martin patrons, interspersed with tango exhibitions by Maurice and Florence Walton, Joan Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Castle, Joe Smith and Mae Murray, and others, were the chief attempts at entertainment in the dazzling Café de Paris. By 1912, however, the diners and the supper crowds away up at Tom Healy's were rapturously applauding a star-eyed songstress arrayed like the gayest lily of the Weberfields—a girl who clattered onto the restaurant stage astride a shimmering white horse that was all dressed up like Barnum's circus.

By leaps and bounds the elaborateness of the cabaret shows advanced, the cost keeping pace, of course, with the length-



ening of the programs. The present pitch was fully reached when Maxim's, in Thirty-Eighth Street, introduced the first "revue"—soloists of both sexes accompanied by banks of chorus-girls, all costumed as elaborately as in the best musical-comedy numbers at the theaters.

At this point the theatrical producers woke up and protested. The restaurant men, argued the stage producers, were encroaching upon their preserves without paying a theatrical license. The commissioner of licenses harkened to the protests, and closed the pioneer revue on the ground that it was a theatrical performance, not a mere restaurant entertainment. Maxim's fought the case through appellate courts, however, and won.

During the past winter carefully built revues, which could boast of at least as much plot as musical comedies like "The Century Girl," have been presented in Broadway restaurants. In one case the performance lasts for two hours, with an intermission of only ten minutes; and it should be remembered that, unlike musical performances in the theaters, none of this time is given over to encores, which are not permitted.

In this particular restaurant, as the hungry folk secure a table, they find at their plate a small card which reads:

Because of the expense of the high-class entertainment, there is a *covert* charge of one dollar.

Any one who doesn't want to pay the extra tax can do one of three things—he can get his coat and hat, and return to the street-level by way of the elevator; or he can walk down the stairs to the street door; or, thirdly, he may leave *via* the fire-escape. There is usually an overflow out in the street ready to charge toward the vacated table.

#### THE BROADWAY DANCING-CLUBS

The New York law says that under the ordinary cabaret restaurant license, the performance, the dancing, and the sale of wines and other more or less fiery waters

must cease at two o'clock in the morning. Hence the cabaret "clubs." There are four places on Broadway where "club-members" may dance until daylight—Reisenweber's, Rector's, Healy's, and the Montmartre.

It is not so difficult to join any of these four clubs as it is to get into, say, the Union, the Metropolitan, the University, or even the Lambs or the Friars. There is a sort of waiting-list, however. A prospective member sometimes has to wait five or six minutes, perhaps as much as ten minutes, before he can join, the delay depending upon the size of the crowd checking hats and coats ahead of the latest applicant.

The other requirements for membership consist of stipulations that the candidate for membership must have a sufficient number of ten-dollar bills in his clothes to pay his food and drink checks when daylight doth appear. If he comes up to all these requirements, he straightway becomes a "well-known clubman and man about town" by signing a card supplied to him by a committee of one stationed near the elevator door.

There have been Saturday nights—Sunday mornings, rather—during the past munitionized winter when I have seen more than a hundred men and women almost fighting to get into one of the cabaret clubs after excise hours. Strings of automobiles, with the chauffeurs asleep on the seats, were stretching along the side streets from the dawn westward to some spot this side of the Rockies. And among the waiting cars is the Rolls-Royce of the man, once a bell-hop, who has the "hat-check privilege of the restaurant." Before another winter has passed, if the cabaret skating fad continues, he will be able to accumulate a flock of racing-cars and sedans, also, from his new department of restaurant skate-sharpening and his street-shoe checking-room.

The dancing part of the cabaret entertainment was fanned into flame originally by New Yorkers—if there actually be such an animal. For a season or two past,

however, the Manhattanites have given the impression of being danced out. At any rate, the crowds who fill the cabaret floors in these fat days have the out-of-town look written all over them. The Diamond Jim Bradys and other home folk who are still faithful to the tango have formed dancing-clubs that really are clubs, the members enjoying a semblance of privacy in smaller dancing-rooms on the upper floors of Broadway hotels and restaurants.

In the first flush of the dance obsession of half a dozen years ago, or less, there were deplorable happenings which the cabaret proprietors of to-day do not care to discuss. Mesh-bags disappeared from tables. Girls unaccompanied by men dropped in supposedly for afternoon tea, but sipped green mint stingers instead, and, before many minutes, were cavorting about the dancing-floors with men partners they never had laid eyes on before.

#### THE "HOSTESS" AND HER DUTIES

It was because of these abuses that Jim Churchill and a few others barred dancing from their restaurants until there had been a moral house-cleaning. Now, to take as a sample a card that lies before me as I write, when young women drop into a place such as Churchill's in the afternoon without men escorts—they are not permitted to enter at all at night, if unescorted—the waiter hands them a card bearing the following information:

Ladies, unattended, wishing to dance, may have an instructor assigned them by the hostess upon request—without charge. Under no other circumstances will they be permitted on the dance-floor.—MRS. PEGGY HOWARD, HOSTESS.

And always on hand during the afternoon are twenty young men who are paid to sit around until the "hostess" directs them to dance with the friendless young visitor.

The installing of elevated stages for the cabaret performers, the dance-floors in the middle of the rooms, and, more recently, the ammonia-frozen skating-rinks meant, of course, the disappearance of dozens of

tables—tables of which the cabaret restaurateurs could make profitable use on a crowded night, and nowadays that means almost every night, so far as the Broadway restaurants are concerned. For some reason or other—probably because the cabaret, after all, appeals chiefly to the visitor from the small town—places like Sherry's, Delmonico's, the Plaza, the Ritz-Carlton, and even the cosmopolitan Waldorf-Astoria fail to fill their main restaurants with midnight throngs.

The Fifth Avenue hotel men and restaurateurs crowd their tables to capacity during the dinner-hour; but when it comes to after-theater suppers, the society folk either are whirled off to dances or entertain in their own houses. Still, on occasions, one does see people of undoubted social status looking in upon some of the more elaborate Broadway dancing-clubs. Whatever they do, they don't flock to supper-tables in their favorite Fifth Avenue dining-rooms.

The question of sacrificing dozens of tables in order to make room for dancing and cabaret performers, however, has another side.

"If we didn't have the cabaret, the rink, and the dancing-floor," a restaurant man recently said to the writer, "*all* the tables in this place would be deserted; so there y'are!"

Wherefore the restaurateurs, none of whom was born yesterday, and all of whom are just about as foolish as so many foxes, have gaily brushed the tables aside, so that the visiting buyers from Whoopla, Iowa, the delegates to the annual convention of the Pretzel Varnishers' Association of America, friend wife's relatives from Blueduck, Pennsylvania, and everybody else—so that all these worthy folk, who would hit the ceiling with a scream if Nora dropped a plate while they were dining back home, may, in Manhattan, sip their soup amid a crashing of sound-waves that makes one think of the Empire State Express hitting a wagon-load of scrap-iron at a countryside grade-crossing on an otherwise silent wintry day.

# Mrs. Archibald's Emeralds

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "The Red Mouse," "After Death—What?" etc.

**B**ILLY EMERSON of headquarters seized the receiver of his desk-telephone.

"Yup!" he grunted into the transmitter. "Emerson talkin'. Be about it. What's the row?"

In another instant he had suppressed his gruffness. A woman was at the other end of the wire—a woman with a very pleasing feminine voice. Billy Emerson was partial to women with pleasing voices.

"You don't have to tell me who it is," he said in gentle protest. "It's Mrs. Archibald. Yes, I know—Mrs. Jimmy Archibald. Oh, yes, of Terrace Place. Where are you now?"

Mrs. Archibald's liquid tones came soothingly over the wire.

"I am locked in my room," she answered calmly.

"What room?" asked Emerson.

"My bedroom," answered Mrs. Archibald—she was not a woman who would say "boudoir"—"at Terrace Place."

"Who locked you in?"

Mrs. Archibald laughed musically.

"I did it myself," she said.

Emerson sighed with relief.

"I thought possibly," he said, "that Archibald had done it. What did you do it for?"

Mrs. Archibald laughed again.

"You know," she said, "when a man is killed they leave everything just as it is till the coroner comes—or the police. Well, that's what I'm doing. Nothing is to be disturbed."

"You—you haven't killed Archibald?" he faltered.

That cool, pretty laugh of hers was getting on his nerves. He was afraid that possibly she—but she reassured him.

"I shall never kill Archibald," she answered. "You know I admire him as much as I hate him. It's about my emeralds."

"What about them?"

"They're gone."

"Lost?"

"Stolen."

"How?"

Mrs. Archibald sighed helplessly.

"Why do you suppose I called you up?" she said. "I want to know how they were stolen. I want to ask you if you'll come or send up here and find out."

"I'm on the job!" sang out Emerson. "I'll do my best. I'll come up, or," he added as he hung up the receiver, "I'll send."

He left his desk and strode into the back room. A grizzled old proposition—proposition is the word—sat in plain clothes, reading a newspaper near an open window. A warm gale was blowing in, bathing the old man in its balmy caresses. Billy Emerson closed the window.

"Catch your death of cold, Gil," he exclaimed, with a note of respect and tenderness in his voice. "I got a job for you," he went on; "a paying job. Mrs. Archibald always pays."

"What Mrs. Archibald?"

"Mrs. Jimmy."

"Ah!" returned the old man softly. "A paying job!" he continued. "And what is this paying job?"

"Mrs. Archibald's emeralds have been stolen. I know all about 'em. They're called the Lombard emeralds. Nobody knows why—at least, I don't. Jimmy Archibald gave 'em to her fifteen years ago—an engagement present. They cost him fifty thousand dollars. They're worth seventy-five thousand to-day. She wants me to get 'em back. The job's as good as gold. I know Mrs. Archibald, and she knows me. She got me to get Archibald good and proper, and I got him dead to rights—no pigeon-stooling, either—two years ago."

"Archibald!" mused the old man. "What was his trouble?"

"Pretty women," returned Billy Emerson. "And, by George, they've got to be pretty, and no mistake."

"A paying job!" mused the old man again. "Why don't you take it on yourself, Billy?"

"Ah!" returned Emerson, flushing. "I'll tell you why." He hesitated for a moment. "Do you remember the girl in the Gillingwater blackmail case?" he went on.

The old man's eyes glowed.

"Dolly Strait?" he said. "Ah, she was a pretty girl!"

"She got clear," continued Billy Emerson. "She was as innocent as a newborn babe."

"A pretty girl!" repeated the old man. "She got the jury."

"She was innocent," exclaimed Emerson hotly.

"She—got clear," conceded the old man.

"And I'm going to marry her," said Emerson.

The old detective shot a glance of admiring approval toward his younger colleague.

"Good!" he said. "A king might marry her. I'd have married her myself. Ah, what a sweet, pretty girl!"

"She had no friends," went on Billy Emerson. "She had no place to go. She wouldn't marry me until the Gillingwater case had all blown over. She

wanted to be sure that I was sure. I got Mrs. Archibald to take her on. Mrs. Archibald did it—she's with her now. I don't know what you'd call her—maid, maybe, or companion. She plays with the boy, and helps to run things. Mrs. Archibald says she'll knife me when I take Dorothy away."

The old man shook his head.

"It looks," he said, "like your paying job, not mine."

"There's the trouble," returned Billy. "If I go—well, there's the Gillingwater case. The girl had no friends—I vouched to Mrs. Archibald for her—I—"

"Ah, then you still doubt her?"

"No," said Billy. "The trouble is, she'll doubt me if I go up there."

"Mrs. Archibald will doubt you?"

"No—the girl. I want to marry her!"

## II

"My name," said the old man, as he stood in the reception-room in Mrs. Archibald's villa on Terrace Place, "is Gilfoyle. I'm expected. Kindly tell Mrs. Archibald I'm here."

"She—she can't come down—she—she's ill," faltered the girl, staring at him with bewildered eyes.

The old man slowly shook his head.

"She is not ill," he answered. "She is locked in her room. She locked herself in."

The girl shrank away from him.

"How do you know that?" she exclaimed. "You—you weren't here—how do you know?"

The old man smiled.

"My name is Gilfoyle," he said. "I know many things. Tell her I'm here."

The girl, still startled, left him alone.

"I even know you, Dolly Strait," he mused to himself, "but I don't think you know me."

Two minutes later he stood before the closed door of Mrs. Archibald's bedroom. He stood there alone. There was the turning of a key, the shooting of a bolt—the door opened. Mrs. Archibald confronted him.



"I am Gilfoyle," he said simply.

Mrs. Archibald nodded.

"Mr. Emerson telephoned me you would come. I had hoped that he—"

"Yes," smiled the old man, "but he could not get away."

"Gilfoyle!" she repeated. "The name sounds familiar."

Again the old man smiled.

"I was chief inspector of detectives fifteen years ago. I had my day. Now I am just Gilfoyle." He looked about the room. "You have lost some jewels," he said.

"The jewels," she answered; "the very best I had—the Lombard emeralds."

"In what shape were they?" he queried.

"A necklace—everybody knows it."

"Describe it, please."

"It was a slender chain, made of plain, firm, gold links, with a huge emerald pendant. The chain was studded with emeralds—large stones—at intervals. There were twelve in all."

"Where did you last see it?" he asked.

She stepped to her dressing-table near the window, and placed her finger on it.

"It lay here," she said.

The space she indicated was at one end of the dressing-table, which was of mahogany. A lace covering of oblong shape protected it from scratching by the silver toilet set. The lace covering, however, was too short to cover the whole dressing-table, and left spaces of bare, highly polished mahogany at either end.

"When did you last see it?" queried Gilfoyle.

"A few minutes after two o'clock this morning," she returned.

"On your return from—"

"I was a patroness at the Bachelors' Cotillion."

Gilfoyle regarded her gravely.

"I note by your eyes," he said, "that you do not drink punch."

"Never!" she answered.

"A good many patronesses do," he said. "In a case like this it might make some difference. You are positive," he

proceeded, "that you still wore the necklace when you reached home?"

"Positive," she returned. "I took it off and placed it there"—again indicating the end of the dressing-table nearest the window.

"Did *you* place it there?" he inquired.

Mrs. Archibald's gesture was one of annoyance.

"As a matter of fact, no," she said.

"My—"

"You have a maid?"

"Well, not exactly. It was a Miss Strait, who lives here with me."

"She took it off, and then placed it there?" suggested Gilfoyle.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Archibald; "but that makes no difference, for I saw it there after she had left."

"You looked at it?"

"Yes. Somewhere in this room, Mr. Gilfoyle, I have a safe—a wall safe. No one knows about it save myself."

"And Mr. Archibald?"

"No," she answered. "I have had it changed since he—since the suit. No one knows about it but myself. After Dorothy—Miss Strait—left, I locked both the doors and bolted them. I looked into both the closets, and under the bed. Then I switched out the lights and retired. A minute later I switched them on again."

"Why? Did you hear something?"

"No. I had forgotten something—two things. I had forgotten to open the windows, and to put away the necklace. I rose and opened the windows—"

"All three?"

"All three. And I didn't put away the necklace. I looked at it, but I didn't take it up and didn't put it away."

"Why not?"

"I was too tired," answered Mrs. Archibald. "It takes time to open the safe, and it would have meant shutting all the windows and pulling down all the shades."

"Why would it mean that?"

Mrs. Archibald drew the old man to the window. She pointed toward a big,

sprawling house behind hers, fronting upon the next avenue.

"That's Tremayne's," she said. "Tremayne is Archibald's dearest friend. They play poker and drink cocktails in that back room until the cows come home—if the cows ever come home at five o'clock in the morning."

"How do you know?"

"I have seen them. I saw them last night."

"They were there when you retired?"

"Yes."

"Was Mr. Archibald at the Bachelors' Cotillion?"

"Yes, but only till eleven o'clock. Mr. Tremayne doesn't go to cotillions, and Archibald took charge of Mrs. Tremayne."

"So you say that you didn't take time to close the windows and pull down the shades?"

"No, I was too sleepy. Besides, I was afraid of taking cold, for a strong wind was blowing. I went back to bed at once, and switched out the lights. I thought the necklace would be safe enough till morning."

"You are quite sure it was resting on that spot when you last saw it?"

"Positive."

Gilfoyle drew out a lens and polished it. Then he held it close to the surface of the mahogany.

"You have not dusted here this morning," he said.

"I left it all for the coroner," she replied, smiling, "just as it was."

He nodded.

"There was a lot of air last night," he said, "and a lot of dust in it. It blew east, west, north, south, all night until the sun rose. The necklace was there, undoubtedly," he went on, replacing his glass. "It was there, but it was not there for long."

"How do you know?"

"Dust," he explained, "has settled evenly over the surface of the mahogany, except that it is much lighter where the necklace lay."

He examined the fastenings of the doors. He locked and unlocked them—bolted and rebolted them.

"You are quite sure you locked and bolted them?" he queried.

"Positive," she answered.

Gilfoyle mused for a moment in silence.

"Whom do you suspect?" he suddenly asked.

"Archibald, of course," she answered.

"Since our trouble came, he has asked me for that necklace a hundred times. He says he'll never rest until he gets it."

"Why does he demand it?"

Mrs. Archibald shrugged her shoulders.

"Everybody knows why. He wants to give it to Elise Gabrielle."

"The Gaiety girl?"

"Yes. He's sworn to get it, and I've dared him to try it on. I won't hide it. I'll wear it till—or no," she added with a forlorn grimace, "I sha'n't wear it now, for it's gone. Of course he's got it! There's no doubt about that."

Gilfoyle shook his head.

"He didn't come in through the door," he said, "and he wasn't in the room with you—nor was anybody else—when you switched out the lights for the last time. The emeralds were there, on the end of the dressing-table—the end nearest that window. Let's have a look at the window—at all the windows."

The windows were shut. He opened them in turn. They were simply and not heavily adorned, in order to admit of ventilation. Each had two shades, a dark one and a light one. There were simple, but expensive-looking Cluny curtains that hung straight down from the tops of the windows to the sills, which they barely brushed.

Gilfoyle looked out of each window. They were at least thirty feet from the ground. There was no convenient extension roof or balcony.

"No chance of a climb—not even a lightning-rod," mused Gilfoyle.

"How about a ladder?" suggested Mrs. Archibald.

"It would have to be a thirty-foot ladder," answered the old man, "and it isn't likely. Wait a bit! I'm an expert on ladder-marks. I'll leave you for just a minute."

### III

HE left the room and disappeared. A moment later he appeared upon the lawn. Two days before there had been a heavy rain. The lawn grass was short and tender. The ground was soft. Gilfoyle examined every inch of the lawn within a possible danger-zone. Then he came back and leaned out of each window in turn, carefully examining the shingles.

"This is no ladder job," he said. Then he started. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "We've looked below, but not above. The overhang—let's see to that!"

Above there was an overhanging roof—one of those artistic creations that give a house what is known as a "hidden" effect. It extended beyond the shingled walls for seven feet or more.

"There are dormer-windows on the floor above?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"Then a man might get out of one of these dormer-windows, slide down to the edge of the roof, and—" Again Gilfoyle paused in doubt. "But he couldn't swing in here," he added, "across seven feet of space, and he couldn't reach in here unless his arm was seven feet long."

"Nobody could get in through the windows," said Mrs. Archibald, with such assurance that the old man stared at her.

"Why not?"

"The spaces," she returned, "are not large enough."

"Oh, yes, they are," protested Gilfoyle. "Any man could climb in, if he could get to the window-sill."

"Yes, now," she conceded, "but not at night." She stepped to each window, drew down the upper sash eight inches, and raised the lower sash eight

inches. Then she turned a little brass lever. "Now they're fixed for the night," she said. "Nobody could climb in through those eight-inch spaces."

"Were they adjusted in that way last night?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Positive?"

"Absolutely so. They were that way this morning when I woke. I know, because I had to readjust them to get them shut. I didn't do it until after I discovered that the emeralds were missing. So a man couldn't climb in unless he broke the glass. You can't reach the levers from outside."

"Strange!" mused Gilfoyle. "And yet the jewels left here by the window."

"They did?" queried Mrs. Archibald in astonishment. "How do you know that?"

"I know it," said Gilfoyle, "because they were dragged across the surface of the mahogany toward the window."

Again he drew forth his magnifying-glass. Mrs. Archibald took it, and bent over her dressing-table for a moment.

"Right!" she agreed. "There's a faint line through the dust, and there are scratches where they dragged across; but I don't see any signs of a human hand."

"There was no human hand," returned Gilfoyle. "There must have been an instrument. You say there are dormer-windows on the floor above? Let's go and see them."

Mrs. Archibald secured her bedroom door from the outside, and went upstairs with him. An instant later they stood in a large, bare room strewn with mechanical toys.

"This is Jacky's playroom," said Mrs. Archibald.

Gilfoyle looked out of the window.

"Assuming that a man could reach this room unnoticed," he commented, "he *could* get out upon this sloping roof, he *could* lie at full length upon the edge of the roof, and he *might*, with some kind of a crooked instrument made for

the purpose, reach into your window underneath and snatch the necklace. It doesn't look likely, but—hello, what's this?"

With a trembling forefinger he pointed to a heavy piece of telegraph-wire fastened to the leg of a heavy table—a wire that crossed the room and stretched out of the window into space.

"Where does this wire go?" he asked.

"It's Jacky's," she replied. "He and Alec use it on rainy days, for messages."

"Who's his chum?"

"Alec Tremayne."

"Tremayne's son—Mrs. Tremayne's son—back over there?"

"Yes."

"What do they do with the wire?"

"Send messages, candy, anything—a sort of parcel-post across lots."

"So Jacky could send anything to Alec Tremayne—even a necklace!"

"Yes, but he didn't," protested Jacky's mother.

"I didn't say he did. I said he could. What is this fish-line?"

"Why, as you can see, it is fastened to the wire by loops. It's the fish-line that they pull forward and back. The wire is stationary."

"To be sure!" said Gilfoyle. "And has Jacky any fish-hooks?"

"Hundreds of them," returned his mother. "There they are."

Gilfoyle seized a tiny hook and a strand of fine fish-line.

"Let's go back," he said.

Once more in Mrs. Archibald's bedroom—which, as may be remembered, she declined to call "boudoir"—Gilfoyle seated himself and began to think. He sat in the window. Above his head, from the dormer-window—which, of course, he could not see—the wire stretched high above the lawn. It entered a window of the Tremayne house—another dormer-window set into another shingle roof.

"Did you hear any noise during the night?" he presently asked.

Mrs. Archibald started.

"I had forgotten all about it," she exclaimed. "Yes, I did. I'm sure I did."

"Tell me," said Gilfoyle.

"At first," she replied, "I couldn't get to sleep. This house is old—our old family homestead, you know, Mr. Gilfoyle—and the windows rattle like—well, I might as well say it—they rattle like the devil. The wind blew terribly, and everything rattled. I couldn't get to sleep, tired as I was; but I kept my eyes shut, for I didn't want to watch Mr. Archibald and Mr. Tremayne playing poker in that back room. Finally I must have gone to sleep, and then I awoke again. I awoke suddenly, with a start. I heard something. I still heard the wind, but there was something else besides. I heard three taps—three hollow taps, somewhere on the wall. Tap, tap, tap—just like that."

"From what direction?"

"There, by that window. Listen!" She seized a silver pencil and crept to the window near the dressing-table. "It was just like this," she said, and tapped the pencil three times against the heavy wall-paper.

"Why do you tap there, underneath the window-sill?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered. "The sound appeared to come from there."

"You have no idea what it was?"

"No."

"You don't know whether it came from within or without?"

"Within, I am sure. Something tapped the wall just there—just as I said."

"And then?"

"After that there was only the noise of the wind, and I fell asleep again."

"And there still was a light in Tremayne's window?"

"I don't remember about that."

Gilfoyle looked out of the window once more. He glanced up at the wire with its fish-line pulley. Then he drew the fish-hook and the strand of fish-line from his pocket, and attached the one to the other.



"If Tremayne did it, it was an inside job," he said. He turned back to Mrs. Archibald. "You are positive that only you and Miss—this companion of yours—were the only persons in the room when you removed your necklace?"

"Of course," she answered. "You can't suspect—"

"I suspect nobody," he returned. "Wait a bit! I'm going back up-stairs. Leave the window open, and hold the curtains back. Keep out of the way, or something may hit you."

#### IV

He disappeared. In a few moments there was a tug on the line attached to the wire, and an instant later a weighted fish-line came flying in at the window. In another instant Gilfoyle had returned.

"I want another necklace, if you please. Any bit of jewelry will do—anything that will catch and hold."

Mrs. Archibald opened a drawer and handed him a chain—a chain not worth fifty thousand dollars. He took it, and smiled.

"Mrs. Archibald," he said, after he had been busy for half a minute, "I have placed this chain where you last saw the other chain. I have fastened a very small fish-hook to a very slender fish-line. I have attached the line to Jacky's trolley overhead, and hooked this end of it to the necklace. Tell me, suppose Alec Tremayne over in his playroom were to pull in his end of the line, what would happen?"

"He would get the necklace," returned Mrs. Archibald.

"And what if Mr. Archibald himself were in Alec's playroom over there, and if he, not Alec, drew in the line?"

"He would get the necklace."

Gilfoyle waved his hand.

"Go to the head of your bed, walk about the room. That's it. Now look over here—can you see this line and fish-hook?"

"Barely," she answered, "only I know it's there."

"If you didn't know that, and if it were night instead of daylight?"

"I'm sure I should never notice it."

"You're sure you didn't touch the necklace after it was laid on the dressing-table?"

"Positive."

"Now," said Gilfoyle, "I should like to see Miss Strait."

"You can't believe—"

"I should like to see Miss Strait."

Miss Strait appeared. It was plain that she was nervous; but she was very, very pretty. Gilfoyle stood with his back to the dressing-table, leaning against it, concealing the apparatus he had constructed.

"Miss Strait," he said quite suddenly, "when did you see Mr. Archibald last?"

The girl started.

"How did you know?" she said simply. "I saw him last night."

"Where?"

"Here in this house."

Mrs. Archibald started forward.

"You never told me—" she began.

Miss Strait nodded frankly.

"I told you that I had something to tell you when you rose this morning," she answered. "I didn't want to worry you last night, and I did want you to get some sleep. You will remember my saying that I had something to tell you."

"Yes, that is true," admitted Mrs. Archibald.

"You wanted her to get some sleep!" repeated Gilfoyle. "Tell us about Archibald, please."

"He came here at midnight," returned the girl. "He asked for me. I saw him in the reception-room. He told me that he had been attending the cotillion—that he knew Mrs. Archibald was there, and would be there for some time. He said—" She stopped. "I wish," she exclaimed, "that you'd never tell Sergeant Emerson about this part! I don't know what would happen."

"Go on!" said Gilfoyle grimly.

"He said," continued Dorothy Strait, "that I was such a pretty girl that it

was a pity to waste my life." She clenched her teeth suddenly, and something clicked in her throat. "I can't tell you about it," she went on. "He had been drinking—he was quite easy to handle. I put him out—I could have killed him just as easily. It's all over now; and indeed it was nothing but a joke—the foolish attentions of a drunken man. I put him out single-handed; but I got that in doing it."

She held up her forearm. There was a bruise upon it the size of a walnut.

Gilfoyle, apparently unmoved, nevertheless gazed at her with troubled eyes. He felt that something was going wrong. However, he had prepared the stage, and the curtain must go up. He stepped aside from the little apparatus that he had been preparing.

"Miss Strait," he said swiftly, "come over here, please, and look at that!"

Miss Strait looked at the dressing-table. Gilfoyle looked at her. His gaze was still troubled.

The girl started in surprise and glanced, first at the detective, then at Mrs. Archibald.

"You didn't put this away last night," she began. "Or—no, it isn't the emeralds," she faltered. She lifted the necklace and drew the hook and line with it. "How funny!" she exclaimed. "What's the idea? Has Jacky been fishing?"

Again she looked from one to the other. Gilfoyle groaned within himself. All signs had failed him.

"She's a great actress," he said to himself, "or she— Look here, Miss Strait," he added aloud, looking her squarely in the eye, "Mrs. Archibald's emeralds were stolen last night—stolen out of this room—stolen through this window."

The girl was startled—frightened.

"What?" she cried. "Stolen? Who did it?"

"Archibald did it," thundered Gilfoyle, "after you had fixed a hook to them! Do you understand?"

The girl dropped the necklace on the dressing-table.

"I don't understand at all," she faltered, turning white. "I don't know what to say. I don't know what Mr. Archibald did, or how he did it, but as for me—"

Gilfoyle turned to Mrs. Archibald. Blank despair was in his eyes. They stood there, silent, the three of them. A fresh breeze rose and rattled the windows. The filmy lace curtains blew to and fro. As the girl's hand rested on the dressing-table, one of the curtains brushed it.

"There's no other explanation," said Gilfoyle grimly.

## V

THE girl stared about her, discomfited, not knowing what to say. She could see that such a trick could be played. In her uncertainty, scarcely knowing what she was doing, she caught up one end of the lace curtain and examined it. One of the threads had been pulled out into a fair-sized loop. Like the drowning man who clutches at a straw, she concentrated her attention on this loop, as if it could help her.

Once before—at the climax of the Gillingwater blackmail case—Gilfoyle had seen Dorothy Strait concentrate her mind upon some trivial thing—something, anything to cling to. She had clung to it, and her innocence had been established. At any rate, so said the jury, and so said Billy Emerson.

For a tense moment the girl stared at the loop of thread. Then, suddenly, she came to herself with a start.

"Mrs. Archibald," she gasped, as if about to faint, "I'm just beginning to understand. Wait a moment, please! I think I can show you where your emeralds are."

She threw open the window and drew them to it. A new light entered her eyes. She pointed downward.

"See!" she cried triumphantly. "There—I told you so!"

They looked. She was quite right. There in the bushes clustering close to the house—there was the necklace, sprawled across half a dozen twigs. No one could have seen it from the ground; it was visible only from above.

Dorothy Strait drew back into the room, smiling.

"We shall have to move your dressing-table," she said calmly. "What has happened once might happen any time. Just watch! This curtain, in a wind, sweeps and sweeps the end of the dressing-table. This loop of thread caught somewhere in the emeralds—caught and held them. Another breeze from the other direction carried the curtain, and the emeralds, out of the window."

Gilfoyle threw up his hands.

"After it had slapped the emeralds against the wall. I give in! You're right. I see it all."

With dejection written on his face, he swung about. They were alone. Mrs. Archibald had darted down-stairs to regain her emeralds. In a moment she came back with them clutched tightly in her hand.

"So long as I got them back!" she gasped. She fumbled in her writing-desk. "Just a minute, Mr. Gilfoyle. I—I want to—to draw a check."

"What for?" asked Gilfoyle. "I haven't done anything—that is, except to make a fool of myself!"

"Ditto here," said Mrs. Archibald, scribbling a signature in her check-book. "Don't tell Sergeant Emerson—don't tell anybody about it, please!"

Gilfoyle took the check mechanically.

"Tell Billy Emerson!" he exploded. "Tell *anybody*!" He waved the check in the air, under Dorothy Strait's pretty chin. "Look here!" he said. "Half of this belongs to Billy Emerson, and half to me. Half of my half goes for a wedding present, understand, on one condition—that you'll never squeal to Billy about this fine day's work of mine!"

"I guess we're quits," smiled Dorothy. "I don't want Billy to know about Mr. Archibald. He'd kill the man if he knew!"

"It is a general conspiracy of silence," said Mrs. Archibald.

"That girl of yours!" said Gilfoyle to Billy Emerson, at headquarters, late that afternoon. "A king might marry her. Gad, she's the ideal wife for a detective. Yes, sir, I'd marry her myself!"

"What about the emeralds?" asked Billy, as he pocketed his share. "That's what I want to know."

Old Gilfoyle shrugged his shoulders.

"Gone!" he answered with a grin. "So I bought her another set that's just as good, and the case is all settled."

Which is about as much as Billy was ever able to find out.

#### MOON OR SUN?

MAIDEN, shall we buy the moon?

Thither fly and there forget,

Drifting on some wan lagoon,

That it was on earth we met?

Silver dreams should serve as pay,

Snowy vows should wing the way!

Man, oh, let us buy the sun,

Purify ourselves in flame,

Till the heart and soul are one,

Flesh a faint, forgotten frame!

Golden love must be the price,

Rosy faith for wings suffice!

Richard Butler Glaesner

# Light Verse

## THE MIDDLEMEN

A FARMER raised a peck of wheat beside the River Dee; a boarder ate a wheaten loaf 'way down in Tennessee. The loaf the boarder fed upon cost half as much, and more, as did the farmer's peck of wheat a month or so before.

"Now why is this," the boarder raved, "they hold me up on bread?"

"And why is wheat so bloomin' cheap?" the plodding farmer said.

A guy beyond the Rocky Ridge raised thirty pounds of limes; another guy in old New York was kicking on the times, for he had downed a glass of "ade," and—poor, forlorn galoot!—had paid one-half the market price of thirty pounds of fruit.

"Now why is this, they soak me thus for this wee sip of 'ade'?"

"And why," exclaimed the orchard man, "am I so poorly paid?"

Now hold your horses steady there, you jay beside the Dee! Go easy there, you hungry guy in sunny Tennessee! Restrain yourself, you orchard men, forbear this angry talk; and you beside the soda-fount in little old New York! Remember this—our food and drink, no matter where and when, must also be the food and drink of twenty middlemen!

*J. Edward Tuft*

## ROSES AND BEES

"OH, be my rose!" the lover said;  
"I'll be your bee." She shook her head.

"Nay, nay, for everybody knows  
Bees never stick to just one rose!"

"But you'll admit," he made reply,  
"That all the roses seem to vie  
In luring every vagrant bee  
To stop in their vicinity."

"They blush so sweet he needs must stay  
And hang around in beelike way;  
And if his stay is short with each,  
'Tis that the others' charms beseech."

"Blame not the bee that this is so;  
A bee is just a bee, you know.  
He's fickle, but you must allow  
He's true to instinct, anyhow."

"And so the rose should not complain.  
Her charm's the trouble, in the main.  
Besides, I've noticed, strange to tell,  
She'll treat the next bee just as well!"

*Walter G. Doty*

## THE AGE OF THE CAMERA

HOW chances it, when kings and queens go  
hunting in the field

For rabbits, stags, and pigeons, such as Nim-  
rod's regions yield,

For hippopotami and bear, and crocodiles and  
sich,

To lure the rifle and the rod of countless idle  
rich—

How chances it you'll always find ahead of  
guide and hound

A competent photographer and camera around?

How is it that when modest folk who're called  
society,

Who truly and profoundly hate all notoriety,  
Seek out seclusion at Palm Beach for quiet and  
for rest,

In simple silken bathing-suits and lacy dewdads  
dressed,

No sooner reach their Happyland, and get them-  
selves begowned,

Than unsuspected cameras begin to hover  
round?

Why is it, when some statesman great with  
hope and spirits high,

With ardor in his heart and flash of genius in  
his eye,

No seeker of publicity, who thinks but of the  
good

That he is going to bring about for world-wide  
brotherhood,

Gets up to make his eloquence throughout the  
rafters sound,

There's always a photographer to snap-shot him  
around?

How comes it when some soldier boy starts off  
for Mexico,

To tackle Herr Carranza, or to lay old Villa low,  
When kissing wife and babe good-by, or, stop-  
ping on the way,

Receives a cup of coffee from some country  
maiden gay,



No matter what the time of day, there's always  
to be found  
Ubiquitous photographers a hopping all around?  
It makes me fear the awful day when there  
before the throne  
I'll have to stand and for the sins of earthly  
life atone,  
To think that as my tale I tell, and all my  
faults confess,  
Despite my tears repentant and sincere remorse-  
fulness,  
To make a record of my wo from some near  
vantage-ground  
There'll be some smart photographer with  
camera around!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

A THEFT

AS Lydia trips along the lane  
A sunbeam flashes through the rain,  
And, with the clouds in half eclipse,  
Snatches a kiss from her sweet lips,  
Like some impetuous cavalier,  
Who sees a maiden unaware  
Walking in April's sun and shower—  
Her hair soft gold, her lips a flower—  
And, with an impulse fugitive,  
Pilfers a kiss she did not give!

*William H. Hayne*

A MODEL OF ECONOMY

IF, dining with the idle rich,  
You boldly taste a dozen courses,  
Casting discretion in the ditch  
And mocking your digestive forces;  
Then heed this melancholy song  
And weep, repentant, on the cloth;  
For unto you and yours belong  
Hard lessons from the garment moth.  
An equilateral, thrifty soul!  
His home, a wardrobe sadly cluttered;  
His dinner, nothing but a hole,  
A bit of vacancy—unbattered!

*J. E. Middleton*

RETROSPECT

I MIND the time we were livin' down,  
Far down, in Macdougall Street.  
We thought it a cozy part of town,  
And the tenement nice an' neat.  
'Twas a little place with a little rent,  
For we'd little to spend those days;  
But it gave us a lot of good content,  
An' that is a thing that pays.

Then we up an' moved to Thirty-Third,  
To a "four-an'-a-bath-room" flat;  
An' you had never a bit of a word  
For a finer home than that.

Then the children grew, an' for their sake—  
An' maybe a bit for pride—  
We figured the time had come to take  
An apartment on Riverside.

An' now it's maids, an' a man to wait,  
An' another to run the car;  
An' it's late to bed, an' it's get up late,  
An' 'tis happy we think we are.

I've more'n enough to make life complete,  
But at times the thought won't down  
That my heart stayed back in Macdougall Street  
When the rest of me moved up-town!

*Eldredge Denison*

A TOAST

TO the health of a lass,  
In a brimming glass,  
Full many a toast I've quaffed;  
To the flag, to home,  
To the friends who roam,  
To the luck of an ocean craft.  
Though it may not be new,  
Let me now pledge you  
A toast that is seldom sung;  
May his kind never die—  
"More power," say I,  
"To the man whose heart stays young!"

Then grace the bowl,  
Each goodly soul,  
Toast him from sunshine sprung;  
And hail each day  
He comes your way—  
The man whose heart stays young!

Each day you'll meet,  
In the mart or the street,  
The fellow whose radiant smile  
Proclaims him a man  
Of that God-blessed clan  
Of chaps who are well worth while.  
So I offer this toast  
To the smiling host  
Of every clime and tongue;  
May his kind never die—  
"More power," say I,  
"To the man whose heart stays young!"

So brim the cup  
And toss it up  
To him whose name's unsung—  
The one best bet  
Of men you've met—  
The man whose heart stays young!

*Theodore Sheldon*

# The Accident That Gave Us Wood-pulp Paper

HOW A MIGHTY MODERN INDUSTRY OWED ITS BEGINNING TO GOTTFRIED KELLER AND A WASP

By Parke F. Hanley

ON the day when President Wilson was inaugurated to his second term, this country had its fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of wood-pulp. Were it not for a series of lucky chances that developed into opportunity, this wood-pulp anniversary might have remained for our children's children.

Have you ever given thought to the accidentalism of many great discoveries? The element of haphazard is generally combined with a series of coincidences. Looking back over the developments that led to gigantic contributions to our civilization, one cannot fail to be struck by the coordination of events. Apparently there always has been a conspiracy of natural forces to compel men of thought and resourcefulness to add another asset to progress.

Your earliest school readers have been full of these—for instance, Watt and his steam-kettle, Franklin and his kite. Now the youngsters are reading that the Wrights derived a fundamental principle of aviation—the warping-tip—from the flight of crows. With the awe comes a disquieting thought. How far back should we be were it not for these fortuitous circumstances?

Among all the great things that have been given to the world in the last three-quarters of a century, few measure beside the wood-pulp industry. With its

related trades and sciences, it is comprised within the ten great activities of mankind. In manufacture and distribution, it employs an army matching in size the Russian battle hordes. Its figures of investment and production are comparable to the debts of the great war.

Yet it remained for a wasp and Gottfried Keller to bring us out of the era of rag paper. Together, they saved us from a retardation of universal thought. Therefore, let us consider the agents.

## KELLER AND THE WASP'S NEST

First, the wasp. She was one of a family of several hundreds, born in the Hartz Mountains in the year 1839. When death claimed most of her relatives at the end of the season allotted as the life of a wasp, this survivor, a queen wasp, became the foundress of a family of her own. She built her nest of selected wood-fibers, softened them to a pulp with her saliva, and kneaded them into cells for her larvæ. Her family came forth in due course, and their young wings bore them out into the world. The nest, having served its purpose, was abandoned to the sun and the rain.

Maeterlinck, who attributes emotions to plants and souls to bees, might wrap a drama of destiny about this insect. She would command a leading place in a cast

which included the butterfly that gave silk to the world, the mosquito that helped to prove the germ theory of disease, and the caterpillar that loosed the apple which revealed the law of gravitation to Sir Isaac Newton.

As to Keller, he was a simple German, by trade a paper-maker and by avocation a scientist of sorts. One day in 1840—and this marks the beginning of the accidents—returning home from his mill, he trod upon the abandoned nest. Had not the tiny dwelling been deserted, he probably would have cherished nothing but bitter reflections about the irascibility of wasps. As it was, he stooped to see the ruin he had wrought.

The crushed nest lay soft in his hand, soft and pliable, and yet tough in texture. It was as soft as his own rag-made paper. It was not paper, and yet it was very much like paper. Crumbling it in his fingers, he decided that its material was wood-pulp.

Keller was puzzled to know how so minute a creature had welded wood into a paperlike nest. His state of mind passed to interest, thence to speculation, and finally to investigation. He carried his problem and its possibilities to his friend, Heinrich Voelter, a master mechanic. Together they began experiments. They decided to emulate the wasp. They would have to granulate the wood as she had done. The insect had apparently used spruce; they used spruce under an ordinary grindstone. Hot water served as a substitute for the wasp's salivary juices.

Their first attempts gave them a pulp astonishingly similar to that resulting from the choicest rags. They carried the pulp through to manufacture, with a small proportion of rags added—and they had paper. It was good paper, paper that had strength. They found that it possessed an unlooked-for advantage in its quick absorption of printing-ink.

Have you followed the chain of accidents, coincidences, and fortunate circumstances? Suppose the wasp had not

left her nest in Keller's path. What if he had been in haste, or had been driven off by the queen's yellow-jacketed soldiers? What if he had no curiosity, if he had not been a paper-maker, if he had not enjoyed acquaintance with Voelter? Wood-pulp might never have been found.

#### THE THREE PAGENSTECHERS

Leaving Gottfried Keller and Voelter in their hour of success, we find, sixteen years afterward, two other Germans, Albrecht and Rudolf Pagenstecher, brothers, in the export trade in New York. They were pioneering in another field. They were shipping petroleum to Europe for those rising young business men, John D. and William Rockefeller. They were seeking commodities for import when their cousin, Alberto Pagenstecher, arrived from the fatherland with an interesting bit of news.

"A few weeks ago, in a paper-mill in the Hartz, I found them using a new process," he said. "They are making paper out of wood. It serves. Germany is printing its newspapers on wood-pulp paper."

To his cousins it seemed preposterous that wood could be so converted, but Alberto was convincing. He showed them Voelter's patent grants and pictures of the grinders. The Pagenstechers went to Germany, and when they returned they brought two of the grinders—crude affairs devised for the simple purpose of pressing wood upon a stone. They also brought with them several German mechanics.

A printer in New York, named Strang, had already secured the United States rights of the new process. He was engaged in the manufacture of calendered paper, and, therefore, had no occasion to use wood-pulp; so he was willing to surrender the patents in exchange for a small interest.

The Pagenstechers wanted water-power for their grinders, and they located their first mill beside Stockbridge Bowl, in Curtisville, now Interlaken, Massa-

chusetts. On an outlay of eleven thousand dollars their mill was built and their machinery installed. Two or three trials, with cotton waste added to the ground wood, gave them their paper. Their first product was completed on the 5th of March, 1867.

It was a matter of greater difficulty to dispose of the stock. The trade fought against the innovation. Finally Wellington Smith, of the near-by town of Lee, Massachusetts, was persuaded to try it. Rag-paper had been selling at twenty-four cents a pound. Smith's mill still exhibits the first invoice with the Pagenstechers, which shows the purchase of wood-paper at eleven cents.

The paper was hauled to Lee in the dead of night, for Smith's subordinates wished to spare him from the laughter of his fellow millmen. It was sold, and proved successful, and the Pagenstechers were rushed with orders. They built a second mill in Luzerne, New York, but abandoned it soon afterward for the greater water-power to be obtained at Palmer's Falls, where now stands the second largest mill in the United States.

Manufacturers tumbled over themselves to get the benefit of the new process. The originators in this country held the patent rights until 1884, letting them out on royalties until that time. With each new plant the price of paper fell, until at one period it sold at one and a half cents a pound.

Trial had proved that spruce was the only suitable wood for the pulp. Until 1891 rags were combined in about one-quarter proportion. Then it was found that other coniferous woods might be used to replace the rags, after being submitted to what is called the sulfite process. In this treatment small cubes of wood, placed in a vat, have their resinous properties extracted, and the wood is disintegrated. A combination of ground and sulfite wood makes the paper now used for news-print.

As has been told, the primary advantage of the wood-pulp paper was its im-

mediate absorption of ink. This made possible much greater speed in printing, and led in turn to the development of the great modern newspaper and magazine presses, fed by huge rolls of paper, which they print on both sides simultaneously. These wonderful machines have now reached the double-octuple stage—monsters capable of turning out no less than five thousand eight-page newspapers in a single minute, or three hundred thousand in an hour.

#### THE GROWTH OF A VAST INDUSTRY

With the evolution from the flat-bed to the web or rotary presses there came further development in typesetting-machines—the linotype, the monotype, and others. With paper and presses brought to such simplification, newspapers have sprouted in every town, almost every village, and the total number of American periodicals is counted by tens of thousands. There are magazines that have a circulation of more than a million copies weekly. The leading daily newspapers in New York print anywhere from one hundred thousand copies to four times as many, and they can put extra editions on the streets at fifteen-minute intervals.

The aggregate circulation of daily newspapers in the United States is close to forty million copies. Weekly newspapers and periodicals reach fifty millions, and monthly publications mount almost to one hundred millions; and all this would be impossible without wood-pulp paper.

The annual production of wood-pulp in the United States and Canada is estimated by Albrecht Pagenstecher, the survivor of the innovators, to be worth nearly five hundred millions of dollars. Take into consideration the hundreds of thousands employed in the mills, the men who cut and bring in the raw product, the countless number in the printing, publishing, and distributing trades. Then hark back to the accident that put the wasp's nest under the toe of Gottfried Keller!



# Three Palms Cay\*

A NOVELETTE—COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

By Captain A. E. Dingle

Author of "Ships of Strife," "Steward of the Westward," etc.

A BLACK, deep-waisted, clipper-built brig curtsied and rolled slightly to the restraint of backed main-yards. Along her midship bulwarks some half-dozen heads, kerchief-bound, or topped with gaudy stocking caps, stared impatiently across a scanty half-mile of clouded blue sea. The cloud was one of black smoke, and it rose thickly and eddied to leeward greasily from the forehold of a ravished bark, the brig's unarmed, helpless victim.

Four boats, low-built and black like the brig, rode to their painters, made fast to the taffrail of the bark, and their crews on the poop above were mustered after their feast of slaughter, awaiting the order to embark. Of the bark's people, the dead lay piled about the foremast amid the reeking smoke; of the living, wounded or whole, the last save one had shot feet first, bound and weighted, to the floor of the Caribbean Sea.

The sole survivor was the reason for the brief delay in quitting the burning bark. Tied by the wrists to a thin line, hoisted to a block made fast twelve feet up the mainstay, a man clad in the somber garments of a priest swung to the vessel's lazy motion, in the thickest of the smoke surging up from the forward hatch. And while he swung in the torturing reek, his life was being pleaded for by an advocate whose mercy was a thing to make the most callous pirate shiver in his shoes.

Dick Bristol, a swaggering, evilly handsome blade who might have stepped straight from old Esquemeling's company, scowled warningly at the priest's importunate advocate and demanded:

"What is the black frock to you, Nita?

Has his chalky face fluttered your hot heart? Watch how you trifle with me; my knife knows no sex!"

The pirate drew a stolen machete two inches and slammed it back in its sheath with a suggestive click.

The pirate crew, clustered at the after rail, surged and muttered uneasily, darting covert glances at the man and woman by the mizzenmast, and again sending anxious eyes around the horizon. The thick column of black smoke rose higher into the blue sky, and seemed to their savage hearts a beckoning hand inviting vengeance for the bark's murdered people. It was not yet two days since they had shaken off the attentions of a too-persistent sloop-of-war that even now lurked somewhere behind the dazzling sky-line.

The woman, a Martinique creole with the carriage of a queen, laughed contemptuously at the pirate's threat. She stared him down with flashing black eyes, and her red lips curled scornfully.

"Dick Bristol, the sun has broiled your brain!" she said bitingly. "Had my heart fluttered for the priest, could you have gone so far with him, think you?"

She flung out a shapely, heavily ringed hand toward the swinging figure. Her other hand went to her bosom, and the sunlight glinted into Dick's eyes from a great jewel set in the hilt of a long stiletto, which she half drew.

"No! I am not yet weary of my pirate captain," she went on, and now she smiled alluringly in his face. "I want my priest with us in the brig, that so excellent a piece of sport be not wasted on the birds and

fishes. Will he not swing as bravely from our own yard-arm? Will he roast less merrily over our own charcoal-pot? Give me my little priest, and let us be gone! This smoke rises too high for our safety."

The pirate still hesitated. The bark had been scuttled when the fire was started, and in an hour both fire and bark, living and dead, would be wiped out by the all-concealing sea. And such wisdom as he possessed urged him against carrying away with him a single living witness of his latest exploit.

The men began to growl impatiently, and Bristol's lieutenant called out:

"Give the wench her priest, Dick! We waste good hours that should put leagues astern of us. I caught a flash just now down in the nor'east that looks woundily like a bulldog's royal!"

Nita laid both hands on Bristol's arm and thrust her wickedly handsome face close to his. Her eyes were soft, her lips fragrant.

"Blood and powder! Cut the infernal *padre* down, and into the boats with you!" roared Bristol, yielding, as he had often done in other things, to the allure of the woman.

The fierce jealousy which had taken toll of two lives among his officers before his possession of the imperious Nita was conceded as his right was not abated by her unaccountable interest in this black-robed captive; but infatuation, and a streak of caution that prompted avoidance of a conflict with any armed vessel flying a royal flag, overrode his scruples and made him yield. The boats put off from the bark, and, heavily laden with the less bulky and more valuable portion of the plundered freight, wallowed slowly toward the brig. Tackles were overhauled and lowered over the side long before the boats ran alongside, and a red-capped pirate scrambled down the fore-rigging after making fast a yard-arm whip, his bellowing hail rolling down to Bristol's ears.

"Bear a hand, ye sluggish dogs! Here's the bulldog comin' down the wind wi' a bone in her teeth!"

## II

A RED sun dipped below a steely horizon, and darkening seas rolled across the place where the bark had sunk. On the brig's quarter-deck Dick Bristol and his mates di-

vided their attention between flasks of choice wine from the bark's stores and a marine picture, beautiful to perfection in itself, yet of evil portent for them.

Five miles astern a trim sloop-of-war hung tenaciously in chase. Through the long telescope she stood out like a dainty model of ivory and ebony and gold, set in dazzling white foam on a dappled field. But she looked less pleasing to Dick Bristol and his evil crew than did the lowering bank of storm-cloud that was swiftly piling up in the southeast.

"What in torment made you waste time over this crow-coated priest?" grumbled Squint Tobin, first mate of the brig. "Here's the sloop bringin' a breeze down with her, and she'll have our range before we feel it. Plague seize such baggage as women and parsons aboard a ship o' fortune!"

"Belay that long tongue, Tobin!" warned Bristol, scowling. "When you want a change of command, you know the rules—knives on the main-hatch! If you ain't ready to step in my shoes by that route, clap a tampion into your loose mouth, and don't name my woman. It'll be dark soon, and unless my nose betrays me there's a bag o' snoring wind ahead that'll have us channels under and close-hauled long before the breeze astern strikes down. Dick Bristol receives no visits from that sloop this fine day, nor for many days yet to come!"

The pirate swung on his heel and walked aft.

At the big skylight over the main saloon the woman, Nita, reclined on a leather-cushioned locker, and on the deck close by sat or crouched the priest. A tigerish grace marked every line of the woman's trim form, and her alluring face was very near to the priest's as she rubbed oil upon his chafed wrists, murmuring softly to him the while. Her black eyes danced with smoldering fires while she spoke, and a glint of hardness crept into them at the growing discomfort of her patient—a discomfort not wholly due to his physical pains.

She laughed merrily, albeit a metallic quality ran through the mirthful ripple, as her pirate lord halted near by, black displeasure on his features.

"Turn westward, my Dick o' Bristol, and let the sunset glow touch your face!" she

cried. "You gloom like a thunder-cloud. Look on the face of the priest you gave me! Does he scowl at me? Ah, my brave captain, our little *padre* is but half priest after all. See how he glows at my touch!"

Nita sprang from the locker, and stepped sinuously within the arm-clasp of the pirate, her supple body pressing against him.

"Away with the black devil that gnaws you," she whispered, her loose hair caressing his stubbled chin. "What torture of his poor body could equal the exquisite faying of his soul? Look at him now! Tomorrow I shall show you sport with my little priest that shall lay bare the pulses of his heart! Bah, you're jealous, big boy!" she concluded, flipping Bristol lightly on the face with her fingers and twisting from his clasp.

She returned to the priest, and, flinging a tantalizing backward glance at the pirate, led her new plaything below to the saloon. For a moment Bristol glowered after her, his fingers nervously twining about the haft of his machete.

His problem was decided for him, at least for the time being, by outside agencies. Down the wind came the sharp bark of a long bow-chaser as the sloop tried for the range. The ball plunged into a rising sea a mile astern of the brig, yet near enough to demand unremitting attention. Almost coincident with the report of the gun, the sloop's canvas flapped heavily, filled for a moment, then flapped again and hung in inert folds from the yards.

The pirate turned from his pursuer and keenly scanned the horizon ahead, where the great black cloud-bank now reached almost to the zenith. The brig's sails flapped and hung useless as the sloop's; but under that forbidding cloud arose and seethed and rushed a creaming line of hissing foam, its warning audible aboard the brig as soon as the eye could see it.

"Down flying-jib! In royals and t'gal-lants'ls! Haul up both courses!" bawled Bristol, afraid of the sloop no longer in the face of his more imminent peril from the elements.

With the pirate's big crew, his every order could be carried out at once, and before the first breath of the hurricane shook her leechees the brig was under reefed topsails and foretopmast-staysail, with a small main-trysail, braced up on the starboard tack.

"You'll run her under, taking it abeam!" shouted Squint Tobin, clutching Bristol's sleeve and pointing toward the sloop with popping eyes. "See the bulldog! She's squarin' away before it under bare poles, an' she's abler than us."

"Vast bleating, you fool!" Bristol roared back savagely. "Think you I'll square away, too, and run down into his clutches? He's expecting me to do that, and I'll fool him. Hold her as she lies as long as a rag hangs to the yards, Tobin; 'tis a brave night for sailing!"

The mocking laugh that concluded his speech was swept away on the gale, for storm and night came down together.

### III

In the brig's saloon, flooded with ruby light from the great skylight lamp, the impact of the storm rescued the priest from a session of spiritual torture.

He was seated in Dick Bristol's own chair, with the mocking Nita perched on one arm-rest, her sleek, rounded arm about his shoulders, and a goblet of red wine insistently proffered to his lips, with her hot kisses sweetening the brim. His troubled eyes looked back along the miles, and his uneasy mind doubted the humanity of this siren who had snatched him from death on board the captured bark. Many times he had tried to struggle out of that deep chair, but Nita had seen to it that he was securely fastened to the seat before she applied to her prisoner the exquisite torment of her seductions. His pale face was drawn and haggard, his lips moved unceasingly, his gaze steadfastly refused to meet hers; and harder lines were creeping into Nita's face as her failure persisted.

Then came the storm. The saloon reverberated with the growl of piling seas. Deck, beams, table, and cabin furniture sloped giddily to the first impact of wind and wave; and the goblet of wine scattered its contents half-way up the lee side bulk-head. The woman laughed carelessly, and flung the goblet to the floor.

"Ho, Selim, you black beast!" she called to the steward. "Clean up here. Cast loose my little priest, and look you that he's well cared for. He is to be our chaplain when I have him tamed to drink from my hand. Give him food, and lock him in the spare stateroom."

Nita waved a hand airily to the prisoner and vanished behind the heavy hangings of her own luxurious stateroom. The priest sat for a while after the steward released him, hoping to hear some sound without that might bear out the promise of the distant gun report which had carried faintly to his ears not long ago. He shook his head hopelessly as the varied and staggering motions of the brig told their story.

He was no stranger to the sea, for much of his life had been spent among its people. He could tell when the brig was forced to bear away in the first outburst of the gale. He knew, by her gradually increasing angle of heel, that her daring skipper was again bringing her up to her course close-hauled. Abandoning all hope of immediate rescue, when Selim grinningly bade him follow, he submitted to Nita's command and was locked in the tiny cabin that she had indicated.

There had been much in the early life of Arsène Paul that was not according to the rules of the church; but he had experienced a change of heart, and for the past two years he had striven earnestly to atone for his previous shortcomings. He had chosen the hardest of hard schools, to the end that he might satisfy himself of his own strength to go through with his resolve.

Not yet irrevocably committed to the priesthood, he had spent two laborious and trying years as a free missionary among the buccaneers, wreckers, and slavers of the Spanish Main, and he had reason to believe that his labors had not been in vain. He had, at least, changed an entire community of cold-blooded wreckers on a small islet of the Bahamas into peaceful and honest turtle-hunters and sponge-fishers. The question of his physical fitness for a life of celibacy had given him long debate; but he had decided in favor of it, sure of his strength, and he was taking passage home to enter a priestly order when Dick Bristol's brig hove in sight.

When Bristol's pirates attacked the bark, he had fought as a brave man, whether priest or no, will fight. He had faced the awful end decreed for him over the smoking hatchway without audible murmur. He saw through Nita's cunning scheme to make sport of him for her pirate lord—sport more cruel than bodily torment, in that she had subtly happened upon the one side of his

being that he had been at greatest pains to subdue.

While lashed to that big chair, with her glittering eyes and flushed face thrust close to his own, while she murmured wicked thoughts to him and fanned his lips with her fragrant breath, much of his earlier life came back to Arsène Paul. Then he could have met this siren at her own game—aye, could have gone one better and perhaps beaten her at it; and with such a woman's help he might easily have promoted a funeral at sea, with swaggering Dick Bristol in the shotted hammock.

"God strengthen me!" he muttered, shuddering violently as he realized the thoughts that had taken hold of him.

He lay down and fell into a troubled sleep, while the laboring brig charged heavily across a weltering sea. The port-hole of his berth was buried deep in the leeward lurches, and thunderous seas crashed on the deck overhead. Occasionally strident voices volleyed orders along the streaming decks, and the answering shouts of seamen toiling at their tasks of lashing down boats and guns sounded weird and unearthly in the shrieking turmoil.

He awoke sharply from a doze with a sense of impending peril, and at once his ears caught the sound of excited voices in the main saloon close by. He heard Dick Bristol's throaty roar, Nita's answering cry, and then stumbling footsteps as the pirate rushed back to the deck. He tried his door. It was locked fast.

Then he heard swift footsteps outside again—lighter steps now. The key was turned and the door flung open.

"Come, my priest," cried Nita, and he saw that she was heavily wrapped as if for the deck. She laughed shortly at his evident bewilderment, and told him: "The brig may strike in a few minutes. Bristol would have you drown in your cabin, but I have an interest in you, too. Come!"

"Strike? Wh-where?" he stammered, following her dazedly.

She clutched his arm and hurried him into the companionway. The slide-hatch was flung back, and the roar of the storm and the shouts of the frightened pirates mingled in one terrific crash of sound. A leather-lunged bellow carried faintly aft from the fore-castle-head, and Dick Bristol answered it.



"Port bow? I see 'em! Wheel, there! Up with it! Up, I say! Tobin! Man the braces—square in—bear a hand, oh, bear a hand! You, quartermaster, keep them three palms in line—see 'em? That's you, my bully! That 'll do the foretops'l, belay the main! Squint, you gloomy dog! Grin, blast ye, and get ready both anchors. Oh, but Nita's little priest has brought us luck!"

## IV

OVER the bows, against a wide streak of steely glare that shot from zenith to horizon across massed, inky skies, a black, tufted column spiked up out of the sea, and about its base the churning waters glowed with a ghostly whiteness. The column was the merged shape of three tall palms, the tufted crest their umbrageous heads, and nothing but pirate's luck had enabled Dick Bristol to get them ranging in line on the north-east bearing which alone could guide a vessel into the tiny haven they overtopped.

Bristol stamped the quarter-deck in bellying jubilation, and the ringing tone of his orders injected new courage into his faint-hearted rascals at a time when they looked anything but the bold swashbucklers they counted themselves. Death at the gallows they professed to laugh at, for their brig was swift, and capture a thing unlikely. Death by combat was a remote possibility, since it was no part of Bristol's business to attack any vessel capable of hitting back too hard; but until those three palms on Three Palms Cay sprang out of the raging sea to beckon them to safety, wet, unromantic death had loomed in their frightened eyes with the first glimpse of broken water, and their ruffianly souls flew true colors at once.

The pirate caught sight of Nita, huddled with Brother Arsène in the lee of the companionway, and he stepped over toward them triumphantly. He did not at first see the man, and neither of them saw him. Nita, caring nothing now that her keen instinct assured her the peril was past, tugged at Arsène's sleeve and urged him back to the stairs.

"Come, my priest, the danger is past," she said. "You may sleep and rest. Tomorrow you shall join our merry crew, for we sadly need a chaplain. You shall be my confessor, little priest, and oh, what I shall tell you!"

Dick Bristol halted at the hatchway as they disappeared, and his face was convulsed with jealousy. Once more his knife was half drawn, once more slammed back into its sheath, and his teeth shone wolfishly as he shut the slide and bent all his attention on taking the brig to her anchorage.

Completely sheltered behind a steep bluff arising sheer from the ocean bed, and forming a natural breakwater for the small atoll whose only verdure appeared to be the three tall palms, the brig swam slowly forward until her anchors brought her up. Then she lay serene and motionless, invisible from seaward even by day, while the screaming gale whipped the sea-spume high over her trucks and left her clewed-up canvas as untroubled as if in dock.

Bristol was no laggard in duty, any more than in love, and grumbling lookouts were posted in the tops of the palm-trees before an eye closed in sorely needed sleep. Admiralty charts gave the position of Three Palms Cay, and indicated the bearings on which those three tall trees would guide a vessel into the haven. Dick Bristol had early seen the possibilities of the islet as a refuge in time of dire need, and his cunning brain prompted the transplanting of the trees, so that the chart bearings must inevitably lead a prying ship to lay her bones on the reef.

There was nothing on the cay to attract a vessel except a spring of water, and other and safer havens were to be found in the adjacent waters. After several flustered haven-seeking shipmasters had reported the place as dangerous, and the Admiralty survey as utterly wrong, honest ships gave the islet a wide berth, which was entirely agreeable to the wishes of Bristol. He knew now that with the exception of an occasional prowling crew of wreckers, seeking prey after a gale, his brig was the only craft likely to attempt the anchorage. His lookouts were posted, then, not to guard against surprise so much as in the hope that a keen eye in the dawn might catch a glimpse of the sloop-of-war and give him her direction, saving him the risk of taking a course into her cruising radius.

He waited until the brig was snugly moored and the gear coiled shipshape, then joined Squint Tobin in the waist.

"Take the long-boat, Squint," he ordered, "and the six black dummies. Drop along-

side my cabin port, and I'll pass out the booty. You'll plant it where I said, and mind ye make no sound with the oars. If Mistress Nita hears a murmur of you going, there'll be a new skipper or a new mate to-morrow! 'Twas more than luck brought us here to-night, Tobin. 'Twill save making a visit on purpose to add to our hoard."

Bristol went below while the boat was being lowered. He listened keenly outside the big cabin where Nita slept; then, satisfied that she slept in truth, he entered his own berth and silently unscrewed and hooked up the big, square port.

The floor of the cabin was littered with the loot from the bark, and some of it lay heaped among the wreck of a cabinet that had been smashed in the brig's furious plunges. Working silently and swiftly, a sardonic grin wreathing his dark features, the pirate picked out with unerring eye the jewels and plate of greatest worth, and crammed them into an oaken chest.

His tremendous muscular strength was barely sufficient to raise the box to the port-sill; it taxed the power of four men in the boat beneath to receive it and place it on the bottom boards without noise. But the transfer was made, and the long-boat pulled away shoreward with muffled sweeps, while Dick Bristol flung the rest of the bark's tribute outside into the main saloon, and went back on deck to await Squint Tobin's return.

# V

MORNING dawned bright and mellow after the gale. With the first beams of the sun the lookouts came on board the brig and reported having watched a pearly sliver of sail vanish over the western sea-rim.

"A bad riddance to him!" cried Bristol, in jubilation. "Such nosy dogs are a pest to honest gentlemen of fortune. Squint, you sulky gawk"—slapping the mate on the shoulder—"I've sport for you to-day. Rig all hands in their finest rags, and get all the boats overboard. Before nightfall we start another cruise, and when you see the last of yonder palms against the sky, you will say that Dick Bristol is a devilish humorous dog!"

The pirate went below and found Nita in the saloon picking over the finery heaped on the floor. She flashed a smile at him, holding up a silken ball-gown.

"I claim this, Dick," she smiled. "It is the queen's right!"

"Take what pleases you, Nita," he replied, smiling back at her. She seemed to detect something of portent in his smile, but he hastened to add: "Put it on, girl, and all your other finery, if it pleases you. Dress like a bride, and after we've eaten we'll take your priest ashore to make us a holiday."

"Bride? Is it marriage? Will you—will you make me an honest woman?" she faltered, rich color flooding her face. "Don't trifle with me, Dick Bristol—don't you dare!"

The pirate laughed, and the note in his laughter was at variance with his words:

"Dick Bristol wastes no time in trifling, Nita. Do as I bid you. This day shall see you wedded—an honest wife."

"And the priest, afterward?"

"Have no fear for your little crow-coat. He, too, shall learn that justice may dwell in the breast of a pirate!"

In the broad light of day the barren hummock of Three Palms Cay glowed like yellow gold. Its sands were warm to the eye; the tall palms reared to the sky like plumes. But for the brig in the tiny haven no sound disturbed the barren beauty of the place. Not even a bird found sustenance there.

Upon this solitude, at nine o'clock, burst a horde of gaudy ruffians, shouting like innocent schoolboys as they bore each his burden of food and wine for the promised gala. Around the base of the palms they gathered, and a cask was broached while they awaited the last boat, carrying Dick Bristol, Nita, and the bewildered Arsène Paul.

Nita had whispered to Arsène that his chance had come to repay her for her efforts in his behalf. He, sensing nothing good in the motive that had led her to demand his release from the burning bark, was sorely troubled at the outcome of this development.

Yet she had been kind to him this morning. In her eyes, as she told him what was afoot, was nothing of the siren's sinister seductiveness that had marked her attention. Do as I bid you. This day shall he still was compelled to see in her attitude a fluttering womanliness hard to reconcile with the Nita of the evening before.

"Hold up your head, my priest, for your

fee shall be your freedom. Dick Bristol will not deny it to me now," she had said, leading the way on deck and into the skipper's boat.

She led the way up to the palms with the step of an empress, her handsome face aglow, her black eyes flashing in rivalry with the splendid tiara she wore. Clad in shimmering silk, her small feet shod in satin slippers whose low cut revealed shapely, silk-sheathed ankles, Nita drew the admiring glances of that crew of red-handed murderers who never regarded other woman-kind as anything but prey.

Brother Arsène followed her, with head bent and lips moving. Dick Bristol brought up the rear, a huge, brass-clasped Bible in his hands, and a satanic, sneering smile on his features.

A hoarse, throaty cheer went up from the mob as they approached, and Bristol raised a hand to silence it. He stepped to a tree and laid down the book on the head of a cask. Then he signed to Tobin, and the mate ranged the six deaf-mutes, the skipper's own private boat's crew, in a line behind Nita and the priest. Super-rascals were those six, the inner circle of the pirate's horde!

"Come, Nita!" said Bristol, opening his arms.

The woman's neck and face were suffused with a rosy blush. She glided swiftly forward and nestled in his embrace, her eyes closed, her red lips upturned to his.

The pirate's mouth was drawn tightly over his grinning teeth, and a demon shone in his eyes. With one arm clasping Nita tightly about the waist, he darted his free hand into her corsage, and with a snarl of triumph drew forth and cast away the long stiletto which she always carried there. She gasped, unbelieving; then she saw the menace in his face, and a deathly pallor spread where blushes had hovered a moment before.

She sprang at Bristol like a tigress, but the six mutes seized her in an unbreakable grip. They held her and brought her face to face with the stupefied priest, who was now captive in the strong hands of Squint Tobin and a gigantic negro.

## VI

"WHAT jest is this, Dick Bristol?" panted Nita, struggling vainly in the grip of her captors. "Call off your black dogs, and

face me alone with your accusation, whatever it is!"

The pirate laughed grimly at her rage and helplessness, while a muttering that rose from the gaping crew indicated the utter success of the surprise to them. Nita detected something of their surprise, and she snatched at a straw of hope.

"The man who strikes down Dick Bristol takes Dick Bristol's place!" she cried, her eyes flashing a challenge to the shifting mob. "Come! Are there no men among you? Oh, for one minute free with my bare hands! Dick Bristol, Tobin, you play with death! Loose me, and have done with this mummerly!"

The muttering among the men grew louder, and some of the hardiest shuffled forward undecidedly, doubting whether even such a prize as Nita could insure success in a contest with Bristol. He, sure of himself, smiled sarcastically as he noted their indecision, and stood idly by, waiting for them to come on if they would.

Among the crew were certain ape-browed rascals who had not waited for such an invitation before nursing a similar ambition; and their broad backs, tanned to the consistency of buckram by terrible floggings at the gratings, were ever-present warnings against making the mistake again. These, circulating among their mates, worked with good effect for Bristol and with dire results for the woman.

"Show us our sport, Bristol! We follow you," came the growled decision at last, and the pirate stepped forward with a grin of appreciation.

Arsène Paul stood unresisting between his guards, his pale face tinged with a faint flush. His manhood revolted at having to stand by and look on at the baiting of a woman, yet, think as he might, he could see no help for it. He had come ashore believing that he was really to join in wedlock this red-handed pirate and his doubtless guilty consort; and while the captive churchman's soul was outraged by the thought that such a ceremony, in such a place, with such an audience, must be little better than sheer mockery and blasphemy, he was willing to go on with it in the hope that even such an empty form might possibly exert a softening influence on the parties to it.

What his own subsequent fate was to be,

he neither knew nor considered. Nita had said that he would be set free, and he was willing to believe at least that she meant what she said. Of her ability to influence Bristol he had doubts; he only hoped.

Now the tableau had been staged, and Arsène knew, as he took in every expression and attitude among the gaudy mob, that four-fifths of the brig's company were taken in astonishment as deep as his own.

The pirate sprang on top of the cask where he had placed the great Bible, and to give himself all possible height he stood on the book. Then, his right hand held aloft, and his face convulsed with slaving rage, he harangued the crowd.

"Yesterday you saw me soften at the entreaty of this woman," he snarled, darting a look of vicious intent toward Nita. "By general consent the woman is mine—mine by capture, mine by purchase when capture might have sufficed. What has she given me? What has she given you? You she has flouted, you she has had triced up and flogged. Two good men, my lieutenants, were brought to their death at my hands by this vixen's cunning wiles. And what, think ye, might be the latest maggot to gnaw little Nita's brain? What meant her pity for the priest who stands shivering there like a chalk-faced poltroon? This, it meant—fair Nita's hot heart leaped for this crow-coated preacher as it has never leaped for me! All my kindness for the wench has gone for naught. Never once has she unbent to me, save to tantalize me with her cunning seductions. Always has her cry been, 'Marriage—marriage!' and like a loon Dick Bristol has been patient when he might have used his power of right. But for the priest, ah!" Bristol spat savagely at Arsène. "For the priest her eyes were soft, for him her lips were warm and moist. In peril of death, last night, for him she lagged behind in the saloon when a moment might have meant her perishing. Her priest, she called him—and she shall have him!"

The pirate leaped down. Striding up to Arsène, he launched at the helpless man's face a blow that had felled him, but for the supporting arms on either side.

Nita looked on in stupefaction, bewildered by the turn of the proceedings. In her face was a fluttering pity for the priest, but it was overshadowed by the seething anger that consumed her. She awaited the next

development, biting her scarlet lips until the blood all but burst through, striving to hold her passions in check.

"Stand forward, dog of a priest!" roared Bristol. He stepped to the cask and picked up the Bible as Tobin swung Arsène around side by side with Nita. "Come here, wanton!" he snarled at the woman, whose guards handled her as they might a sheep. "Stand up by thy bully, and let Dick Bristol make an honest woman out of wondrous bad stuff!"

The priest's eyes flashed at last, and the blood rushed to his face in a passionate flush. Nita was white to ghastliness as she sensed some terrible climax to the mad jest. But the mobbing pirates saw only a piece of fine sport laid out by swaggering Dick Bristol for their edification; and as the truth percolated to their dull brains, and they caught the significance of the woman's bridal finery, a roar went into the palm-tops from forty mossy chests.

"Nita to wed the parson!" they bawled, capering clumsily in a boisterous circle.

"Blast my soul, but that's a match to tickle the gods!" shouted a one-eyed giant whose back still felt creepy from the flogging Nita had got for him not long before. "Bear a hand, captain, and hitch the doves, that we may empty a cask to their healths while they fight their first battle!"

"He'll have a handful converting little Nita!" Arsène heard another say.

"Have no fear!" was the reply. "In three days she will be drinking his blood!"

Nita still seemed unable to realize that the thing was in deadly earnest. She looked full into Bristol's eyes and forced a smile as she said:

"Enough of this horse-play, Dick. 'Twas a good jest, and the men are well pleased. If carried too far it may come back on you. Call off your dogs, and let us get to the business that brings us here."

For reply, the pirate beckoned to Squint Tobin. The mate urged Arsène forward, pushed him close to Nita, and, seizing his hand, forced it into one of the woman's. Tobin ordered the big negro to hold the clasp in his own huge fist.

"Now then, my doves, we are met together in sight o' that brig, and in the presence of this fine gang o' slit-purses, to join two crawling serpents in unholy wedlock," paraphrased Bristol, pretending to read from



his book. "Anybody disagreeable, talk up, lively!"

Nita turned her gaze upon Arsène, and in spite of the apparent seriousness of the situation—for she was now under no misapprehension as to the pirate's deadly intent—a flicker of amusement hovered about her mouth as she waited for some response to Bristol's challenge.

"Hitch 'em, hook 'em up! Splice 'em good an' snug, Bristol, and let's broach a cask!" chorused the roaring ruffians.

The priest met the pirate's gaze with a look of reproof, and said simply:

"My body you can dispose of, but I will be no party to this blasphemy. If you persist in this, some terrible retribution will overtake you."

"Never mind the aftermath!" snarled Bristol. "Just answer my questions—that's all."

"I will not!"

"Wilt thou have this baggage as wife?"

The priest was silent.

"Answer!"

Silence.

"Answer!" gritted Bristol, pressing his knife to Arsène's neck.

Still silence. Blood trickled, but still no word came. Then, putting back his knife, the pirate captain roared an oath, and with a grim laugh ordered the one-eyed giant to stand up and act as proxy for the unwilling bridegroom.

"You are scored down the back for having the wish for this woman at an unseasonable time," guffawed Bristol. "Stand now, and soothe your soul with the touch of her hand, and her wifely kiss, if you can get it. Such kiss as she'll doubtless give you Dick Bristol willingly foregoes!"

## VII

THE ghastly mockery was carried out to the end. Then, slamming shut the book, Bristol roared to the one-eyed proxy:

"Now give her a buss, man! 'Tis the last chance you'll have, for I'm going to turn her loose! You're pronounced spliced by the law o' the Jolly Roger, to hug and to hold till one o' you kills t'other! Kiss her, Blink!"

Nita blazed out in impotent fury as the grinning ruffian thrust his face against hers and slapped a smacking kiss on her lips; but from another and quite unexpected

quarter there came swift reprisal. Squint Tobin and the negro had somewhat relaxed their vigilance while enjoying the farce, and now Arsène wrenched himself free, stepped forward, and felled the proxy to the earth with a shrewdly planted punch on the chin.

He spoke no word, and he was immediately gripped by his guards again, while the other pirates, out of sheer astonishment, ceased their noise for an instant; but a new light of gratitude shone in the woman's face, and even Dick Bristol did not withhold a commendatory curse. The proxy staggered to his feet, and mouthing furiously, lurched forward to retaliate.

"Let be, Blink, let be!" ordered Bristol, thrusting him back. "'Twas payment for value received. To your liquor now, all of you, and drink to the love-birds! Until noon you may swill; then we sail and leave our doves to their honeymoon."

"Leave? You'll leave me here?" cried Nita, her worst fears strengthened. "What means that, Dick Bristol?"

The pirate made a sign to the six mutes, and turned on his heel with a fiendish chuckle. He joined his crew, and left his henchmen to carry out orders previously given.

Two circlets of iron, each attached to a long chain, were produced. One was clasped and riveted around Nita's waist, the other fettered Arsène. Both chains were brought together at the ends, and fastened around the stem of one of the giant palms with great spikes, giving each prisoner a scope of some ten feet radius from the tree. Just beyond the farthest point to which either could possibly reach, a small heap of provisions was piled. An ax was tossed upon the heap, and when all was finished Dick Bristol inspected the work and approved it.

"Good enough!" he said, revealing his yellow teeth in a sardonic sneer. "No man can say that they were not justly dealt with. Food there is, water lies near, and there's the ax that can set 'em free. Let 'em pray for the ax to be put into their hands. Nita can appeal to the Evil One. If she's answered, she can use the ax on the priest and live a little longer on his share of the food. The priest can pray to his own particular God, and by the time he's answered he'll be ready to do the same as his sweet little spouse would do, to get a few more hours of life."

The pirate rejoined his fellows, whose uproar now filled the skies. Nita blazed out afresh as he turned his back; then she caught sight of the priest, and bit her lip to restrain her futile revilings.

Arsène sat where he had been thrown, his face white and drawn, the bones of his hands shining white under the tightened skin. But his mouth had hardened into a thin line; his chin was set like a marble sign of iron determination; his brooding eyes burned with inner fires that carried a mute message of courage to the woman.

She ceased her shrill invective, and a shamed look flashed across her heated face. They were alone and unnoticed for the moment, while from the broached cask sounded uncouth oaths and profane jests. She saw his lips moving, and his eyes flashed toward her. Then, sensing that he was trying to speak to her, she bent her head low and heard him whisper:

"Courage, and keep silence! Give these fiends no further cause for merriment at your expense. Retribution is sure. *Hide those jewels you wear!*"

For a moment Nita failed to get his meaning. Then he glanced swiftly at her wavy hair, in which shone the rich tiara she had donned, and nodded. In a flash she detached the costly ornament and concealed it in her dress, though she was in utter darkness as to the reason for Arsène's advice.

So far as she saw then, all the gems in the brig's plunder-chest could not help them once they were left on that desolate islet. But she recalled the one-eyed pirate's horrible kiss, and the swift reprisal meted out by this pale, humble preacher. She looked again into his face, saw the fire beneath the cold exterior, and felt a wave of confidence surging through her being.

She found herself wondering whimsically if this could indeed be a priest of the church. There was so much of the man so very near the surface, once the surface was scratched!

She kept silence when the pirates gathered around them again at the command of Bristol, to wind up their sport with a clumsy, capering dance and a song of farewell that recounted and illustrated the loves of all the desperadoes who had made Port Royal infamous. Then Bristol sharply gave the order to embark. Lingerer behind until the last, he stood over his victims and sneered at them:

"In one month I shall come back for your bones! I have no fear that outside help will come to you and rob me of my vengeance. If men come, I know their kind! 'Twere better for such as you that they stayed away. Wreckers and the like would strip flesh from the bones of their parents for finery such as little Nita wears. Priest, busy yourself and convert the jade, since you've got her. Confess her, but stop up your ears while she recounts her sins, for they'll set you on fire! And, whisper—try your utmost to be first to reach yonder ax, for I warn you your new spouse is a deft hand with a weapon! Farewell, farewell, you shameless hussy! Remember, when your false lips are black and cracking, and your amorous glances for the priest have turned to cannibal hunger, that Dick Bristol was merciful. He would not force you to be a pirate's mistress, but let you die an honest wife!"

Bristol swung around and strode down to the waiting boats. His dark face was wrinkled with sardonic humor as he went, muttering:

"An honest wife! Spliced to a priest o' the church! By all the fiends in the place of torment, 'tis a shrewd jest on the false jade!"

### VIII

For a while there was silence; then the clank of windlass pawls sounded, muffled and mellowed by distance as the brig got under way.

Between the palms and the tiny haven rose a low hogback of red sand, which cut off the view of the nearer waters and hid all but the brig's topgallantmasts from the castaways. It was not until the vessel ran through the entrance and leaned to the brisk trades that she came into full sight.

Arsène sat motionless, his face set, his brows wrinkled with thought, apparently oblivious to the presence of the woman, who paced back and forth at the full scope of her chain. Nita's hands twined nervously, and her black eyes glittered, while she watched sail after sail come into view beyond the natural breakwater of the bluff.

Then, with the entire brig a diminishing picture on the sparkling blue sea, she laughed a trifle hysterically and flung herself down in front of the priest. Gradually the glitter left her eyes, and some of her natural color

came back to face and throat, while she tucked her satin-shod feet under her dress and folded her hands in her lap. Presently she asked quizzically:

"Well, my husband, have you nothing to say to me? How like you the start of our honeymoon?"

Arsène started out of his deep cogitation and looked up at her. A softly pitying smile lighted his face.

"You are bitterly paying for what was doubtless but harmless sport with me," he replied. "But have no fear that the pirate's supreme jest will add to your affliction. Though fettered to me in fact"—he indicated the chains with a wave of the hand—"you are free before God and man. Such a mockery of marriage is not according to any law."

"Oh, but it is!" she cried, then colored deeply at the expression of countenance with which he received her contradiction. She realized that her words, at least, had implied no very serious objection on her part. "Any shipmaster is authorized to perform the wedding ceremony on the high seas," she added hurriedly. "We are wed as surely as if we had stood before a bishop. Even that one-eyed beast who fouled my lips was a proper proxy under the law."

"You are in error, Nita," he returned quietly. "The pirate Bristol is no shipmaster in the eyes of civilization. Moreover, he played his farce here on land, and not at sea. Have no fear that I shall hold you to this pact. If I were not—"

He ceased abruptly, and lowered his gaze, for she was staring straight into his eyes with a look that confused him. She was slightly disheveled, and warm with throbbing color, and she was very fair to look upon.

"Time enough for that question, Nita," he concluded, with more decision, "when we are out of this trap. For the present we have to get to that food or starve in chains. I have a plan, but 'tis a shaky one indeed. Such as it is, however, I shall do my best with it because I want you to live. Whatever your motive, you saved me from a terrible death on the bark, and your pity has brought you to this. Take your chain in hand, and examine well each link. Hold fast to the one that seems weakest, and wait."

Arsène stood up and set the example,

scanning the chain closely as he stepped toward the palms. Both worked intently, noiselessly, until the woman, nervous in the silence, spoke:

"I am piqued at you, my priest—or spouse," she said, never relaxing her attention to her task. He made no reply, and she went on: "You swung over that burning hold like a man, with no white-livered whimperings on your lips. You acted the priest when I tried you with wine and proffered kisses. You came ashore to make sport for Dick Bristol, came like a sheep—neither man nor priest! 'Twas like a very man that you buffeted Blink on the chin for taking the kiss that was yours of right. As a sheep you submitted to this ordeal, like a priest you try to give me courage, yet you act, and your eyes look, like a man such as Dick Bristol could never be! I wonder if you know our plight! Do you know what will be come of us, even if you can free us from these chains? Do you know that there is food there for a few days at longest, and that no food can be found on this island? Do you know what is the only means we have of leaving this place—the chance coming of other men of Bristol's own kidney? Do you know what I shall do if such men come? They will surely take me off, unless I am starved to ugliness, and they will kill you or leave you to starve to death. But I shall not be taken, to live again through a nightmare of horrors such as Bristol dragged me through. I shall tear myself to shreds first!"

Her voice broke, and she finished in a hysterical shriek. Arsène looked up at her in surprise. Much about the woman had surprised him since he had heard her pleading for his life. He began to wonder just how much she had had to do with the bloody business of the brig and Bristol.

"All this I know," he replied, coming back toward her and gently placing a hand on her shoulder. "I know that my hope of severing one of these links is of the slightest, and if it fails, we die. Yet it is a hope, and I put my trust in a higher power to help us. But once free, Nita, things will look less gloomy. This place is not strange to me." He smiled at her start of aroused interest. "Yes, I have been here before, many times, and I know the spring of water on the other side of the cay. I know the plentiful fish that swarm inside the haven,

and I can make a fishing-line, too. If the need arises I can hide you from Bristol, should we yet be here on his return. But have no such fear, Nita. If fortune favors us in breaking these chains, so that we may feed our bodies, I feel sure that we shall not be here when the brig comes back. I don't fear the other men who come to this place."

"You don't fear them?" she cried, staring at him as if doubtful of his sanity. "Then you don't know them! 'Tis after such a gale as last night's that the pirate's jackals come, for they know of Dick Bristol's trick of transplanting these palms. Bristol never even thinks villainy such as these ghouls do! And what will they do to us, think you, when they find no wreck to pay them for their visit?"

"I know them, Nita, and what they will do," returned Arsène.

He halted suddenly, and bent closely over his chain. Then he looked up with a smile of hope, and bade the woman sit down on the sand by him.

"Give me the tiara," he requested, stretching the chain across his knees and turning up the link he had selected.

She handed over the flashing jewel in wonder, and her lips parted in a little gasp as he deliberately snapped the setting into a dozen pieces.

"Now," he said, settling himself, "please wrap your dress about your hands, and hold the chain as tightly stretched as you can. 'Twill be a long and tedious task, I fear, but I have hopes."

For several minutes he gave his attention to the pieces of the tiara, selecting those in which the diamonds were most nearly of a size, then applying his strong teeth to the settings until he had bent each piece straight. Then, raising his eyes to the woman in a smile of brightest encouragement, he removed a shoe from his foot, upturned the weak link on the sole of it, and drew one of his diamond files firmly but carefully across the iron.

"See?" he smiled, showing her the scratch that resulted. "It is but a matter of patience—and prayer!"

"Then mine be the patience, for I doubt the efficacy of any prayer of mine," she rejoined—a little bitterly, he thought. But she brightened up with an effort, and added: "'Tis, as you say, a tedious task. We

need to keep our spirits cheerful. Let us talk while you toil; and when you are too weary to toil further, I shall sing to you. Tell me first why you have no fear of the wreckers who come here."

## IX

For several moments Arsène Paul filed with extreme caution. His tools were too precious, not alone in costliness, for risks to be taken which might be avoided. As he made each scratch, he closely examined the settings, giving a bite here, a twist there, where the metal showed signs of parting from the stones. Then, with a more confident stroke, he settled down to a steady scratching, and answered Nita's question.

"I do not fear the men who were the pirates' jackals," he said; "for I was one of them. It was with them—with Black Pedro, of Inagua—that I visited this cay many times for water."

"You—a wrecker?" Nita interrupted in amazement.

"Not a wrecker, perhaps, though with wreckers," returned Arsène with a smile. "And I don't fear them, because they also are no longer wreckers."

Then, while the flashing diamonds scratched, and his fingers grew raw, and tiny particles of iron gathered on his shoe-sole, Arsène told the woman somewhat of his labors among the riffraff of the Bahamas. He told her of his earlier life, when even Port Royal was not too hot for his blood, and of the revulsion of feeling that had come upon him after an orgy that had left him near death.

Proceeding, while the woman's face underwent every possible change of expression from unbelief to sheer astonishment, he related his conversion to decency. He told of the missionary work he had since undertaken among the lowest of his late cronies, which had culminated in the changing of Black Pedro's gang of sea jackals into honest fishermen and turtle-hunters.

"I was returning home for my ordination when the brig interrupted my voyage," he concluded, straightening up to rest his cruelly aching fingers and wrists.

"Then you are not yet a priest!" she cried eagerly. "Oh!" she exclaimed, realizing how her tone had struck him when his deep-set eyes fastened kindly upon her hot face.



"Not yet, Nita, but, thanks to you, there is yet a chance," he replied.

She bent her head and kept silence until the scratching of the diamond file announced a resumption of the heart-breaking labor. Then, to hide her feelings as well as to encourage the man, she sang to him in a rich, low voice that sounded strangely sweet on the softly crooning breeze. She sang old-time love-songs and little *chansonnettes* of Martinique, and then drifted, it seemed unconsciously, into a rousing drinking-song.

Instinctively Arsène timed his filing to the song, and when the rolling chorus came his feet twitched to the rhythm of it. He suddenly caught himself up, and she greeted his look of confusion with a rippling laugh.

"The man outweighs the priest in you yet, my friend!" she said with a little note of jubilation.

Then, seeing his discomfort, she became very womanly indeed, and bent over his bruised and bleeding hands.

"'Tis enough, and more than enough," she declared, gently taking the chain from his fingers. "No more to-day!"

"Yes, Nita, there must be much more to-day," he replied, and his face grew set and stern as he showed her the pitiful progress he had made. "Only a scratch, you see. To-morrow you will thirst, and after that—" He stopped, noticing the color fade from her cheeks at the thought, and hastily added: "Rest a while and work a while must be the rule. If you will sing to me again, I shall have the chain all but severed by another sunrise."

But it was not to be. In spite of her song, which grew lower, hoarser, and weaker, yet never despairing, the third sunrise came and found the chain still whole. The sun shone on haggard faces and parched lips, on trembling limbs and bleeding hands. It shone into hollow eyes that burned fiercely, and upon scattered points of light in the sand where lay the diamonds that had been wrenched from the metal.

Nita awoke out of a feverish doze with an involuntary moan of anguish. She at once repressed the complaint, and tried bravely to greet her companion with her customary smile. Arsène, bowed low over his knees, mechanically scraped, scraped, scraped at the shining link of chain that was being polished through rather than cut, and he gave her his invariable good morning.

"Courage, little one!" he rasped thirstily. "'Tis half-way done now. Lie down again. 'Twill weary you the less."

But she could not lie down again while he toiled on. She staggered to her feet and ranged restlessly about at the end of her tether. From time to time she clutched a palm to support herself, and then tottered to the next one, her steps becoming unsteadier. Sheer will kept her up—will, and a whole-souled admiration for the tireless companion burning himself out to give her a fresh lease of life.

"Was ever such a man?" she whispered to herself.

Then the sun and the sea and the palms spun around her, the sands heaved up like ocean waves, and with a little gasping cry she pitched at full length over Arsène's extended legs.

Hunger and thirst had done more than sap her strength. The full, rich roundness of her graceful body had gone—even Arsène had noticed that, convert from earthly things though he thought himself. The circlet of iron that had snugly clasped her waist when put on, now sagged loosely upon her hips.

As she fell, the rivet that had been at her back was forced around to her upward side. At sight of it Arsène dropped chain, diamond, and shoe, while his cracked lips dropped open and his burning eyes blazed again with combined amazement and very manlike anger.

*The rivet was a wooden peg!*

## X

BLACK and red fiends seemed to dance before Arsène's eyes at the revelation. The priest in him was never so faint, the man never so near the surface, as in that moment when he saw the fiendishness of the pirate's vengeance. He stared down at his raw, swollen hands, at the blood-stained shoe, at the shining surface of the chain-link that represented the pitiful result of his tremendous labor. And it had all been unnecessary. The chains might have been cast off in five minutes at any time; yet he had toiled and sweated and thirsted.

The thought cleared his vision, and brought him back to the problem presented by the swooning woman across his knees. Water! He knew where the spring bubbled from the lonely rock on the other side of the cay.

With trembling fingers he fumbled at his own iron belt, bringing the rivet around to the front; and his heart sank again, for his fetters were riveted with iron. A frenzy seized him, and he tore frantically at the band, starting the blood afresh from his splintered finger-nails.

A moan from Nita brought back his self-control, and he gazed down at her pain-drawn face in infinite pity. Gently he took her hands, and began to chafe her wrists, as she had once done for him. To make use of the freedom which could be hers by the simple removal of a wooden peg, she must be revived sufficiently to follow his directions for finding the vital water-spring; and the faint fluttering of her breath sent a chill to his heart.

This woman, companion of pirates, by her own admission soiled of the world, had made jest of his religion, had amused herself by plying him with her seductive wiles to watch him cringe under his priestly shell; yet what a companion she had proved in the test! Every separate scratch of diamond upon iron was a mark and sign of her invincible courage. Her cheery spirit had risen and expanded as his bodily weariness increased. Not once had a complaint issued from those black and cracked lips, which but three days before had been warm and full and blood-red.

Now she lay in a swoon that might be death. Arsène choked at the thought. All his chafing brought no results, save pain to his own raw hands. The blue veins showed in vivid tracery on her closed eyelids; the vagrant hair, a tumbled mass of tawny gold, lay like unearthly foliage around a dying flower; and Arsène, after all, was but a man. He bent down, laid a light hand on her forehead, and reverently touched his lips to hers.

The specter of a smile hovered over her face at the touch. It seemed as if his kiss had overtaken her in her flight to spirit-land. Her eyes opened slowly and gazed full into his, and her wan fingers softly sought and fastened on his wrist.

"Nita! Nita!" he cried, in an ecstasy of relief. Her eyes closed wearily; a sigh escaped her lips. "Nita, you must arouse yourself," he persevered, wrenching at her iron belt until the peg dropped out and she was free. "Oh, Nita, you are free! You must try to get to the water."

His eyes clouded at his ill success. It

was hopeless to arouse her. She could never reach the spring.

Then he caught sight of the pile of provisions, now destroyed or ruined by the myriad land-crabs that had found them out; but his gaze was directed toward the ax, which was a scant three feet beyond the farthest scope of their chains. The excitement of weakness was upon him, and once more he bent his head, and once more his lips were pressed to hers.

"Nita!" he whispered, and again her eyes looked into his with a smile of utter peace.

Now he managed to arouse her to a sense of the relief that was within reach. With a heroic effort she raised herself to a kneeling posture, and dumbly she seemed to realize that her chain was cast aside. Urged and encouraged by his eager whisper, she crawled toward the ax, and reached it; but the effort was her physical limit. She fell again, with her fingers gripped tightly about the haft.

For a moment Arsène was beaten. Then the wisdom of a man in extremity came to him, and he began gently and painfully to drag Nita toward him by her clothes and feet. As she came, his heart all but stopped as her fingers seemed to slip; but her swooning grip held tenaciously, and with a gasp of triumph he brought the weapon within reach and unclasped her fingers from it.

In frantic haste, with harshly laboring breath, he laid the filed link of his chain across another, and the whole upon the upturned sole of his shoe. Then, with all his remaining power, he struck at the iron, again and again, until his eyes swam with the effort.

His leg was bleeding from a long cut where the ax had slipped from iron to flesh; but he knew nothing of that. He only knew that a comrade's life depended upon the severance of the chain. And at last the link parted, tinkling mockingly as the two pieces fell into the sand, and he threw aside shoe and ax with a hoarse croak of exultation.

His wide-brimmed hat lay at the foot of one of the trees, already full of a colony of creeping sand-life. His feet refused to bear him when he tried to stand; yet his heart was beating tumultuously, and his eyes flashed as of old when he snatched the hat and began to crawl on hands and knees to where he knew the life-giving water was to be found. At the crest of the cay, as he

started to roll down the slope to the spring, his pained eyes rested on the dazzling expanse of sea, and he paused for a moment, unbelieving. His eyes were surely playing him a trick!

"It cannot be!" he muttered, turning from the fancied sight and pursuing his way down to the water.

He stumbled over the last few yards, and plunged his face into the cool, sparkling water, almost fainting with the reaction. Then, with new strength coursing through his veins, he filled his hat, and started back on his weary crawl.

As he went, he felt the power returning to his cramped feet and legs, and gradually he gained strength enough to stand and walk. He finished the journey at a shambling run, and an earnest prayer of thanksgiving went up to the palm-tops when he knelt beside Nita and saw the faint spark of life slowly returning under his tender ministrations.

# XI

AMONG the ruin of food near by was a little heap of hard bread fragments, and Arsène gathered up a handful, after carefully shaking and picking out the crawling life that had taken possession of it. He made a sop, kneading the paste in the palm of his hand, and with this he tenderly coaxed Nita to try to eat. The while he fed her, talking as to a sick child, he ate of the mess himself, knowing full well how much yet depended on his own revived strength.

Overhead the palm-tops slept, for the trade-winds had made it a day of rest, and the tropic sun blazed down in a manner that caused him to utter thanks that they were not passing the day waterless. Over the dark-green rim of verdure—tufted seagrass on the bluff, which alone relieved the brazen glare of the red and yellow sands—came the faint and hollow roll of great ocean waves shattering themselves upon the cay's outer shoals.

All around, among their feet, and impudently assailing any part of their bodies that touched the ground, the land-crabs rustled their armor in defiance, it seemed. It was almost as if the ugly little creatures said aloud that a trifling drop of water might postpone their feast, but could not possibly rob them of it. They might have to wait a little longer, but after all, these

human specters must soon furnish them with food.

Those crabs had been of service to Arsène, after a fashion, during his terrible ordeal. They had effectually prevented him from sleeping for more than a few fleeting moments at a time, and thus he had given more of the nights to his filing. Nita had not been allowed to know that Arsène's kindly attention had kept her own troubled sleep from being utterly broken by the crawling pests.

Now the effects of toil and vigil stole over him. He felt that he ought to look again to seaward, to satisfy himself if it were indeed a sail or a mirage that he had seen. He wanted to tell Nita if the news were good; he wished her to know nothing of it if bad; but nature decreed otherwise. His eyes grew heavy, and his knees became weak again. A delicious languor stole over him. Muttering to himself that he must go to look upon the sea, he slid to the ground and fell into a deep sleep, with his head upon his companion's breast.

He awoke many hours later—how many hours he could only guess; but he knew the time had been long, by the position of the westering sun, and by the steady, cool breeze that had come with the approach of evening. In confusion, he found himself where he had fallen, his head still in Nita's keeping; but she had awakened long since, and had done her small best to repay him for his ministrations to her.

She was sitting in a cramped position, with his head on her knees, and her soft fingers caressing his hot brow. And as his eyes took in smaller details he discerned all about them a circle of dead land-crabs, smashed for the most part, and supplying at the same time a feast and a barrier for the hordes of their fellows that seemed to spring out of the very sands. With a swift glance of thanks and understanding at the woman, he gently drew from her side the length of wet and sticky chain which had been her weapon against the marauders. And in her eyes he saw evidence that she had found his secret.

"Yes, I know now," she said softly, running her fingers through his hair. "I have slept these nights, not guessing the fulness of your care over me. It is one more thing in the score that I wish I could pay."

Food was now a necessity, since the water and biscuit sop had allayed the immediate pangs of starvation and thirst. Arsène turned over all that remained of what Bristol had left them. There were crumbs of hard bread and fragments of salt beef equally hard, the salt of which, even in the fragments, stood out in streaks of glistening crystal. But these were only traces. Insects and crustaceans had eaten everything that a man might eat, and much that he could not through sheer saltiness.

"Come, show me some of your fishing skill," Nita challenged smilingly.

She lifted the hem of her dress, and ripped out yard after yard of silken thread, offering one end to him. Arsène took the thread with a nod of approval and began to separate it into three lengths. Then, telling her what to do, he gave her the three ends, knotted, and set to work rolling the other ends across his knee at a distance from the knots until he had each thread fully twisted. Then he walked slowly toward Nita, laying thread to thread as the three strands twined together from the twist he had imparted. Soon he had five fathoms of stout silk line, capable of landing a porpoise if luck placed one on his hook.

That was the next thing—a hook. He looked inquiringly at Nita, but she laughed, with a brave attempt at merriment, and shook her head.

"I don't think I have anything at all," she said. "No, I don't wear steels, or anything like that. Wait!" she cried, and began to twist a ring from her finger. "Here, cannot you cut this with the ax?"

"Never mind spoiling your ring," he said, suddenly stepping back to the palms. "Here's something better—made to our order."

He picked up the discarded setting of the tiara. Attached to one side was a long gold pin, placed there by its original owner, no doubt, to keep the gaud in place on her hair.

"The very thing!" he cried. "Enough for three hooks! Now we'll soon have supper, Nita. Let us make a fire before it grows too dark to find the material."

A trip to the shore was rewarded by a store of wreckage wood that yielded tinder and splinters for kindling, as well as logs for burning. It was a slow but not difficult

task to make a fire by means of the ax and chain; and before the great copper disk of the sun sank into the sea a bonfire blazed cheerfully on the summit of the cay, volleying smoke and sparks far up into the umbrageous heads of the three tall palms.

Nita tended the fire while Arsène fished. Her face had lost much of its haggardness, and all of its pallor, when he tramped up from the beach after an hour's absence, swinging a string of red snappers that looked like ambrosia.

## XII

THEY ate toasted fish and drank sparkling spring-water like two runaway children with no thought beyond the present. After the fragments had been tossed over the bluff to prevent an invasion of scavenger insects upon their camp Nita sang again the cheerful little songs with which she had encouraged Arsène's working hours—sang them with a growing trill of rich melody that told of mental and bodily recovery.

Arsène sat opposite her, across the fire, watching the flame-light play on her beautiful face, and wondering if ever such a woman had lived before. A scurrying crab scraped against his shoe, and reminded him of his decision to devise other sleeping arrangements. He rose briskly, and held out a hand to Nita.

"Come, the moon will soon give us light," he said. "I think I can find you a chamber where the crabs will not bother you."

"And you?"

"There is plenty of room for a score, Nita. But first let us build up the fire. I had not thought of it before, but it may attract attention from some passing vessel." Then another thought recurred to him. "I saw a ship, or a vision of one, while at the spring," he said. "I would not speak of it, lest the disappointment might hurt you."

"'Twas no vision, Arsène. I, too, saw it while you fished. It was hull down and indistinct in the fading light, but even so I saw that it was a small vessel far to leeward, and passing from us. I also did not care to add to your troubles by telling you of a hope departed."

They piled drift-logs on the fire six feet high, and watched until the flames began to lick the oozing pitch. Then Arsène led his companion down to a place near the spring, where rounded, moss-covered boul-



ders lay about the entrance to a dry, shallow cavern opening to the eastward. The rising moon shone into the hollow, its level beams lighting up a smooth, pulverized-shell floor, and shining on a dozen great oblong blocks of sandstone that gave a first impression of some huge, silent, family mausoleum. But the place was dry, and Arsène speedily reassured his companion that nothing that crawled could possibly climb those smooth sides. While he talked his hands were busy, and when great piles of moss, dry and springy, were strewn over the tops of two of the blocks, she clapped her hands delightedly to see his skill in contrivance.

"But is this where you would hide us if Bristol returns?" she laughed. "'Tis as open as the day!"

"To-morrow I will show you more," he replied. "Behind that last big stone is a place which even Dick Bristol does not know. Black Pedro dug it out long ago, as a place of concealment for his plunder. 'Twould hide ten people, and the fish in the sea and the water of the spring lie right at the door."

"And cannot Bristol's brig drop anchor here?"

"No. For a mile out from shore the water is a maze of shoals and reefs, and, as you see, there is no shelter either from the winds or from prying eyes. When Bristol comes here he comes privily, and the haven beneath the three palms is his own especial secret. Black Pedro has other knowledge, and a different vessel. His boat is a Cayman sloop, which he can bring right up to the beach, and he knows this side without any marks. He has no need to trust to Dick Bristol's erratic cunning. Other shipmasters have come to grief by following the leading-mark of those palms, but not Black Pedro."

The cave was flooded with moonlight when they lay down on their mossy beds, and neither had acquired the habit of sleeping in a brilliantly lighted chamber. For a long time they lay, silent, lest either should disturb the other, and gazing out through the opening at the glaring white path of the moon on the rippling waters.

At length the woman spoke softly.

"Arsène!"

"What, not yet asleep?"

"No. 'Tis too light. Talk to me if you are not too weary."

There was deep silence for some moments, for Arsène was putting into shape a question he had long wished answered. Presently he said:

"Let us talk about you, Nita. Tell me of yourself—why you saved me from the burning bark—why you risked the pirate's rage to warn me of the danger to the brig. I am curious."

"I will tell you now," she replied very softly, "since I am convinced that my earlier impressions were right."

"And those?"

"That you are far less priest than man. No, do not vow that I am wrong. I know you better than you know yourself. When we ran aboard your bark, I saw you, a priest in garb and demeanor, fighting as no other man in that bark dared fight. Then I hoped I had found the man whom I had long sought to help me. Bristol stole me from a vile house in Port Royal, where I was kept under threat and in deadly fear. The master of that place beat me with a whip once; I tore him with my nails, and it was while I waited in terror for his recovery and the consequent punishment that Dick Bristol came to the house. Bristol heard my story and persuaded me to run away in his brig. He told me that he was captain of a trading vessel, and promised to wed me; but I found that he was a pirate, and he laughed when I begged him to keep his word. I contrived to keep him at bay by flattery and cajolery, but he grew more and more impatient, until I saw that I must submit at last unless I could force him to an unwilling compliance. I flirted with two of his officers, thinking to arouse his jealousy. I succeeded, but not as I had hoped, for he killed the two men and warned me of a similar fate. Then, when I saw you fight I knew that my last chance lay with you. I told Bristol of the sport to be had with a priest, and he believed me. By tempting you as I did, I hoped to bring the man in you to the surface at the expense of the priest. Then I believed that I could persuade Bristol to wed me at your hands, as a piece of sport before he killed you out of jealousy, as he had killed the others; or that I could so work on you that you would lead a mutiny against the pirate, with myself as the prize."

Nita ceased her tale, and lay a while as if expecting some comment from Arsène.

She seemed to read his thoughts, or at least to put into his mouth the words that she wished him to speak. His long silence irked her. She knew he was awake, for his dark eyes gleamed in the moonlight.

"Well?" she asked impatiently.

She had hoped to hear him say that the prize was not altogether distasteful to him. His long silence frightened her. Had she been mistaken about the two sides of his nature? Was the human element in him lost and forgotten?

"Heavens above!" she whispered fiercely, no longer able to stand the brooding silence. "I belong to you by all the laws of God and nature! I will not go back to the beast's existence I was forced into. And what man, not knowing, will give me the name of an honest woman? None! I tell you, man-priest, that if you will not help me after this, I shall kill myself!"

Then the woman in her bubbled to the surface, and she cried herself to sleep, murmuring incessantly until her eyes closed tight:

"Oh, Arsène, forgive me, forgive me! I am wicked to speak to you like this. Your decision shall guide me. I will do as you advise me."

### XIII

THE moon went down and the sun came up, and still the castaways slept on. Utter fatigue, bodily weakness, and the reaction after their terrible ordeal combined to make their slumbers deathlike in depth. Outside the tide tinkled on the golden sands, the brisk trade-wind hummed over the cay, and the chafing of the tall palms' foliage sounded shrilly on the morning air. Arsène's great bonfire had dwindled down to a heap of glowing embers and a scattered medley of unburned timber-butts.

Among the sounds of sea and wind and palm-fronds another sound intruded, and this reached the sleepers' brains where the others had failed. It was the creak of a boom, the shout of command, and the sob of a sounding-lead, all merged into one distant yet harmonious note.

"Nita!" cried Arsène, springing down from his rock bed. "'Tis a boat!"

He stood at the cave entrance and peered keenly under his hand for some minutes, then shouted:

"A Cayman sloop! It can be no other

than Black Pedro! Come, Nita, we are free!"

The sloop ran in and anchored close to the beach, her crew leaping overboard as soon as she came to rest. They ran up the shore, following a tall, lean, swarthy seaman who kept his glittering eyes fixed upon the two unkempt figures at the cave.

"Damnation! 'Tis the *padre* and—God's pity on my sinful tongue! 'Tis Dick Bristol's Nita, too!"

The sloop's crew crowded around the castaways with gruff demands for the cause of their plight. Many and fierce were the maledictions that the sailors called upon the head of the pirate as Arsène told his story. Their joy at being the means of rescuing their beloved missionary was only equaled by their determination to bring Bristol to book for his cruelty.

Deeper than either sentiment was their openly expressed amazement at the change in Nita. They all knew her, or knew of her. Many of them had seen her either in Port Royal or on board the brig, for Bristol had done much trafficking with Black Pedro's gang before Arsène's conquest of them.

Arsène himself was astonished at her. Since her outburst of the night before, Nita had become subdued in demeanor and very humble.

They walked up to the trees, pointed out the chains, and told the converted wreckers of the fiendish trick of suspense Bristol had worked on them. Arsène's hands were mute testimony of the ordeal they had survived, and the wooden peg in Nita's iron girdle seemed to grin in mockery and ridicule of his futile agony.

"Now what would ye have us do?" demanded Pedro, his fierce visage working with suppressed fury. "You it was who showed me and my rascals the way of right living, and we'll all go through perdition to serve ye. One o' the rules we observe is to keep from meddling in other men's affairs; but this is different, *padre*. Bristol's gang are devils from hell—God forgive my rough tongue! Tell me, shall we stay and wipe out these imps o' Satan?"

"No, no!" chided Arsène gently.

His set face and burning eyes belied his speech. His mental vision yet retained the picture of Nita swooning across his knees

and all but dead; but he shook his head and spoke quietly.

"Vengeance is not for such as us, Pedro. Let us leave this spot and its unpleasant memories."

The wreckers stared at him with hanging jaws and corrugated brows, utterly incredulous. Nita regarded him askance, unwilling to let Bristol off so lightly, yet as unwilling to sway Arsène in his decision. Black Pedro grumbled audibly, and expressed his opinion in no uncertain terms of anybody who would let so foul a villain go unpunished, and of the man who would permit such scurvy treatment of a woman to pass unavenged.

"To say nothing o' me," he concluded with a growl. "Here's the chance o' smiting a hefty blow in a righteous cause, and the best fighter of us all says no! Brother Arsène!" he bellowed, almost ready to weep from chagrin. "If you love your flock throw off the priest until this crime is cleaned up, and we'll follow you to glory! If you drive us away now, thinking over what we've been told this fine morning, I'll not answer for the backsliding of these lads."

Arsène paced back and forth between the palms, thinking deeply. Every turn brought him face to face with Nita, with her softened face and glowing eyes, with her sufferings still marked upon her.

"Give me an hour, my friends. I want to be sure of myself," he said at length. "I want to do right."

"He'll do right!" muttered Pedro, leading his crew aside and leaving Arsène alone. "Nita will help to make him—won't you, Nita? What think you of so strange a man?"

"What he does will be right," replied Nita quietly. "I would not have him violate his principles for me; but I believe the man in him will bid him fight. Ah, and how he fights!"

"You're right, lady!" agreed the wreckers in a chorused laugh.

"'Tis a scurvy trick on men like us when such a man as Arsène Paul shuts himself off from the world," said Pedro. "Why can't he missionize as he has done until now, doing real good among men who need it? Why, he might live down on our cay, and we'd build him a little chapel, and give him a boat; and who knows but that he might find a real woman, a woman who understands such rascals as us, to marry him

and help in his work? Priests are good enough in their way—God forgive me if I ever doubted it! But our *padre* ain't the sort of man to bury himself that way!"

He stopped abruptly under the burning stare of Nita. She, with red lips half parted, had hung upon his words and drunk in every thought he had uttered. Why had this ex-wrecker stumbled upon the thing so close to her own thoughts? She turned away in confusion when she realized her attitude, and walked slowly toward the palms and the pacing figure of her priest.

"What did ye say to sting her?" whispered a boatman huskily.

"Don't know," returned Black Pedro, grinning widely. "But whatever it was, it looks promising. Anyway, my bully boys, we'll help Arsène Paul to decide. Do one of ye go out to the sloop, and drag the calking from her water-line seam. Not too much—enough to show water inside quickly."

He was obeyed, and for the rest of the hour that Arsène had asked for—during which Nita kept aloof, yet in full sight of him—the ex-wreckers watched for the return of their comrade. Presently a shout carried up from the sloop, and then a man sprang hastily ashore and ran up to Black Pedro. A swift interchange of deep-noted speech, in which a rumble of laughter was predominant, then Pedro bellowed to Arsène:

"Distress your mind no longer, Brother Arsène! The Lord has decided for us. The sloop's leaking like a basket, and we'll have to career her. Nita, d'ye know well the last bearings set by Bristol? Can ye con us through the reef by these palms? The outer beach is too rubbly."

Arsène swung out from his line of marching and came swiftly toward the group, linking his arm in Nita's as he came.

"Nita, I have been selfish," he said. "I have tried to persuade myself that I have no desire to visit reprisal upon the men who are responsible for your privations and agony here. I have forgotten all I owe to you. I will do all in my power to bring Bristol to justice, and afterward I will examine myself again." He reached the group around Pedro, and said with the old ring in his voice: "No need for the playing of this little trick, lads! I know you, and all your ways. We will wait here for Dick Bristol's

brig, and if God is willing we will take her. Now, Pedro, what arms have ye?"

"Our turtle-knives are all we carry now, *padre*, thanks to you. There I go again! I meant not to blame you, of course; but the knives are all we have."

"Then we must use craft to place Bristol's gang on even terms with us. First of all, have you axes—spades—any digging tools? Good! Then the first thing you do will be to transplant yonder palms into their original position according to the Admiralty charts. 'Twill be easier to board the brig if she's aground on the reef, and maybe the getting her off will split her men into smaller parties. Get to work now, and forget that I ever destined myself for the priesthood until this task is finished. 'Twill be toilsome work, and I'll not fetter your tongues!"

#### XIV

For several days the cay seethed with activity like a hive of bees. The sloop was brought inside the haven and laid up in the farthest creek of the inlet, out of sight from anybody entering until the anchorage was reached. Then Black Pedro's muscular vagabonds swarmed about the three great palms, and, under the eye of Arsène, rigged their tackles for transplanting.

Never was seen such a piece of gardening, save perhaps on that other occasion when Bristol had originated the idea. Then the task had been simpler, for the pirate's brig supplied spars to rig sheer-legs with. Here, the entire spar outfit of the sloop would not make a pair of sheers, and the problem had to be solved in another fashion.

It was not so hard, for the brain was there, and the brawn. With plenty of rope for guys, one palm was stayed up; then its roots were dug around, and, with the tree as a single sheer, another tree was lifted and swung to a new position. The operation was repeated until each tree had been used in turn to carry its fellows a notch farther. At last, by slow stages, the three great palms were raised and replanted in a line fifty feet east of their old position, and the ground was tamped down hard about the well-watered roots.

The task was not performed in a day, though. While it was in progress, men grew lean and sun-baked. Arsène began to lose the pallor that had marked him, and his clothes, already worn and soiled, parted

company here and there, revealing his muscular frame, and permitting the sun to impart to his fair skin a golden tint that made him look like a bronze god. And Nita, doing her share by keeping the men fed from the sloop's stores, failed not to notice the change in him.

As the work neared completion, his face became more and more like those of his fellow toilers; his speech recovered its own briskness and dynamic quality, long cast aside by Arsène as unworthy of his calling, and his body became a living shape of springy sinew and surging energy. And in the last few days, Nita found herself turning aside with hot blushes when it was no longer possible for her to misinterpret the sly glances and whispered jocularities indulged in by the boisterous ex-wreckers, too plainly aimed at herself and Arsène.

"Canst see pretty Nita a nun and her man a priest?" chuckled Black Pedro, digging a horny forefinger into a comrade's ribs. "Dick Bristol set a mark for us to aim at when he joined them birds in wedlock!"

"Pity 'tis the wedlock was but a jest," grumbled the other, watching the castaways animatedly helping each other to the robust fare of the wreckers' dinner.

"A jest, yes; but a jest that can be done over again, and done right! Together, those two might clean up these islands—and they shall if I can help them to it!"

"Wilt tell them of our find, Pedro?"

"Not yet. 'Twill be our final argument, after we've got the rope to Bristol's neck. But the find you speak of reminds me of another find. When they go on board the sloop to-night, after the gear is taken down from the trees, come with me to lay out our own little jest on Bristol."

At sunset, when the work was finished, and the crest of the cay was once more in possession of the land-crabs and sand-fleas, the party took up their quarters on the sloop, to complete their plans for the reception of the pirate. Black Pedro laid out for the morrow the task of gathering great masses of kelp and weed, sea-grass, and small driftwood, with which to construct a screen for the sloop. She was to be made into as near a representation of a piece of the landscape as could be accomplished, to postpone as long as possible the detection of her from the brig.



When he had finished giving his instructions, Pedro jumped up with an exclamation of self-reproach.

"My wooden head will never save my legs!" he cried. "Here"—to the man he had conversed with earlier—"we've left that wondrous great pile of charred wood up there. If Bristol makes the cay in daylight, 'twill be seen through the glass three miles away, and he'll know that his birds have got free. If he thinks there's something amiss he'll send his boats in to take a look, and we'll lose the brig."

Then he said to Arsène and Nita:

"Your big fire served its purpose well, for we had almost dropped the cay astern when that great blaze shot up. An hour later in the lighting of it, and we'd not have been this way again for weeks. But there's no use in leaving the black heap up there now, is there?"

He scrambled ashore in the dusk with his comrade, and together they crunched through the sand to the top of the rise. Ostentatiously scattering broadcast the dead embers of the fire, they slowly worked their way over the crest, out of sight of the sloop. Then they hastened their steps and reached the shore abeam of their vessel, without noise. Their men were aware of the business in hand, and contrived to avert the attention of Arsène and Nita by pleading for a song under the awning which they had rigged up across the main-boom.

Pedro and his mate had made their marks earlier in the day, and now went straight to the head of the haven where, behind a gray boulder lay two grisly, clean-washed skeletons. They carried these back to the trees, upon the trunks of which the two chains remained spiked. For a quarter of an hour the two men worked, with a clinking of chain and a rattling of bones; then Black Pedro arose, and cursed wholeheartedly.

"There's my sinful tongue again! God forgive me," he wailed, choking off his torrent of oaths. "Why couldn't you tell me I'd forgot them things?" he demanded of his mate.

"What things? Were you stung by a jellyfish?"

"Things? Sink you for a lubber! Why, the rags, to be sure! Crabs eat flesh, but I never see crabs as would eat silk or cloth. What did I fit Nita out with good rough

gear for, and Arsène, but to get hold of their ragged finery? Back aboard with you, and if you can't slip away again without rousing their suspicions, get the bundle from my bunk and heave it ashore. I'll creep down and get it. Get—and the devil kick you! Oh, Lord!"

While waiting for his messenger's return Pedro employed himself with picking out points of vantage against the expected contest with the brig. When something fell softly on the beach at his feet, coming from the dark side of the sloop, he had planned his battle to the ultimate move.

He picked up the bundle of clothing and crept back to the palms. There he knelt over the two skeletons and worked busily. When he straightened up with a grunt of satisfaction, he looked down upon a little tableau well calculated to give Dick Bristol enjoyment, and to breed a temporary relaxation of vigilance.

One skeleton, still chained to the tree, was dressed in Arsène's ragged garments. In the skull the ax was stuck with ghastly realism. The other skeleton, with the chain cast off and lying in a position to reveal the removal of the fiendishly conceived wooden peg, lay across the first in an attitude that might signify sorrow for a dark deed. Apart, just beyond the scope of the chains, the remnants of the stores left by the pirate were scattered. There was little enough of it, but the wrappings that had contained the food still remained, and they helped to tell the fictitious story.

"'Twill give Bristol his last laugh!" chuckled Black Pedro, regarding his work with relish. "'Twas what the foul swine meant to happen when he fastened them poor birds that way. But he forgot something. He didn't expect there was a woman inside Nita. He, the swaggering bully, never could find it; but 'twas there—waiting for the right man to uncover it. And—Lord forgive my wicked thoughts again!—torment on my soul if I don't think 'twas Providence that kept them poor children from discovering the wooden peg! 'Twill be a brave gain for the benighted heathen in these seas if what I have in mind comes to pass!"

## XV

As the days slipped swiftly by in improving and completing the needed prepara-

tions, Black Pedro's surmise seemed to bid fair of realization. Day after day, when their help was no longer needed, Arsène and Nita walked along the beach, sometimes hand in hand, all the time near each other. A new light shone in the woman's face, a new light in the man's.

"Nita," Arsène was saying one evening, near the time when they expected the brig to heave in sight, "I am anxious to know what is to become of you after this. My own plans are in a woful state now. I am not at all sure of my fitness to enter the priesthood. I feel too humanly eager for Bristol's coming, yet my ardor in the cause of Christ and humanity remains uncooled. Does a life of meditation and prayer commend itself to you? Could you find peace and tranquillity within an order if—"

Nita's expression had changed while he spoke from eager anticipation to dismay. She interrupted him, white of face and with welling eyes.

"An order? A nun? You, to speak thus to me! Yes, a nunnery or—Port Royal!" she burst out excitedly. "Slow decay of my body, or swift death to my soul!"

Arsène took her by the arm and led her to a seat on the big rock behind which Pedro had discovered his skeletons.

"Hush!" he soothed 'as they sat down. "I did but make trial of your feelings in this matter. The test has tried me, too." There was little of the churchman in his eyes now; his expression matched his virile form. "You are not fitted for a life of seclusion; 'twould bring you early to the grave. But not Port Royal, Nita! That can never be again. I have watched your fine spirit bloom as a flower during your ordeal here. I have seen your splendid womanliness draw from these uncouth men homage that is almost worship. There is another field for you, and for me—"

He stopped short, and Nita's softened eyes and heightening color bore witness to the suspense in which the abrupt break left her; but another sound had come to them. The sloop's crew had heard it, too, and it dispelled from every mind all other considerations. It was the distant boom of cannon, rolling across the level sea from windward.

"'Tis a fight!" roared Black Pedro, rushing up the hill with all hands at his heels. "A fight, or another piece of Dick Bristol's

murderous plesantry! Bring the long telescope, and up the palm with one o' you. Tell us the news!"

Arsène and Nita hurried after the rest, and the group gathered on the summit of the cay, gazing anxiously into the eye of the wind. Another report carried faintly down; then came an interval of minutes, and then another gun. It was a chase or a running fight. In the one case it must be Bristol's brig bent on more slaughter; the other possibility meant that a gunboat or sloop-of-war had joined action with the rover. The sun was setting, and little light remained in which to decide the question.

"Two sail, hull down in the nor'east!" hailed the man in the palm-top. "A brig, and—yes, I get her—a small brigantine!"

"Then 'tis Bristol a murdering!" cried Black Pedro. "Shout us the news!" he bellowed up into the palm-top.

After an interval, in which the cannon reports grew clearer, the lookout shouted:

"There goes the little fellow's fo'mast! But 'tis hard to make 'em out, and there goes the sun, too. Now I've lost 'em!"

The man came down, and all followed Pedro down to the eastward side of the cay. Now the guns were still, and suspense gripped the watchers. Presently, after perhaps half an hour, a winking eye of light in the east was followed by a terrific shaft of flame that shot to the zenith in a red column.

"Another victim!" groaned Arsène. "Heaven send it may be his last."

"Heaven send, too," added Nita, "that no woman on board that small ship was forced to watch her man swing by the thumbs above the fire that devil set!"

"'Tis the best that could happen—barring the poor souls just gone," growled Pedro, turning away from the sight. "It can be no other than Bristol, and he'll come here sure now, since he's so near. The moon is rising, and will give light enough for him to try the passage. Moreover, 'twill be high water when he gets here. Two of you keep watch on the crest here, and let's know as soon as you make out the brig. The rest o' you down to the sloop, and prepare a welcome for our swaggering gentleman o' fortune!"

In the sloop's tiny cabin Nita completed a task begun many days before. For every

man of Black Pedro's band she had sewn a stout, stocking-shaped bag of canvas, and in the end of each she now stitched a lump of the rock ballast from the hold. Across from her sat Arsène and one of the crew, busy with snugly shaped staves and turtle-knives, combining the two to make handy pikes with quickly detachable heads—deadly weapons at sword-length or dagger-distance.

Over on the beach the remainder of the crew fitted the sloop's two boats with screens of weed similar to that covering the vessel itself; and when ready they were hauled across the narrowest part of the outside arm of the haven and beached on the seaward side. Then, giving a final touch to all his preparations, Black Pedro came down to the cabin and disposed his men to snatch what rest they might against the great moment.

While all were gathered together, the ex-wrecker looked expectantly at Arsène and announced:

"From now you take command, *padre*. There is no man in the Spanish Main better able to beat Bristol with indifferent weapons, and 'twill be but justice."

"I cannot! I cannot!" objected Arsène, though his eyes glinted with ill-suppressed gratification.

Nita looked at him appealingly, and would have added her entreaty, but Black Pedro cut short all objections by inserting his final argument:

"Then you must. I can't trust my rascals. If I start 'em to fighting, *padre*, I'm woundily afraid they'll think they're back in their old life again, and they won't let up while a man lives on that brig. Do you take command, if only to restrain our sinful lusts!"

It was a shrewd argument, and Arsène yielded with a show of reluctance which he tried hard to reconcile with his tingling eagerness of demeanor. So they went to rest, to doze, or sleep, according to each individual's phlegm. And the screened sloop lay silent as the moon climbed over the cay and began her downward slide. Then the lookouts stole on board and awakened the sleepers with shakes and slaps, to lead them into the moonlight and show them their quarry.

"What beauty!" gasped Arsène at sight of the brig. "Can it be that such a thing is an instrument of murder and rapine?"

Well might the question be put. As the brig stole in toward the land before the crooning trade-wind, the moonlight made of her a jewel indeed. Every sleeping sail was a swelling breast of silvered ivory, ruled with ebony where buntlines and reef-points touched the canvas.

The hull's black shape was touched with an unearthly radiance. Around the snoring forefoot tumbled and creamed a noiseless plume of snowy foam. Even the voice of Bristol as he conned her in, red-handed murderer though he was, was mellowed by distance and the enchantment of the scene to something very like music.

The spell was broken by sudden shouts, followed by the crumpling of ivory sails as clew-lines and buntlines were manned. Then yards creaked to the pull of braces, and the shouts were redoubled. Slowly the brig swung aside, as if to avoid a suddenly revealed peril; but too late!

With a gentle shock she struck, forged ahead, swung, and struck again. Then she came to a stand, while pandemonium reigned on her decks.

"Is she safely held, think you?" whispered Nita, all atremble with eagerness.

"She's safe enough," replied Pedro, with a grin. "The tide has turned. She stays there until afternoon anyhow, and our work will be done, for good or ill, before that. Stand by, men, and follow the *padre*! I'll get a dispensation, and curse to perdition the man who disobeys Brother Arsène!"

The ex-wrecker grinned up at Arsène, and added in an aside to his impatient men:

"But when ye strike, strike like doom! An' if ye think a pirate's sconce can stand another wipe, give it with my blessing!"

## XVI

THE moon shone full upon the pirate brig, flooding her with a light almost as brilliant as noon. The seaward side of the outer arm, where lay the sloop's men and boats, was thrown into a shadow correspondingly dark. There, snugly concealed, Arsène and his comrades watched for the moment to strike.

Men swarmed aloft on the brig, hastily furling sails, and rigging yard-arm and stay tackles for the hoisting out of boats. Falls creaked in blocks, dark shapes arose over the rail, and soon two boats full of men dropped into the sea and crept around the

bigger vessel with sounding-leads and poles, seeking the passage so unaccountably missed.

Presently Squint Tobin's voice rang out, answered by Bristol's, and the tone of each was ominous of trouble. Tobin boldly charged the pirate captain with carelessness. Dick Bristol swiftly replied to the charge with vicious emphasis.

"'Tis more of your trickery!" shouted Tobin savagely, and a deep growl of suspicion welled up from his boat's crew. "You and your wooden peg!" bawled the mate. "A joke, you said, that they'd only find when their bones rattled inside their skins! And your pretty tale that Nita might find it, and might use her freedom to murder the priest for the sake of the food you left! 'Tis my mind that you and the wench have played all hands false! Dare you come with me to the crest? I warrant ye—and listen to this, men"—he shouted to the crew—"your love-birds are flown long since, and with them the—"

Tobin stopped short, as if he had said too much. Angry questions were hurled at him by men in the boats and on the brig's deck; but he kept silent. The treasure that had been taken ashore from time to time by night was the secret of Bristol and himself, with the six deaf-mutes. It was Bristol's way of securing to himself and a few necessary confidants what he termed a fair share of the spoils.

"They play into our hands!" whispered Arsène to Pedro, as they crouched in their concealment, listening to the quarrel.

The pirate replied to Tobin with a furious oath.

"Shut your lying mouth, Squint Tobin!" he snarled, leaning far over the bulwarks and shaking a fist at his mate. "Get you an anchor laid out astern; then come—all hands, if you like—and see what yonder hummock shows. Trickery it may be, men," he shouted earnestly, "but none of mine. I tell you the bearings have been altered, and not long since. D'you believe that the woman and her priest could do that? Well you know how long it took twenty of you to change them for me."

The laying out of a stern-anchor and warp took little time, with the pirate's numerous crew. Another boat was lowered to carry more of the crew ashore, for among the noises of the work men's voices rose incessantly in a growling buzz of suspicion.

All were eager to go up to the palms, for there must be an accounting between Bristol and Tobin, whoever was proved to be in the right. And most of the brig's crew leaned strongly toward the mate; not because they preferred him to Bristol, perhaps, so much as from the feeling that Squint Tobin's interrupted speech hinted at double-dealing on the part of the skipper.

The entire crew of the brig, except galley and cabin servants, who were simply slaves at large and had no share in the ship's earnings, followed the officers up the beach in smoldering silence. Skipper and mate walked apart, and the gang split into two followings as if by gravitation. The six mutes kept close to Bristol, but the rest strung out behind Tobin, and each party took its own separate path to the summit.

While climbing the slope, the figures became merged in shadow. It was only when they topped the rise that their forms stood out against the moonlight like sharp-cut silhouettes. Behind them the three great palms reared their waving heads. Below, the tiny haven lay smooth and still. The brig showed no life save on the forecastle, where the steward and his mate joined the cooks in a curious group whose eyes were almost popping out in their eagerness to follow events.

"Didst see what arms they carried?" asked Pedro, whose face was alight with fighting lust.

Arsène, too, looked entirely earthly. Little of the man of peace was visible in him; and Nita gazed at him with growing satisfaction, for it was thus she would have him.

"I saw pistols in Bristol's belt, and Tobin would not go on such an errand without. For the rest I saw naught but cutlas and knife," replied Arsène.

He was thinking out a scheme. So was Black Pedro, but his plan had little in common with the other's.

"Can you make out the faces on the brig's fo'c's'le, Nita?" asked Pedro quickly.

"Easily. They are but the serving chatels of Bristol."

"Then come. I shall show you and Brother Arsène some sport!"

Black Pedro divided his crew into two parts, sending six men to the brig, with orders to do no harm to the servants unless they showed fight, and calling the rest—about a dozen agile, wire-sinewed men with



old-time reputations as knife-fighters, to follow without noise. He led the way on a dead run, Arsène and Nita close beside him. As their bare feet pattered softly across the beach and up the gentler slope leading around behind the sandy knoll that lay at the back of the palms, he apologized for usurping the command.

"Just for a spell, Brother Arsène," he explained. "Things have fallen out different than I expected. We don't have to fight for the brig, but there will be some doings up yonder, if my old nose don't play me false. You'll take command when we get close up."

"Lead you on, my friend," Arsène returned, pleased enough. "'Twas none of my seeking that you told me to take command."

Just before creeping over the last rise they looked back at the brig, from which no sound had come. On her forecastle now stood six figures, to be presently joined by four more, who mingled with the rest as if in perfect harmony.

"That's the stuff!" whispered Pedro. "The galley-moppers and flunkies are with us. See! Our lads are making ready the long nine for'ard. I told 'em to charge with grape. Now come after me as if ye trod on feathers!"

Carefully worming their way, the party reached the sandstone rise, on the other side of which forty voices were raised in angry clamor. Cautiously they raised their heads and looked down on the scene. The moonlight revealed everything vividly.

"Oh!" gasped Nita at the sight. "Tis some of your work, Pedro!"

Arsène looked questioningly at the ex-wrecker, but Black Pedro simply chuckled and bade them watch.

Dick Bristol faced Squint Tobin across two prone forms from which chains led to the trunk of a palm. Six giant figures—the deaf-mutes—stood irresolutely behind the skipper, extreme bewilderment struggling with superstitious awe in their black faces, while they cast their glances hither and thither in the vicinity of the trees. The clustered ruffians shifted uneasily, staring from one to the other of their leaders, who stood in attitudes of mutual distrust. Dick Bristol's face was white with fury, the mate's dark to blackness from the same emotion.

"Take a closer look, Squint Tobin, and

satisfy yourself," grated Bristol, pointing down at the two prostrate forms. "Was it a trick on you? Or did I make a shrewd guess? See, the jade did as I intended. There lies the priest with her ax in his brain!"

Tobin glared down, nonplused.

"Look, curse you!" swore Bristol, his lips parted in a vicious snarl. "Look thy fill, then meet me here with man's weapons. 'Tis your last quarrel against my command!"

"I'll meet ye fast enough," retorted Tobin, encountering the skipper's eye fearlessly, "when I have satisfied myself and these brave lads who of us two lies. Do you still claim there is no trick here? Then how came you to ground the brig? See, lads! There before your eyes is the upturned ground where stood these palms. Dig, dig with your cutlasses, and see if you can find that which Dick Bristol knows well should be there!"

Tobin sprang to set the example. Bristol, struck with the obvious truth of the mate's argument, stood for the moment as irresolute as his mutes. Chopping and slashing feverishly with broad knife and cutlas, Tobin dug into the loosened sand which had previously hidden the roots of the innermost palm, bidding his followers scoop out the dirt with their hands.

All, who were not busily digging, gathered around the toilers, not knowing what was to be found, but assured now that some secret known only to the officers had been kept from them. A dozen men stepped furtively around to be nearer the skipper, and as they went they loosened their knives in the sheaths. And while the flooding moonlight poured down, the scraping of sand and the harsh breathing of toiling men drowned even the rustle of the palm-fronds high overhead.

"'Tis as you say, Tobin!" cried Bristol, suddenly leaping forward. "Give over digging. We have all been befooled!"

Men's backs straightened up, and scowling faces were lifted in new surprise. Squint Tobin faced the skipper, his eyes glinting venomously. Then, with a catlike spring, he leaped over the upturned soil, and landed before Bristol, cutlas in hand.

"Now, Nita! Now, Arsène!" whispered Black Pedro. "Over with you! Men, back them up with your lives! I shall be with you in three minutes. When you see my

arms flung up on the crest yonder, throw yourselves flat to the ground until you hear from our mates on the brig!"

### XVII

BLACK PEDRO slipped like a snake back to the crest of the seaward ridge. Arsène pressed Nita's hand reassuringly. The rest of the sloop's men drew themselves up into springy knots of muscle, and each man gripped fast a serviceable weapon of steel lashed to wood.

Squint Tobin's sudden move left the pirates again in uncertainty, and the state of their nerves was evident in their faces. Their dull minds could not fathom the mystery of altered bearings, when apparently the three great palms stood as before. The grisly skeletons proved that to them; and in the moonlight those skeletons were uncanny neighbors, even for red-handed pirates.

Arsène muttered a prayer, then gave a nudge to the fellow at his side. In reply the man slipped across the open to the slender shadow of the chain-encircled palm, and reached around and up. Then upon the simmering hum and growl of the bewildered pirates rang the sound of clanking chains. Every face was turned to the trees, most of the faces with staring eyeballs.

One of the giant mutes had stepped behind Squint Tobin at the moment when he faced the skipper. In the instant when the chain rattled, the black's cutlas crashed into the mate's skull, felling him like a pithed ox. Then the murderer turned affrightedly in the direction in which his fellows were staring, and his eyes showed white.

Advancing into the full glare of the moonlight, Nita and Arsène stepped slowly forward, rising as they passed the skeletons, while the chains rattled gruesomely. Dick Bristol stood as if turned to stone at sight of his priestly victim moving toward him, bearing the ax that should have been still embedded in the churchman's skull.

For the rest, for a second they stood their ground, through sheer inability to move. Then the mutes imparted motion to the crowd. Mouthing in chorus the inarticulate, creepy sounds that form the only vocal relief of such unfortunates, they flung aloft their arms and broke for the slope, followed by the other pirates in a stumbling, cursing mob.

In a black huddle they charged, blindly, headlong. In front of them there rose a solitary shape, silvered in the moonbeams, and the two arms of it shot aloft, then half down, to rest for a breath in the form of a cross. In a flash the figure dropped over the ridge as the stumbling, swearing pirates rushed upon it, and simultaneously Arsène dragged Nita down into the sand beside him.

A throbbing instant of suspense ensued, and a myriad tiny noises of scuffling crabs and foot-spurned sand seemed to roar aloud on the hush. Then, like the crack of doom, came the report of a gun on the sea below. It echoed and reechoed along the rising slope of the cay, and vagrant grape-shot crackled and spattered in the palm-tops.

But most of the charge was better spent, for the frantic mob against the sky-line met it in full career. The black mass stopped, swirled around, staggered for a space, then pitched headlong down the declivity, leaving prone shapes behind in attitudes of sudden death.

As Black Pedro sprang into view again with a ringing halloo of triumph Dick Bristol recovered his senses and his nerve. Until Squint Tobin pitched dead at his feet, he had stood in bewilderment as deep as that of his men. When the gun roared out, and flying grape-shot whizzed past his ears, astonishment and sudden terror seized him; but he had no false impressions about walking skeletons—that he knew was a trick. Now, before a hand could be raised to stop him, he leaped snarling upon Arsène and Nita, who had thrown themselves prone in the sand while the gun was fired.

Nita had half risen to her feet, with one hand and one knee on the sand, while Arsène slipped a hand under her arm to help her up. Upon them descended Dick Bristol, slaving with fury, a great knife flashing aloft.

"Hast tricked Dick Bristol, then? That for thy wanton heart!" he screamed, striking fiercely downward at Nita.

She received the stroke full in the breast, and sank to the sand with a sob.

Pattering feet came running, and Black Pedro's lusty voice broke into frantic curses mingled with pleas for forgiveness on his unbridled tongue. He saw the foul stroke, and burst into volleying commands to his men, already at their utmost power of speed, to smother the pirate.

But Dick Bristol was in capable hands. Arsène cast one sharp look of pity at his fallen comrade, breathed a swift prayer for her soul, and then, forgetting for the moment that he had ever leaned toward a life opposed to strife, became wholly a man intent upon avenging his chosen mate.

"Let be, Pedro! Let be, men!" he cried, stepping aside nimbly to avoid a second stroke of Bristol's deadly knife. "The Lord will forgive me for this!"

Then ensued a duel that held the onlookers breathless and motionless. Another gun from the brig distracted the pirate's attention for an instant, and in that moment Arsène stood on even terms with his adversary. Slipping in close, he struck with his ax at Bristol's broad belt and knocked flying one of the pistols there. With the agility and fighting cunning of the born warrior he snatched at the other pistol with his hand, and flung it after the first.

"Now, Dick Bristol, thou shalt have fairer play than I got," he said.

His face was set, his eyes gleamed with perfect harmony between brain and muscle, yet no hatred shone in his face. Pale, almost ghastly in the moonlight, Arsène Paul looked like a crusader of old fighting for the Holy Cross.

Crunch of shod feet and sibilant swish of bare soles in the sand marked the circling movements of the combatants. Bristol's long knife rose and fell with savage sweeps, his eyes flashed with demoniac fires. Coolly, warily, Arsène dodged beyond, or slipped inside those licking downward strokes, conserving his own blows with a shrewd eye for vulnerability in his too-eager opponent.

Once the glittering point caught him, ripping through his skin from shoulder to elbow, and bringing a grin of victory to the pirate's lips. A swift answering side-wise blow of the ax took Bristol fair on the temple, and he reeled giddily away.

For a breath the battle rested. In that breath another gun barked out below, and the report, smothered by muzzle depression, was accompanied by the slashing spat of grape-shot striking the water.

"Ho, finish him off, *padre!*" roared Pedro, capering with high glee. "Our boys have got 'em a swimming now!"

"Yes, you dog—finish me if you can!" panted Bristol, recovering himself and springing to the attack again.

Arsène stepped back a pace, shortening the grip on his ax for the close encounter coming, and the pirate's blade flashed straight at his throat. Flinging up a hand, dripping red, to ward off the stroke, Arsène stumbled over the outstretched feet of Nita and staggered backward. Down gleamed the knife, missing his throat, but taking him in the chest; and with the unexpected avoidance Dick Bristol pitched headlong forward, his head falling on his adversary's knees, his body sprawled across Nita's waist.

"Now I have ye, false priest!" gasped the pirate, raising himself on one arm and again poisoning the knife for a lethal stroke.

Black Pedro could stand the suspense no longer. He sprang forward to help Arsène, and howled for his men to come. But other help was at hand for the priest. With her dress soaked with her own blood, her beautiful face white and pain-drawn, her great black eyes ablaze with fever, Nita gripped her own forgotten knife in trembling fingers, drew herself up from the waist by Bristol's coat, and sank her blade deep into the pirate's neck.

She fell back senseless as her abductor and would-be murderer subsided flabbily across Arsène's body.

## XVIII

THE moon passed, and the sun lifted above the crest of the cay. In its first pale beams the bodies of Squint Tobin and Dick Bristol lay revealed in awful attitudes of overtaken hate. The strengthening light shone on the brig's steeply sloping decks, for the tide had fallen and cast her on her side; and in the lee scuppers a score of shivering, sea-soaked pirates lay lashed to the stanchions and gun-breechings.

In the great main cabin under the poop a gloomy and sorrowful group was gathered about the table, impatiently waiting for news from behind the heavy hangings that had once been Nita's special pride. Inside that broad, low-beamed stateroom, her own stateroom, Nita lay on the bed, chalk-white, and breathing faintly with a choking rattle. Arsène lay in almost as parlous a plight on the settee beside her, and one of her bloodless hands, hanging over the bunk-board, was clasped in his own. Standing over them, his muscles twitching nervously in his utter helplessness, Black Pedro gazed down upon the two faces in silent grief.

"The devil tear Dick Bristol's black soul!" he muttered. "God forgive me for my evil tongue again, but I mean every word of it!"

He saw Nita's lips moving, and her eyelids fluttered. She was speaking to Arsène, who could not hear. Pedro bent over Arsène, shook his free arm gently, and urged him to rouse himself and listen.

"'Tis something she has on her mind," he said. "She's uneasy, Arsène. Listen!"

The brig slipped over a few degrees more, and the ex-wrecker lurched unsteadily; but the motion aroused Arsène, and he spoke to the woman.

"What is it, Nita? Don't distress yourself. Everything will be right with you."

Speaking slowly, and barely audible, the dying woman unburdened herself.

"My brave friend," she whispered, "I have done wickedly. I wished to turn you from your sacred purpose for my own selfish ends. I was weak, and a woman, and I wanted you more than I thought the church needed you. Tell me you forgive me!"

"Don't speak of it, Nita," replied Arsène weakly. "I have nothing to forgive in you, for I too was weak. You showed me my folly, for now I realize how little fitted I was for the priesthood. Rather let us both pray for forgiveness of a higher power."

For some moments silence reigned again. Then a great sob burst from Black Pedro's breast, and the sound aroused Nita.

"Say you have forgiven me, Arsène," she repeated. "I ask no other forgiveness if you withhold yours from me."

"I do forgive you, Nita. Woman never needed forgiveness less." He turned his face, with clouded eyes, toward Pedro and asked: "Is it day? I am in darkness."

"The sun is three hours high, *padre*," replied the wrecker huskily. "Can't I get ye something? A draft o' wine? 'Twill put life into ye."

"Not now, my good comrade. My body is in the hands of God. But do you let the lads come in now, for the mists gather fast. Nita," he said, rallying his voice, "does anything trouble you? Have you aught on your soul?"

"Nothing now, Arsène, since I have your forgiveness," she whispered.

A peaceful smile hovered over her white face, and her fingers gently pressed his.

"Then rest. All is now in God's hands."

Arsène Paul's lips moved in silent prayer, and his eyes remained closed until he had finished. The sloop's crew trooped in with rough carefulness, each brawny fellow in agony lest his clumsy movements trouble the pirate's victims. One by one they stepped to the side of the bunk and pressed the hands of the sufferers. No word was spoken in that period of farewell—for all knew that it was farewell for at least one of those silent figures, and they greatly feared lest it might be so for both.

Black Pedro was the last, and for perhaps the first time in his turbulent life, since childhood, the old wrecker, freebooter, and robber of other pirates shed tears of real and deep grief. He stepped outside and joined his mates, but none would quit the cabin while yet the spark of life glimmered behind the hangings.

So the morning passed, and noon came, and the rising tide that lifted the brig to an even keel; but still Black Pedro would not quit his death-watch. He passed in and out of the great stateroom with the anxiety of a mother for a sick child; and his every appearance was greeted by unspoken questions from his fellows.

Then, when the high sun flooded the cabin with yellow radiance through the open skylight, the watchers were startled by an outside sound that forced notice. It was the sound of a gun to seaward, and Black Pedro darted on deck, followed by most of his men.

"A sloop-o'-war!" he cried, when his eyes had cleared and he saw whence the gun-shot came.

Standing in toward the cay, having just rounded the western extremity of the islet, a smart twenty-four-gun vessel brought to with backed main-yards. Even as the braces were manned, her boats dropped into the water filled with armed men.

"Find an ensign and hoist it union down!" said Pedro, running to clear the main signal-halyards. "Maybe she's got a sawbones who can haul our friends back to life!"

The man-of-war's boats pulled in swiftly until within hailing-distance, then paused as the brig's flag went aloft and was lowered to half-mast. The boat officers consulted, for they expected to meet stout resistance from the brig which they recognized only too well.



"Come on with you!" roared Pedro impatiently. "The brig's taken. Have you a surgeon with you?"

The boats came on, and ranged alongside. In five minutes the brig's decks were filling with curious seamen, who poured in over the bulwarks by way of main and fore chains. Pedro met their commander at the cabin entrance. The officer looked hard at him, then turned and spoke to a fellow officer, who stared and nodded.

"Oh, I know you know me!" growled Black Pedro, reading the thoughts passing through the minds of the king's men. "But you don't want me now. Dick Bristol's a friend o' mine no longer; what's more, he's dead. Come below, for there's the prince of men a dying there for lack of a surgeon."

While the seamen scattered about the brig, examining her and her captive crew with the curiosity born of many a fruitless chase, the officers followed Black Pedro into the great stateroom and gathered about the two silent forms.

"The woman is beyond human aid," said a young officer very quietly. "The man—who is he? There may yet be time to save him from slipping his cable."

The surgeon went to work with confident skill, and while he got out his medicaments Black Pedro told the story, not omitting to mention his own regeneration through Brother Arsène's instrumentality. While he spoke, Arsène's chest rose and fell fitfully, and near the end of the story his eyes opened to gaze up into the face of the naval officer. His lips moved, and the other man bent to catch the labored words.

"'Tis truth. Black Pedro is an honest fellow, and so are all his crew."

The tired eyes closed again, and a smile flickered over the wan face. The surgeon marked the crisis, and attempted to rally the priest. Again Arsène's eyes opened, gleaming with the fire of a strong spirit.

"I thank you for your care, sir," he whispered, "but alone it could avail nothing. I shall not die. I cannot die. The Great Omnipotent controls my destiny, and I must live to perform a task which he has placed upon me. On this barren islet a fine soul blazed into life; it flickered and went out in the supreme sacrifice. I shall live; and on this cay I will erect a shrine that shall tell to men of all nations who shall pass by sea the story of Nita of Martinique."

The cracked lips ceased to move, and a flutter swept over the blue-veined eyelids; but with the tired sigh that escaped from Arsène's breast a smile of ineffable peace settled upon the drawn face. The surgeon stepped back with a satisfied air.

"He'll do now," he announced, finding Black Pedro's grim visage thrust into his own in eager question. "That's the kind of sleep that heals, my friend!"

## XIX

THE three great palms were once more the scene of a busy gathering. Sailors from the sloop-of-war were industriously digging graves. Two great holes were scooped in the sandy waste far behind the palms, and into these were tossed the pirates, men and mate and skipper, who had fallen by knife, cutlas, or grape-shot. Other sailors plied ax and saw at the base of the tall tree-trunks, and beside this group stood the commander and officers of the war-ship, with Black Pedro and his ragged crew.

"Dick Bristol's last victim brought us here, but too late," the naval commander was saying. "We saw her flare last evening, and stood toward it, but missed the brig. It was your gun-fire, later on in the night, that brought us up to the cay. Now, you and your fellows"—he spoke to Black Pedro—"are entitled to a reward for this capture, and I don't quite understand what it is you say you want."

"I'll tell you quickly, captain," returned Pedro. "There's a chest o' loot which Bristol stole from his own crew and hid under the roots of one o' them trees. I found it when we shifted the palms. I didn't tell the priest about it. We meant to take it unknown to him, for he'd have forbidden us, and we'd ha' builded him a church with it on our own cay. We know better than all the world what he's done for the likes of us, and we wanted to keep him. We hoped he'd take the woman, Nita, who he'd made a proper woman of, and we figured the pair of 'em would live among us and go right on doing good. That's past now, and more's the pity. But he'll need money for the chapel he's going to build here; so do you take that chest and add it to your ship's prize-money. Then you can make him take part of it as his own share. As for me and my mates, we know what we want. Right here, on this hump o' sand,

he made a saint out of a sinner. She died like a saint; you all saw the smile on the brave face of her. Now we don't want nothin' out o' the brig except her guns, and the services of your armorer's crew for a day or two. When them palms are down, the grave for Nita shall be dug right where the roots of the middle one are, and there's where Arsène shall build his chapel. There's plenty o' sand, and I'll melt the brig's guns down, run 'em into molds, and set up a cross behind the site of the chapel that shall outlast piracy."

The naval officers consulted a while; then the commander of the war-ship turned to Black Pedro and held out his hand in heartfelt appreciation.

"If Arsène Paul contrived to put such generous feelings into Black Pedro, I can believe that he wrought wonders with this poor woman. It should be a monument high enough to foul the stars that is raised here. You shall have your wish. My armorer and his crew are at your service, and the boatswain shall hoist out the brig's guns and get them up here. But there must be something done for you and your men. Draw on my ship for anything you need in the way of stores, spars, rope, or canvas, and if a good boat is of any use to you, why, just look mine over and choose."

For two days improvised furnaces blazed on the summit of Three Palms Cay, and men toiled cheerily in the sweltering heat. Arsène Paul was carried ashore and laid under an awning, where he could look upon Black Pedro's work and at the same time direct the commencement of his own destined task. He had consulted with the ex-wrecker and the captain of the king's sloop, and already a party of seamen had scoured the beach for stout wreckage. Now, piled high beside the smooth mound beneath which lay all that was mortal of Nita of Martinique, great oaken timbers and ribs of shattered ships awaited the completion of Black Pedro's labor of love.

"When I am stronger, Pedro shall help me to incase the timber with coral blocks," said Brother Arsène, gazing sadly at the spot.

For two days more men toiled on the sandy summit; then Arsène conducted a simple little service in the cool, dim chapel that had arisen over Nita's grave. By the

favor of the sloop's commander he had been able to erect a solid, age-defying structure that promised to stand as long as the cay itself. Aided by the navigating officer, he had designed an aperture along one side of the roof, which, every year, for the period corresponding to that spent by Nita and himself on the cay, should admit the sunlight to fall on the copper scroll above the tiny altar, which read simply:

#### CHAPEL OF ST. ANITA

In the following dawn a trim sloop-of-war sailed away from the place, followed by a black, deep-waisted, clipper-built brig under a prize crew; a shabby, weather-scarred, but still capable Cayman sloop; and, at the rear of the line, a stout, ten-oared barge under two lug-sails and jib, manned by half of Black Pedro's ex-wreckers. This last craft was Pedro's selection from the war-ship's boats. Arsène Paul reclined on the deck of the sloop, gazing astern with moist eyes.

High on the crest, sharp-cut against the sky-line, where had stood the giant palms, a tall, sturdy gun-metal cross reared its arms aloft out of the red and yellow sand. Immediately behind, and in line with the cross, stood the domed roof, constructed from ship's ribs, of the little chapel.

As they merged into a diminishing blur with distance, the sloop-of-war's flags fluttered farewell to her small consorts, and the commander descended from his quarter-deck to write out a report to his superiors.

The report was a work of art, for he had much cause for self-congratulation. To its dry official details he added the story of Arsène Paul and Nita of Martinique. Nor did he omit a postscript to the naval solons to the effect that their survey of Three Palms Cay was correct; that there existed, as laid down in the charts, a deep-water sheltered harbor for vessels of burden; but that the bearings required to be revised. In place of the three tall palms which gave the cay its name, and which had been sadly tampered with in the past, the bearings now were a gun-metal cross and the newly-erected Chapel of St. Anita, visible in daylight ten miles to seaward, and to be kept in line on a northeast bearing.

"Which bearings ought under Providence to stand," he remarked to himself, "until the sea shall give up its dead!"

THE END

